1776.

MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XVII., No. 6. JUNE 1st, 1891.

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SIX

SEPARATE SUPPLEMENTS,

INCLUDING—

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TWO CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS.

FULL-SIZED NEEDLEWORK DESIGN.

SKETCHES AT A FASHIONABLE WEDDING.

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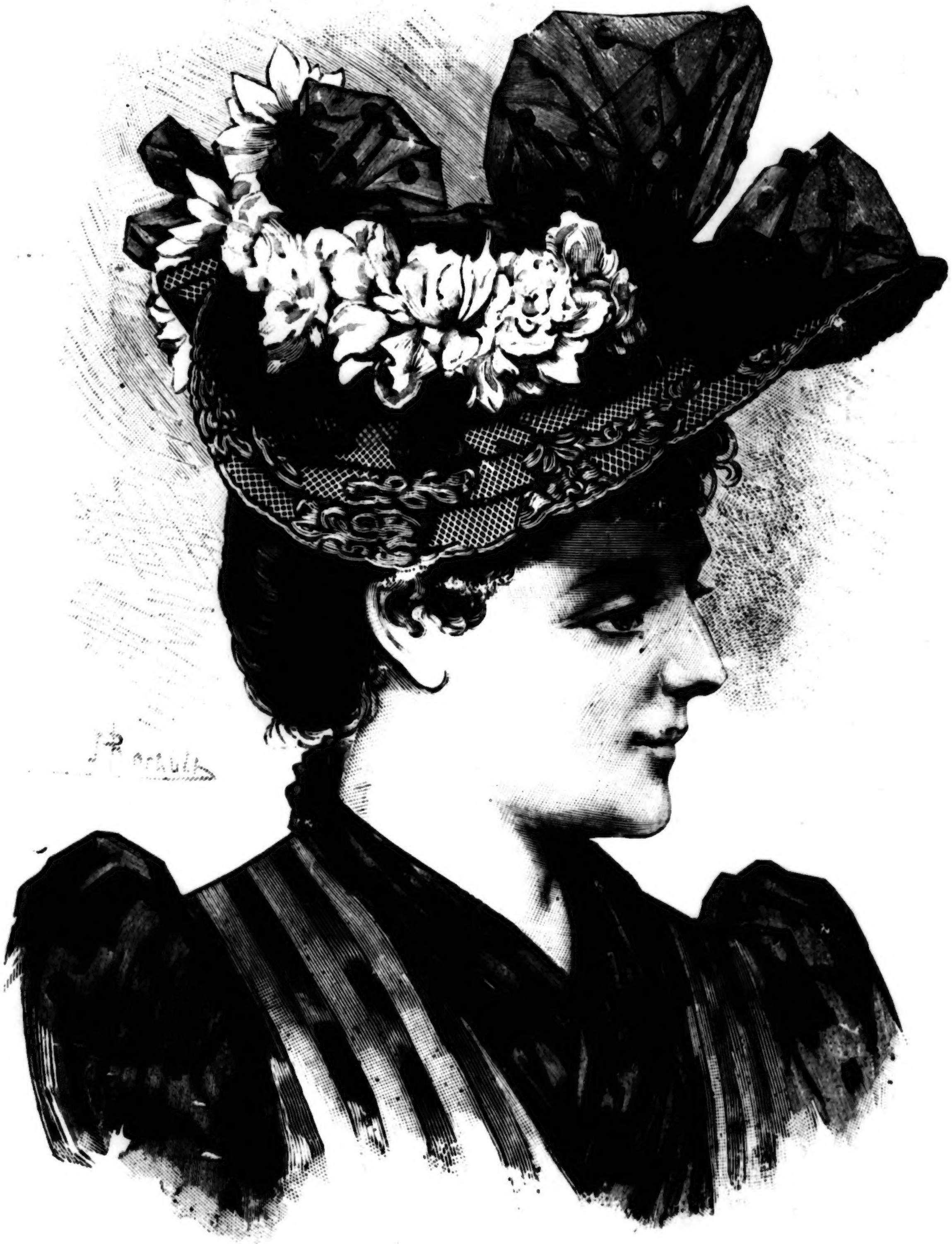

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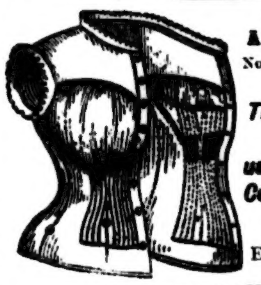

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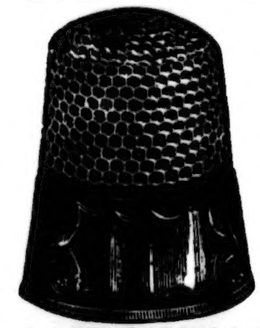

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VOL. XVII.—NO. 6. JUNE 1, 1891.

MYRA'S JOURNAL

THE LADY'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

5 SUPPLEMENTS. 52 PAGES OF LETTERPRESS. OVER 45 DRESS AND NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

MADAME MARIE ROZE AT HOME.

"Oh, Marie! veil the radiant eyes
That melt with inner light,
Conceal the brow that o'er them lies,
The bosom warm and bright.

The dainty chin where dimples play
At merry hide and seek,
The mouth with careless laughter gay,
And either perfect cheek.

For we, enchanted by thy grace
And lost in worshipping
The magic of thy form and face,
Forget to hear thee sing.

Or, if we listen to the strain
That like a bubbling brook,
O'erflows thy lips in music, then
We all forget to look.

In vain to try the double spell
By which thou wouldst ensnare;
Alas! thou singest all too well,
Or else art all too fair.

For we who listen to thy voice
Forget thy face to view,
And we who in they face rejoice
Forget to listen too."

THESE lines of Longfellow's jingle in my ears as I make my way to Regent's Park, to keep an appointment with Madame Marie Roze. They were written of the famous singer, when she was making a tour of the American cities, about twelve years ago. Sorrows have come with the years; the gaiety of Hawthorne Lodge, Finchley—still freshly remembered by many a *bonne vivante*—is exchanged for the quietude of an unpretentious and old-fashioned house in Park Road. Yet Madame's greeting in her pretty sitting room causes one almost to forget the lapse of time and the troubles it has brought. In face and form—their graces admirably served by a dinner dress of rich red plush—little of her old "magic" has been lost; as we talk, the radiant eyes still melt with inner light, and the mouth is often with careless laughter gay.

This house, on the south side of Regent's Park, with its large front garden and essentially English exclusiveness, is the third residence that Madame Roze has had in London, which for about seventeen years has been her home. Yet, as all her English friends well know, these seventeen years have not Anglicised her nature in the slightest degree; she is as true *une Parisienne* from the tresses of her raven hair, sparkling with diamonds, to the tips of her pearly white, richly bejewelled fingers in this hour of fireside chat as when she sung to the Imperial Court in the Tuileries or nursed the wounded in the Siege of Paris. Cosmopolitan, she describes herself. "My first husband," she reminds me, "was an American; I spent a year or so of my childhood with friends in England—that is why I have always spoken your language passing well; I have spent half my life in Paris and halt in London."

MADAME MARIE ROZE.

Even now, however, the patriotism which kept the young singer in the French capital all through the war and the Commune, and caused her to reject all offers of engagements in Germany for a long time after, is rekindled by my references to that period of national humiliation. On the wall hangs the testimony of municipal thanks to the *bienfaitrice*, signed by the Mayor of Paris, as well as the picture M. de Neuville painted of the *prima donna* as an ambulance nurse.

"I sang at the Imperial Court," she says, "when I was only fifteen, and took part in the last concert that was given before its flight. The Empress Eugenie was most kind to me; I could not keep back my tears when two or three years ago I met her, a white-haired, pale-faced lady, in one of the London shops."

Madame Roze has the Empress's picture, close to that of Auber, "My father in art," as she calls him. It was only on the persuasion of his friend, the composer, that an old-fashioned Paris notary permitted his only daughter, Marie, to enter the musical profession, and it was in Auber's opera, *Fra Diavolo*, that she made her *début*. I was shown the autograph of Bizet, who wrote *Carmen* for her, a picture of Flotow, whose *L'Ombre* gave her one of her earliest parts, and a letter from Gounod, who more than once, in the days of the Empire, conducted performances in honour of the *prima donna*. Of these famous Frenchmen Madame Roze has the kindest recollections, but it is Auber who occupies the warmest place in her heart. Of her friendship for Massenet, Hallé, and Randegger she also freely speaks.

"Sir Chas. Hallé was one of the first friends I found on coming to England, in 1873. How many times have I not sang at the Manchester concerts. Nowhere have I found more warm-hearted people than in Manchester and Liverpool. On one of my birthdays they presented me, through Lord Lathom, with this tiara of diamonds, and do you know there have been no more appreciative hearers than some of the factory girls at Manchester. They have often crowded round the carriage as I was leaving a concert, heartily cheering."

Madame Marie Roze then thoughtfully brought me her scrap-books, saying they might "amuse" me. As we talked we turned over the leaves, which contained a rare collection of autograph letters from all the leading musicians, and many of the social celebrities of the past twenty years, menu cards of great feasts, and programmes of historic functions, as well as extracts from the press of four or five countries. There is the programme of the last State Concert at the Tuileries before the outbreak of war; here the diploma which, signed by Thiers and McMahon, gave Marie Roze the thanks of the Republic for her bravery and devotion in ministering to the sick and wounded. A few pages further, and one comes to a long letter from Mr. Gladstone (dated February, 1883), explaining that stress of Parliamentary business prevented his hearing Madame Roze at the Opera, but asking her to compensate him for his disappointment by breakfasting at Downing Street.

"How well I remember that morning," she exclaims, "it then seemed so early to me—ten o'clock—for breakfast. But I have become quite used to the English custom, and when in Paris suffer pangs of hunger before the twelve o'clock *déjeuner*."

"Then, in the matter of food, at any rate, you are English?"

"Yes, I am afraid so," she laughingly replies. "And some time ago my doctor actually ordered me to take Scotch whiskey and seltzer. There seems nothing so trustworthy for a singer; it is Madame Patti's stimulant, you know."

Turning again to the scrap-books, the programme of Madame Roze's songs (all old French), at Balmoral five or six years ago, next claims my attention. It was preceded in the album by several letters from Sir Henry Ponsonby, the Queen's secretary, which give one a graphic idea of the correspondence department at Windsor Castle.

"Her Majesty has always been most kind to me," Madame Marie Roze hastens to add. "The diamond brooch I sometimes wear in *Carmen* was her present. Unhappily, I have three times lost stones from it. On the last occasion the stone was luckily recovered. It was at Glasgow, and I missed the diamond on the stage, which, after the performance, was carefully but fruitlessly searched. It was not to be found either in my dressing-room, and I gave the stone up for lost. The following morning, however, I went to the photographers, and as I had promised to be taken in *Carmen*, my maid had to fetch the costume from the theatre. In bringing it home she discovered the diamond in a seam, where it might have lain hidden until it was irrecoverably lost."

"And during all your career," I inquire, after a pause in the conversation, "what incident has really given you the greatest pleasure?"

Madame Roze pondered a few moments before replying:—"On the whole nothing gave me more real pleasure than a circumstance which occurred a short time ago in Birmingham. During my visit there I received a letter from a young man, who said he was dying of consumption. He had always made a point of going to my concerts in Birmingham, and it was very grievous that he was now unable to hear me once more. Of course, I offered to go and see him at his home, and I sang by his bedside, 'The Last Rose of Summer,' 'Home, Sweet Home,' and the Habanera air from *Carmen*. I shall never forget that pathetic hour."

I daresay Madame Roze could have told me—had she cared to—of other incidents illustrating the deep sympathy with suffering of all kinds which lies behind her vivacious manner and volatile temperament. At my request she shows me the scroll and the golden medal—given to her by General Grant, the American President—of the Howard Association, which bear testimony to the services she rendered in New Orleans during a severe epidemic of yellow fever.

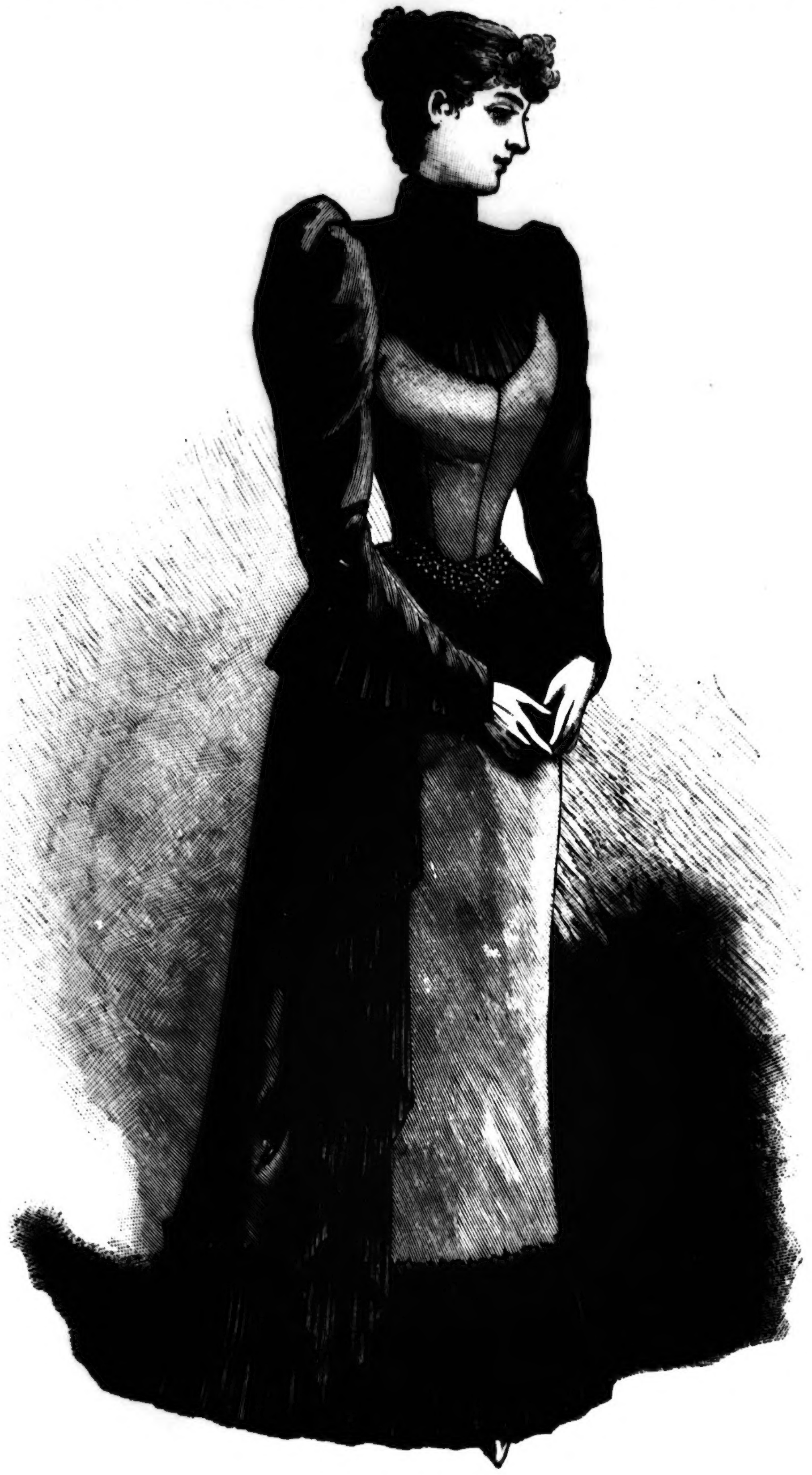
In looking over the press notices in the scrap-books, I had been much struck by the number of operas with which Marie Roze's name was associated.

"Yes," she says, "I believe I have appeared in more operas than any other living. The other day I made a calculation, and I found they numbered no fewer than 64; in five of these—*Carmen*, *Paul et Virginie*, *Le Fils du Brigadier*, *Le Premier Jour de Bonheur*, *L'Ombre* and *Maria di Gand* I created the chief character. Of course, I have sung a good many oratorios, but opera was my first as it is my last love." It is thought by many that Madame Marie Roze is the most remarkable example of the unity of dramatic with vocal powers of the highest order, and she candidly tells me that in early girlhood her ambition was purely theatrical and not musical. When at school, before her musical training at the Paris Conservatoire had been begun, she formed visions and dreamt dreams of triumphs before the footlights, sometimes rehearsing with her companions little plays, in which she took the leading part. Her girlish ambition has been more than realised; she has won histrionic as well as musical honours. But if there is one woman in the world with whose career she could wish to exchange, it is probably her friend, Madame Sarah Bernhardt, from whom she was wont to receive cheering letters beginning *Ma chère charmante artiste*. *Ma chère charmante artiste*, Marie Roze still is, and seemingly must always be, in her own home as much as before the footlights.

FREDERICK DOLMAN.

Dress and Fashion in Paris.

WOOLLEN materials still occupy a foremost place amongst fashionable materials. No one is compelled to wear silk in order to be well, or even expensively, dressed, for many of the new woollen fabrics are more costly than ordinary silk or velvet, and the most superb trimmings are not considered too elaborate for woollen dresses; embroideries in silk and beads, jewels, lace, and glittering gold, silver and steel galons, are the usual ornaments of woollen dresses.



RECEPTION TOILETTE.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

The fabrics for summer wear are more or less crêpe-like in texture, or else goffered and crinkled in waving lines in very pale shades on a white ground, or in a variety of shades of grey; maize colour, cinder grey, cork colour, lavender, mastic, mauve, and sage, willow, hop, and birch greens, are all fashionable colours for summer woollens, but this is by no means an exhaustive list, for lovely materials may also be found in every shade of blue. Many of these last are very delicate and pretty, but there are exceptions, especially some shades of Sèvres and cornflower blue and other crude and intense tints that are best avoided.

Amongst plain woollens there are also some in shades of pink, grey-blue, pale green, and lilac, so soft, fine, and supple that they might almost be mistaken for foulards. Those who are faithful to grey, always so delicate and lady-like in fine woollens, find in it an admirable ground for ornamentation with white embroidery, lace, and sparkling jewelled trimmings. Mastic is equally fashionable, and, perhaps, rather more dressy than grey, and is also susceptible of similar ornamentation.

The new foulards are shown in plain colours, in pompadour designs, and figured like the fine woollens, with powderings of little patterns in beige, yellow, café au lait, or chestnut on a white ground. The patterns are chiefly spots, not always round, and the disposition of the colours is sometimes reversed, the spot being white on a fawn ground. The whole range of these colours is taken from animals of the deer tribe, and the shades have all the variations of tint from the lightest to the darkest shade of fawn.

There are again a number of green shades, and others that are halfway between blue and grey; amongst the greens the most popular are willow and reed green, and in general all shades derived from aquatic plants and those that remind one of the changing tints of water.

Stripes and plaids remain in vogue, and, combined with plain material, are as much worn as flowered, spotted, embroidered, and broché materials. Vieux rose, heliotrope, lilac, mauve, and similar colours are no longer new, but they are still very fashionable in a number of shades, and charming dresses are made in these colours.

The styles in which fine woollens and foulards are made up vary to quite as large an extent as the materials and their trimmings. Very few general rules can be given where so much variety exists, but skirts are still made long; princess dresses appear each day in some new shape; valance flounces are mounted in fantastic curves and scallops, and many dresses are slightly draped. In place of a lace basque, paniers of lace, small and rather flat, are often added to the corsage; a rather pretty arrangement is a draped bretelle of light lace or embroidered net drawn in at the waist, and then forming a small panier on each side.

Plain bodices no longer exist; they are cut away on the chest or at the waist, and are mere low bodices over a chemisette, or jackets opening over a waistcoat or plastron. The trimming is used in some manner that accentuates the cut of the bodice; if it is low and rounded from one shoulder to the other, this line is marked by a lace berthe or a band of open or beaded passementerie; if it is only slightly open in front the opening is filled in with an embroidered plastron or a lace jabot.

Silk crêpe and gauze in plain colours are sometimes employed as a second material, in place of lace or other trimmings, for foulard dresses. A good model in blue and white foulard has the plain front of the skirt finished off with a full graduated flounce of white crêpe, and a panel of the crêpe down the centre of the front is drawn in at intervals by bows of white ribbon. The full-fronted, short-waisted bodice has a narrow crêpe plastron similar to the panel, and a deep pleated collar and pleated basque of the crêpe. The sleeves are finished off with similar deep pleatings.

A charming dress for a young lady is made of very fine willow green woollen. The back of the skirt is plain; the front is trimmed with a valance flounce of white lace, caught up with bows of green velvet. Long straps of velvet are carried slanting across the skirt, and all meet on the right hip under a bow with long loops and ends; the strap on the right is, of course, straight, the others slant more or less sharply. The full bodice is gathered low on the shoulders, and at the waist over an under-bodice of white China silk, gauged at the neck in a rounded yoke. Three bands of velvet from the side seams forms a series of three points in front; two bands fastened with a bow ornament the collar, and bows are placed on the shoulders. The full sleeves are drawn in with bands and bows of velvet, and full lace epaulets fall over the upper part of the sleeves.

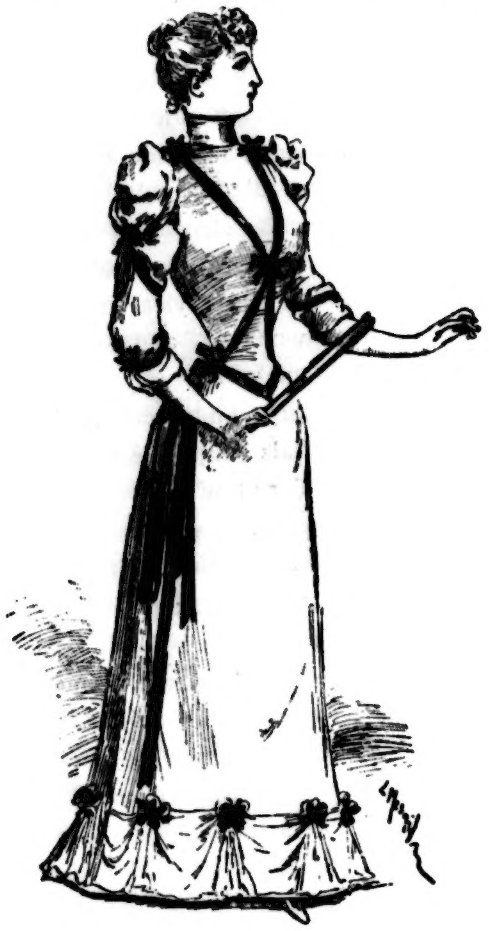


Fig. 1.

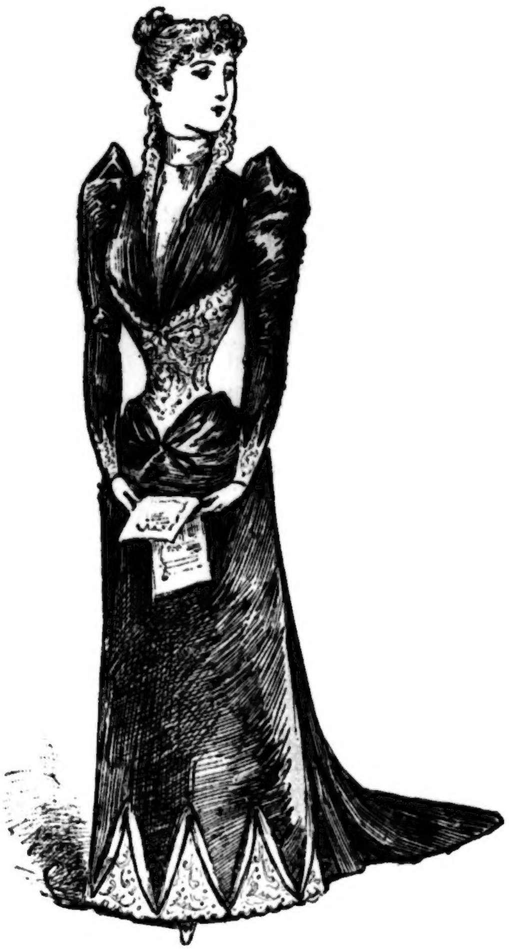


Fig. 2.

Gored skirts are decidedly fashionable, but the style is reserved for rich silks and heavy fabrics, and will not, therefore, come into general use before the autumn, when light materials give place to those of more substance and weight that are worn during the autumn and winter. They are cut to fit the figure exactly round the hips; the back breadths are sharply gored up the centre, the join being entirely on the bias, and mounted with a single box pleat.

The four toilettes illustrated on this page are admirable models of fashionable styles. Fig. 1 is an afternoon reception dress of heliotrope bengaline, trimmed with black velvet; the skirt is bordered with a valance flounce of mousseline de soie; the corsage and sleeves are ornamented with velvet in bands and rosettes. Another reception dress is illustrated at fig. 2; this is of black surah; the skirt is cut in scallops in front, bordered with pale green ribbon velvet caught to the scallops at the points and in the hollows between the points; beneath these is a band of écru embroidery wrought with gold. The top is draped to form paniers. The draped bodice opens over a plastron and collar of green velvet, and is finished off with a corselet, Medici collar, and deep cuffs of the écru and gold embroidery.

Fig. 3 is a toilette of blue bengaline trimmed with black lace; two deep flounces ornament the front of the skirt; the bodice, with long point, has a lace panier basque and coquillé bretelles of lace. The sleeves are of the silk studded with jet cabochons. Sand coloured cloth, of fine silky texture, is the material employed for the dress fig. 4; the skirt is cut in long pointed scallops piped with brown velvet over an under-skirt of ivory cloth embroidered with gold. The under-bodice and sleeves correspond with the under-skirt, the sleeves being caught up below the shoulder with brown velvet. The open corselet, the whole of the back of the bodice and the deep added basque, are of the sand coloured cloth embroidered with brown silk and gold; the waistband and a narrow band round the neck are also of brown velvet.

Invisible fastenings are still the rule, all these dresses, with the exception of fig. 2, being fastened down the left side.

The most fashionable chapeaux for the summer are composed almost entirely of flowers, and are evidently suggested by the Greek fillet that has been so much worn for evening coiffure. The wire frame is sometimes covered by wings, but more often by flowers, and bouquets of similar flowers are placed in front and behind. A stylish model has the wires at the sides covered by swallows' wings; in front is a pair of wings rising above a bunch of pink roses, and a small wreath of roses falls over the hair at the back; these flower capotes are made in orchids and other flowers.

In hats the very flat crowned shapes are still preferred, but the brims, except in the case of Leghorn straw hats, are not particularly wide. Bronze straw hats, trimmed with yellow wings or yellow flowers, are very stylish, but the chief novelty amongst modistes' flowers is the large black poppy in velvet with a yellow satin lining to the petals, and mixed black and yellow stamens and pistils. The poppies, unnatural as they are, look remarkably well on light, transparent hats of drawn black tulle.

Comtesse de B.

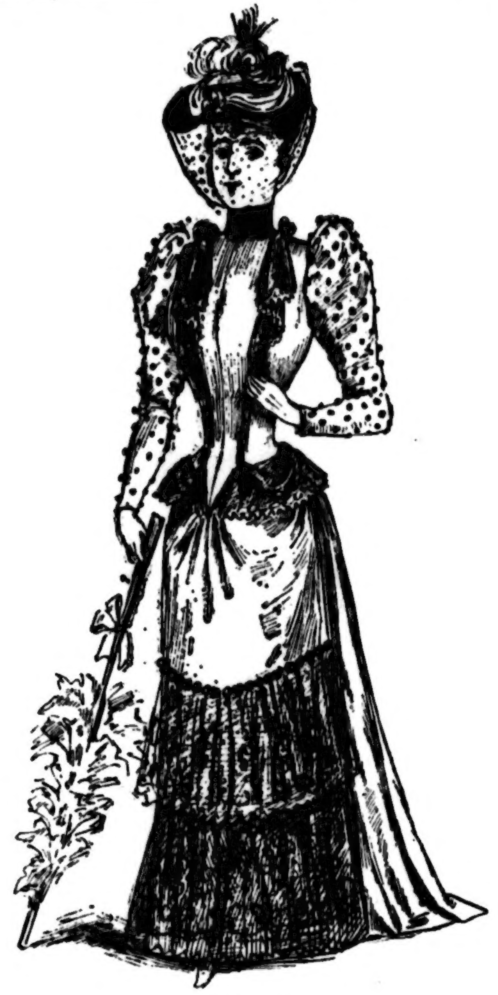


Fig. 3.

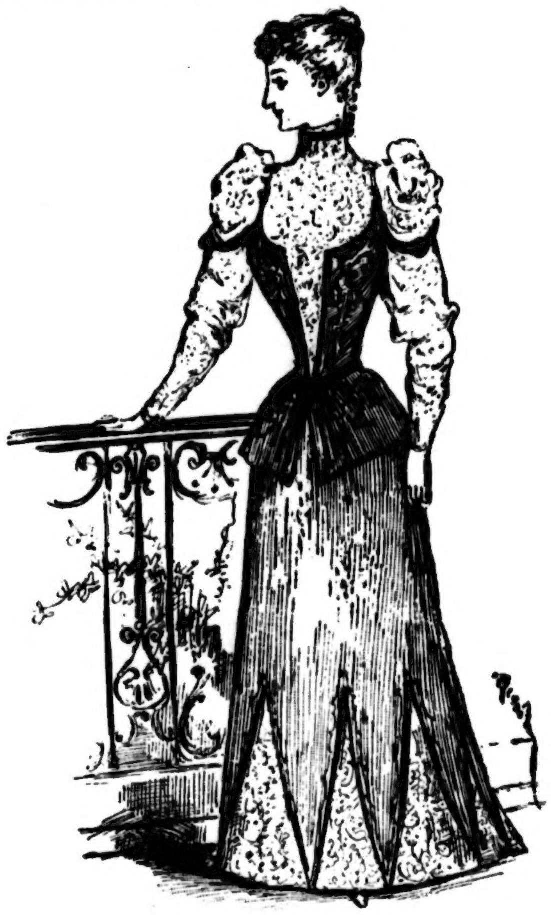
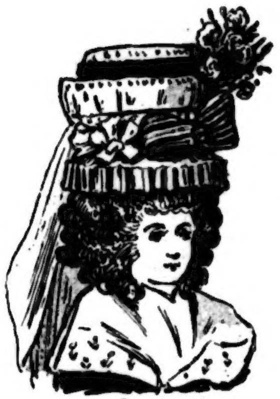


Fig. 4.

Curiosities ⁕ of ⁕ Fashion.

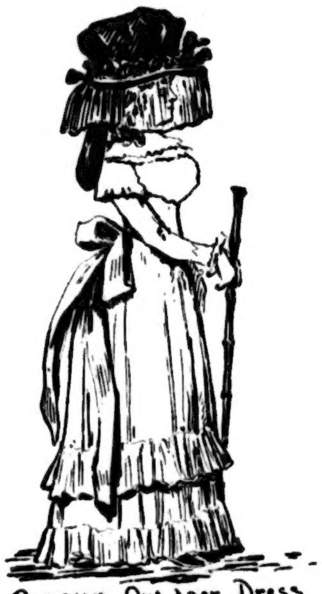
A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

A HUNDRED years ago, Paris forgot, to some extent at any rate, her recognised *rôle* as the arbiter of fashion, and, instead of dictating absolutely and exclusively what was and what was not to be worn, she was content to get her inspiration from England, who, hitherto, had been altogether scouted and put aside in such matters. So, for a time, everything was *à l'Anglaise, à la Jockey*, and so forth, until upset by the rude shock of Revolution, which made a general *bouleversement* of fashions and everything besides. England, it is true, copied France when there was anything to copy, but in this she was but following out the old plan of the civilised world for centuries past.



Bonnet à la Bastille.

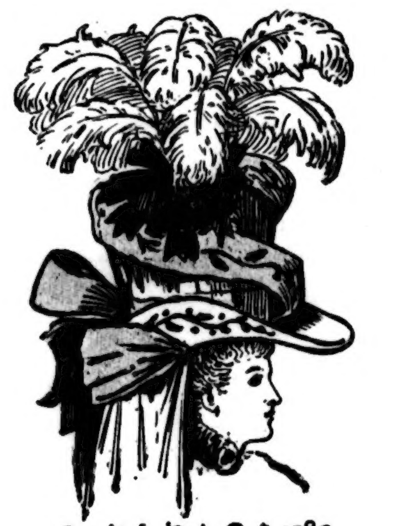
Politics in France formed the reigning theme, and this for once entered into fashionable life, each event giving its name to the newest bonnet or what not fresh from the *atelier* of the fashionable *modiste*. The fall of the Bastille was the great event of July, and for a month or two, that is, until something almost equally startling had occurred, everything was *à la Bastille*. Even the very shoe-buckles must be thus christened, and towers, cannons, *chevaux de frise* and *battlements*, all cunningly depicted, must in their design make up the salient points.



Parisian Out-door Dress Aug. 1789

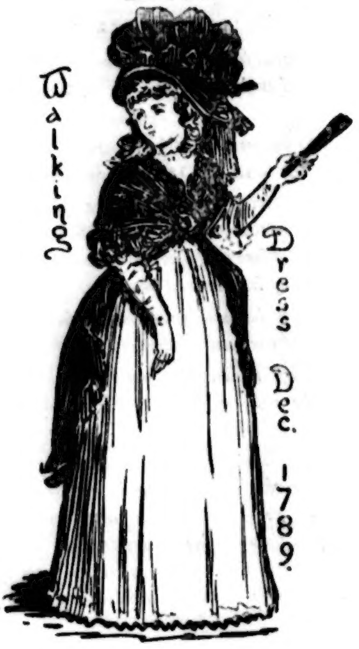
The *Bonnet à la Bastille* furnishes us with an illustration, and we should be doing it an injustice if we refrained from quoting its description as given by its inventor in the Myra of the day. "It is a bonnet, then, of white satin, with a very lofty and large crown, representing a tower, furnished with battlements of the same material. There is a kind of balustrade beneath the battlements made of black lace, and another row of battlements below the balustrade. The tower is placed above a single rank of three-fold gauze bows (*papillons* in the original). In front is a very big knot of ribbon of the national colours, and above this knot is a great bouquet of artificial flowers, whilst at the back hangs a very large veil of plain gauze, falling below the shoulders. The hair is frizzled in large curls, two rows of four falling upon the neck on each side, and behind it is made up in a wavy chignon." There! that's the translation as literally as possible, and it's almost enough to take one's breath away.

The hair is still made as much of as possible, and the great cap is *de rigueur* by day and night, the only difference being that the night-cap is considerably less elaborate than that worn by day. As the colder months approach, it becomes necessary to devise great hats to protect the flimsy gauze of which the caps are for the most part constructed. And now the ingenuity of the *chapelier*, both at home and abroad, runs riot, and elaborate and wonderful edifices are erected, one of which we have thought deserving of a place in these pages. This is an English hat, and it does not appear to have been dignified with any distinctive name—probably it was thought that it was quite equal to getting along in the world upon its own merits, and so it ought to have been if size and substance go for anything. No less than a dozen feathers nodded from its summit to every point of the compass, and the never-failing veil hung low behind or floated out in the wind a yard and a half or more.



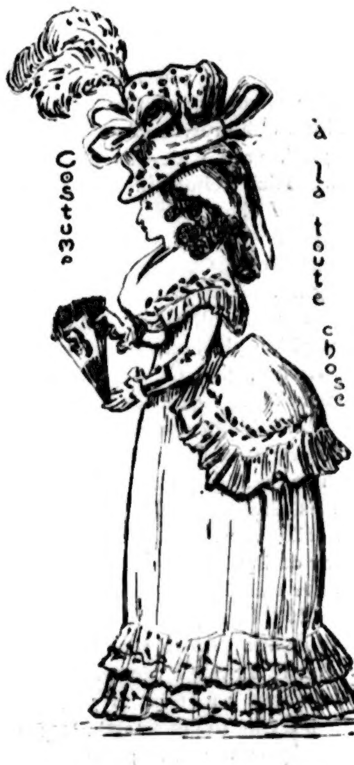
English Hat. Oct. 1789

For the veil held its own, despite the diatribes of Thomas Meanwell, set forth in a previous chapter, and of many another satirist; and sometimes it hung round the brim of the hat, a fashion which revived a month or two since, but which met with very little favour. Bamboo canes were likewise the mode amongst the *Parisiennes* in September a hundred years ago.



Walking Dress Dec. 1789

Here is an elegant young lady—at least, so she is described—wearing a *chapeau à la Savoyarde*, her hair dressed *à la Grecque*, with a gorge (or neckerchief) *à l'Anglaise*. Every article of apparel is *à la* something or other—political for the most part—and even her fan is *à la liberté Nationale*. "And thus, we see," continues the writer responsible for the description of the plate (which we have taken from a German fashion book), "how this nation jests and plays with Liberty."



Costume à la toute chose

Our remaining illustration shows us an English lady in walking costume—quite a relief after so many fal de rals and furbelows.

(Continued on page 7.)

Answers on Furnishing.

BY MRS. TALBOT COKE.

Most of the following Replies to Correspondents are also inserted in the first issue of the new weekly, Hearth and Home, *to prevent any possible disappointment to our readers. Correspondents writing to* Mrs. Talbot Coke *are requested in future to state whether they wish the replies to their questions to be inserted in* Hearth and Home *or in* Myra's Journal.

Special Rules for Correspondents.

1. *Letters requiring advice to be addressed to* Mrs. Talbot Coke, *Myra's Journal Office,* 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

2. *Letters to be answered in the next number to reach the office not later than the 4th of the month.*

3. *Letters requiring advice on the arrangement of a room should be accompanied, if possible, by a plan, and the name of each piece of furniture must be written on the plan in the place of its present position.*

4. *Questions to be answered should be underlined, and briefly repeated at the end of the letter.*

5. *Patterns of materials, wall papers, etc., may be sent, and will be returned if accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope.*

6. *Correspondents are requested always to use the same pseudonym (to enable reference to be made to any former answer) and to give full name and address as well. Advice as to position of furniture cannot be given unless a plan of room with size and present position of furniture marked is sent, with stamped addressed envelope for its return.*

We are requested to state that *in no case* can Mrs. Talbot Coke undertake to answer letters *privately*. All answers will be *published in the Journal;* but, to secure an answer in any forthcoming Number, correspondents are reminded that their queries must be sent in *not later than the 4th* of the month.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

IRIS.—I am taking care *you* see the first number of the new weekly, and I think (as your letter came far too late for the May Myra) it is best I should answer your queries therein. A yellow and *white* paper is apt to have a very chilly look. I would rather have a rich yellow paper in two shades, such as Knowles' Yellow Cadogan, 1s. 6d. or 1s. 9d. (I am from home away from my beloved patterns.) You cannot afford more with the small sum you have to spend. Have paint, Aspinall's golden brown, for overmantel and all panel doors, with a rich brown and gold Japanese paper, about 3s. the yard, yard wide—Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea. Rich yellow tiles (darkest shade in paper) in grate. *I* should consider cretonne a very extravagant cover for your window seat. Shoolbred's, Tottenham Court Road, Chestnut Embossed Victoria Cord (something like stamped velvet), 30 inches wide, at 2s. 9d., will wear out half-a-dozen shilling cretonnes. Have dull greeny blue plushette curtains, 42s. the pair, from Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, or, if too costly, art serge, at 25s. Again, as to the easy chairs, *where economy is an object*, cretonne covers (which look dreadful if not *quite* fresh) should not be thought of. To cover with a really good bold-patterned blue Tapestry, such as Graham & Biddle, Graham House, Oxford Street, sells in "all wool," at 8s. 6d., double width, will repay outlay. N.B.—It is not only economical, but *far more* effective to have the back and sides of the chairs in dull blue plushette, which costs but 2s. 11d., double width. As to the "book corner" I illustrated in April Myra, I pictured the shelf for writing at to be about 4 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. across, from wall to wall. I am trying to get an estimate for carrying out the corner, as shown in picture; of course glass over the books would make the whole thing more expensive than I intended. (If you *could* wait, I hope ere long to bring out a charming bookcase arrangement in Hearth and Home.) No! it need not really be a table; two mere shelves would, as you say, make a useful place for papers, etc. The candlestick, my artist sketched from one I bought some years ago at Liberty's. I really forget the price—10s. or so. I *love* it, and it always adorns my escritoir. If you do fit your corner, Corner B is most suitable. I like your suggestions for Corner A and C very much. *I* have never recommended "plain cork carpet," because I have never seen it, but a friend tells me it can be had of Wallace & Co., Curtain Road, E.C. I will find out price, if you will send me a stamped envelope when you see this. I agree with you, matting—for the *country*, where men wear nailed shooting boots—wears *no* time! About your carpet. I am *not* fond of Kidderminster or art squares. I wish you could have Shoolbred's blue Crysanthemum, about 4s. the yard, in good Brussels, but they have plenty of good blue art squares cheaper. Mr. Lamb would tell you. As far as I can tell, the piano would look best where I place it on plan, which I return.

Valerie.—I am, indeed, glad you *have* "broken the silence." While, to my mind, nothing is easier than to *make* saleable trifles for bazaars, nothing is more difficult than to graphically *describe* such. I certainly advise you, even for a country bazaar, to avoid costly works, cushions, mantel borders, etc. These always cost more than they fetch, and often remain on hand altogether. I blush to confess that the things *I* have sold best have been of humble origin, such as ordinary 1-lb. glass jam jars, the top and part of the neck being painted with Judson's gold, and then slipped into a plush bag (felled on to a round sateen-covered base) This must have an inch heading, and be tied in round the neck of the jar with the gold twisted cord (about 1d. the yard). Make a smart bow, and tie three knots in either end as a finish. To pack the lower part of the back with wadding, so as to give a plethoric "money bag look," adds to the effect. These, in sets of 4, sell *well* for dinner table decorations, as they make a great effect with very few flowers. A currant jelly pot, treated in the same way, makes a capital string box for a writing table. I made a number of long brocade photograph racks (over stiff mill-board), with band of plush in which to slip the portraits, the back neatly covered with sateen, and two small rings let in to hang it by, for a Bournemouth bazaar and they all sold at once—at from 6s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. A quarter of a yard of wide material, such as Holroyd Barker's red and gold Alhambra at 5s. 11d. (488, Oxford Street), or Graham & Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street, W.) pink and gold, 50 inches, 6s. 3d., would cover three such racks, and marvellously cheap plush can always be had from S. Lewis & Co., Farringdon House, Holborn Bars, E.C. Really quaint, or good coloured foreign ware, Imari, Kishi, etc., bowls, plates, and vases, always sell readily at far more than cost price. Mr. Luckhurst, Oriental Department, Messrs. Shoolbred & Co., Tottenham Court Road, would always send you £1 or £2 worth of such things; he knows exactly what I admire. The very finely plaited heart-shape palm fans, in artistic colours, not only attract attention, but sell rapidly. Liberty has just now some wonderfully cheap and really beautiful copper pots, etc A 3s. 6d. one, with a seedling maiden hair and some lycopodium to hide the earth, should fetch 7s. 6d., and you can always buy seedling ferns, even if you have no greenhouse. I will *try* (but cannot promise) to give an illustrated bazaar article in time to help you—so many readers must be in the same strait!

Ambition.—I have carefully studied your pretty plan, or "section," and think I quite understand. To my eye, unless for a tiny cottage, or villa, hall, amber with white paint fails to impress, it is *cold* seen *en masse*, and trivial; and, as you have collected foreign treasures, I recommend a bold toned paper, such as Essex's beautiful red at 2s. 3d. the piece, with his yellow and white ceiling. Paint the colour of old oak, the doors being *first* panelled with Essex's, 116, Victoria Street, raised "Acorn" fabric. Stain the floor 1 ft. all round with Chambers' Walnut Varnish Stain (two coats will come very dark), and have one of Liberty's, Chesham House, Regent Street, beautiful Indian carpets, in rich Eastern tones. Dark oak hall table and high-backed chairs (send to Bartholomew & Fletcher, 219, Tottenham Court Road, for their oak catalogue) will look lovely against the red background. I wish, when you see this, you would send me ever so rough a *ground* plan of the hall, that I might see what *kind* of other furniture to advise. As to curtains, I would have them of tawny gold plushette, about 45s. a pair, from Burnet & Co., King Street, Covent Garden, with Shoolbred's "Grecian" stripe figured net as thin ones. As you do not get into the house for three months, I hope some of the illustrations I shall produce ere then may be of service.

Pink Rose.—I cannot, at this distance of time, and with your former letter and plan long since destroyed, give better advice than that you have been unable to carry out ever since November. I much regret your accident. You must watch my illustrations "to fill the corner," for I cannot possibly remember it, and *vague* advice is worse than none. Shoolbred would send you inexpensive brass finger plates, etc. Plushette, at 2s. 11d. the yard (Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street), in pale gold, would be an inexpensive portière. Panel the door with a rich gold Japanese panel. Have the inside of recess nooks painted a soft terra cotta, and let the little curtains be the same shade of plush. The paper is so cold and uninteresting that it gives *no* suggestions for table covers. Gold serge with ball fringe would suit it; or Burnet has *very* wide gold material for covers, at about 5s. the yard. I do not know size of the "rather large" table. Have pretty terra cotta and white Jejim blinds. Shoolbred would send patterns. My weekly answers are in "Hearth and Home" (see Advt. in Myra).

Emma.—I do wish you had asked me before you tried to lighten up the dining-room; the sickly fawn paper would never do it, and, *of course*, makes "heavy oil paintings look like dark patches in shabby frames." You should, by rights, have got your decorator to send you a few pieces to try against the wall. I think the only chance now would be to have a dado of rich brown and gold Japan Lily leather paper (2s. 6d. the yard, yard wide, at Knowles', 166, King's Road, Chelsea) run round the room, with a dado rail at the top, painted to match other paint. This may restore the balance of colour, and will take the eye from the pictures a little, also the furniture will not "look so hard" against it as on the light paper. If, however, you think of re-papering, send me a bit of the old paper as a guide, or write to Knowles, 166, King's Road, Chelsea, for a pattern of his yellow Boston, 2s., and blue Boston; the former lights up a dark room best, but gold frames will look best against the latter, and, of course, I cannot tell if the blue will tone in with your carpet. I never advise drapery in a hall—it gets so dusty. A brass rod across the arch, just where the curve begins, with a reversible plushette curtain on nice brass rings would look far better. Plushette is never striped. It costs (the kind with pile *both* sides) 3s. 11d. the yard at Burnet's, 42, King Street, Covent Garden. I should have Indian red or chestnut, whichever suits the paint best. If, however, you still prefer a stripe, Holroyd Barker has a charming Oriental *chenille* stripe, with a little gold, at about 5s. the yard.

Two Girls.—As you live in a smoky district, I certainly recommend you to have a washable paper for your sitting-room. A very pretty one is Essex's (116, Victoria Street) pinky Medlar, 1s. 9d. a piece, and the paint would look well in a darker shade of the same colour. I think a cheap cretonne never pays, as it soils so much sooner than a good one; for a shilling a yard Graham & Biddle (Graham House, Oxford Street) has a "saddle-bag" looking cretonne, which would be a useful one and suit your room well. The cushions, I think, would look better covered in a good dull red sateen with a frill all round, and the mantel-slip should be of Indian red plushette, which you can get from Holroyd Barker (488, Oxford Street, W.) for 2s. 11d. a yard, double width. Gask & Gask, Oxford Street, W., has frilled lace curtain material at 9d. the yard, if you are thinking of having new ones. I think, as I have to be so strict as regards economy, this is the best I can do for you.

Ajax.—You could not possibly have *two* "surrounds" to your dining-room carpet; all felt would look best, but wears badly, so I advise you to get Shoolbred's golden hemp, at 2s. 6d., a yard wide. About the terra cotta walls, of course it depends a good deal on the shade of crimson in your carpet; you should have sent me a scrap. If you would give me an idea as to what price you wish to give for your dining-room suite, I could advise you better; personally, I dislike all pitch pine. Burnet's (42, King Street, Covent Garden) pamela cretonne, dull red ground, 1s. 6d. a yard, or his love-apple, smoke ground, at 10½d., might suit you for your drawing-room sofa and chairs; but you should have named the paper I advised you in my former answer. Yes, I think the wall brackets for lamps very pretty; you could get them at any large furnishers. About the bedroom floors, I think that matting and stain always looks very neat; Treloar, Ludgate Hill, is a capital place to get the matting. I fear this is not a very helpful answer, but your letter was a little vague!

Friedeswide.—Indeed, I do remember doing your red and white some years ago. As you are far too late for the May Myra, I venture to answer you *here*—a welcome change, I hope. I wish you could have sent if ever such a rough sketch of the large mirror. I should on *no* account have muslin drapery; the idea is *quite* worn out. Why not paint the top of the frame to match the doors, etc., and hang a curtain (from sides of mirror frame to floor) on either side. As you must study economy, my favourite red and gold "Simorg" tissue (3s. 6d. the yard, and enormously wide) from Liberty's, Chesham House, Regent Street—Mr. Raynes knows the shade—would be beautiful on your terra cotta wall. You would, if you have it as *I* mean, only want half a width each side. As to the drapery over the mantelpiece, replace the muslin part of it with soft silk. Shoolbred has a *very* wide width at 2s. in lovely colours just now. I am glad you are having my corner bookcase. I should enamel it Arabian brown. I am a little tired of the frilled silk in screens, and would rather advise you to have some strained panels of some *really lovely* bold-patterned stuff let in—Burnett's (42, King Street, Covent Garden) "Venice," in copper and gold, 12s. 6d. the yard, 50 *inches wide*—and the frame enamelled golden brown, is a *splendid* bit of colour, but perhaps the dull blue and gold "Venice," in Arabian brown frame would be safer with your wall. For quite small cheap table covers printed velveteens are charming, with just a frill three or four inches wide of soft silk. Graham & Biddles' (Graham House) "Fife," with flowers on terra cotta ground, 3s. 9d. the yard, will suit your room, edged with ball fringe. I am very fond, for a rather larger table, of a dull blue or Indian red plushette cloth. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, sells these ready trimmed, 10s. 6d. each. I like your cretonne very much, your paper but fairly!

Merci.—I am glad you liked the scheme for the pink and green room; ask Mr. Lamb, at Shoolbred's, for my favourite "June Rose" cretonne with *pink* ground, 1s. 4½d., line the bed curtains with faint green; note the colour of the rose stalks. Have terra cotta Diagon serge curtains—Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, 25s. 6d. a pair—with Shoolbred's cream figured net, "Lover's Knot," curtains with rose border, 10s, 6d. a pair. Carpet—as there is no hurry, ask me again. I am pursuing an ideal for a pink room. As to furniture, I assure you nothing would be such a joy as a *good* walnut suite (I wish you had said to what price you would go, it is always such a help to me). Some three years ago I got a charming suite, walnut, with two long bevelled mirrors in the large wardrobe, etc., etc., from W. Wallace, 151, Curtain Road, E.C., and have never regretted it; the price was £23 10s. (I had previously been asked 38 guineas for no handsomer suites in more fashionable localities). I suppose you will go to town before actual furnishing of the house, and I really advise a pilgrimage to Wallace's. I am so glad you told me; it was the wrong blue paper, and would have quite upset the whole of my scheme. I have also written to correct mistake; it should be the "greeny blue Cadogan, 1s. 6d." Have the boards stained one foot all round. I find Chambers's brown varnish stain excellent (Oxford Street, Hull), and a square of Shoolbred's lovely blue poppy Brussels carpet, 3s, 11d. the yard. Mr. Myatt knows the shade I have just ordered. For bed furniture, basket chair, Aspinall the latter "Ivory" or "Gobelin 2." I advise Holroyd Barker's pale blue Japanese chrysanthemum cretonne, 1s. 2½d., the curtains to be lined with pale blue. Liberty, I see, has a fine soft lining in exquisite colours at 7d. the yard. I am waiting a new departure as to material for bedroom curtains, so, please, for the summer, just put up their curtain; Liberty's lovely gold "Sundew" frilled curtains, about 15s. the pair, will look quite sufficient, but if there are no shutters you *must* have thick curtains at one. I would have serge, *the darkest shade but one* in the chrysanthemum cretonnes. I hope, as the room is new, that you have a wooden mantelpiece, which will be painted with the room. You should see Emerson's *new* catalogue (123, Regent Street) if you want to choose an inexpensive overmantel in time to paint it with the rest of the woodwork. If the toilet table is one with a petticoat it should be done with the Sundew muslin, which is 1s. a yard, 46 in. wide. It seems so uncanny to be writing answers for a paper which does not yet print, but it will reach you so much sooner than Myra.

La Cigale.—Honestly you will gain nothing by re-papering the little room. The drab paint, *not* the paper, is what makes it so commonplace. Were it my room I would hang a portière (one of your Indian phoolkaris lengthened with a plushette band top and bottom would do) over the door, and Aspinall the shutters and skirting board "golden brown." (Yes, you can do it yourself if you are handy, and do not put on too much enamel at *one* painting; a coat of brownish house paint first will, of course, save the enamel.) Panel the shutters with my favourite brown and gold Japan lily leather paper, 2s. 6d. the yard, yard wide, from Knowles', 166, King's Road, Chelsea. Use Le Page's liquid glue, *not* paste. Do away with the black and green table cover, inartistic at *any* time, and atrocious in such a room as *you* would fain have. Use another coppery phoolkari here. The sofa covering certainly *is* ugly, but you could not upholster it with anything good for the price named, and it is not worth paying to put on rubbish. Some nice frilled cushions will improve it. Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, W., has large "Thistledown" cushions at 3s. 6d.; cover them with his beautiful red and gold "Alhambra" brocade, 50 inches wide, 5s. 11d., have double frills, one red, one gold, of Shoolbred's soft *wide* silk, at 2s. the yard. To have a Moorish fretwork arch in the window would add much to the quaintness of the room. Emerson, 223, Regent Street, would do this at small cost. You would then do away with the curtains which make it dark (adopting clever Mrs. Panton's blindless windows), merely having dainty yellow curtains to draw at night. Aim at the room being brown and yellow, with touches of greeny blue, and you will find what you call "the hideous paper" a good friend after all. No; I did *not* do your sister's room, I feel sure.

Raw Recruit.—The sight of this paper answers all your questions as to my whereabouts. I quite understand your clever plan, but sloping roof or not, I *cannot* advise colour-washed walls! I wish the tiles and carpet did not tire you so. I like blue and yellow for a south room. However, have it papered with Essex's pretty shrimp-pink Croyland, 2s. 6d. the piece (sloping wall and all), and the ceiling washed a *very* faint tint to match. Paint cream panelled with lovely cream and gold acorn, 3s. the yard. Of course, the little iron mantelpiece will be painted cream—have a wider painted mantelboard made for it, and add a five-idea terra cotta medici velvet frill at the edge, 6s. the yard wide width, from Liberty. For the vallance, bedspread, basket chair, and curtains, have Graham and Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street) beautiful "Celadon Ground Dahlia cretonne, 1s. 11d. We have a pretty whip rack in perforated brass. I think it came from Whiteley's, but *any* large furnisher would have it. I invented *just* such a long rack for our golf clubs and polo sticks, for the hall wall, but do not think it would do in a bedroom! I will send you rough sketch when not *quite* so busy. I am sending your address to a young lady who would make you an iron candle support, she makes charming wall supports for Princess lamps for a few shillings each, but I suppose they would not do? Unless the doorway is *very* narrow, have a "stop" screwed on the floor, so that a portière rod *could* not knock the wall; it is a pity to have that draught. Of course, I will gladly do the other room whenever you like.

A. C. G.—No! the wall paper you send is not of my choosing, but I like it far better than any grey paper I ever saw. Take advantage of the little yellow flowers to make it a "grey and gold room." Your idea of *red* will, I assure you, only make the room look colder still. Please do away with the dimity curtains and have gold serge (Holroyd Barker, 488, Oxford Street, W.), 25s. 6d. a pair, and thin curtains of Graham & Biddle's (Graham House, Oxford Street) *lovely* "Willow" muslin, double width, 8d. the yard (tear off *both* borders to make a frill for the one side). I don't at all like the carpet you propose. Liberty's "Gold Tulip" for the same size only costs 55s.—not much difference—it is really artistic, and would fill your little room with cheerfulness. For bedspread, etc., Burnet, 42, King Street, Covent Garden, lately sent me a "golden arabesque," at 8½d. the yard, which is very soft and rich in colour. If your plan is in any sort of proportion, and it seems so, the best place for the bed is the corner between fireplace and wall. To add a yellow ceiling paper would be a vast improvement.

Elsie.—I am afraid I was rather amused at your letter, with its plaintive "I can't think *why* my room never looks really cosy, even with red curtains and carpet," following closely on the description of a grey and white wall paper and white ceiling. So long as these remain, the more vivid colour you bring into the room the colder will the walls look. From your sketch you have plenty of light, so might venture on a really rich coloured paper and ceiling, such as Essex's Tan Hereward for the walls, and his yellow Wincantoniensis for the ceiling; this will tone in well with your mahogany doors, which you were right not to paint, but which must make ugly, dark patches! I must own to not liking red plush about a room, but if you wish to have it for the piano curtains, you would get it *very* cheaply from S. Lewis & Co., Farringdon House, Holborn Bars, E.C. If you are able to re-paper, you need *not* despair about your room, of which red and gold must be the keynote, with touches of vivid yellow, in frilled cushions, pots, etc., here and there. Shoolbred, Tottenham Court Road, lately had some *lovely* yellow Chinese pots and vases, with raised gold patterns; quite a large one, of which I daily enjoy the beauty! only cost about 4s. If you cannot re-paper, I fear nothing will be any improvement to the room.

CURIOSITIES OF FASHION.

Continued from page 5.

She wears the becoming fichu and the prim mittens of our great grandmothers, and though her hat is necessarily large, to cover the mass of hair which was then the mode, there is nothing else *bizarre* about it. The skirt is plain, and the dress is altogether one that we may imagine looked well upon its fair wearer.

The *Lady's Magazine* of a hundred years ago tells us that "in the present day variety seems to be the grand object, both in France and England. The advancement of literature has enabled men of wit and humour to ridicule the absurdity of dress and write down all that was inelegant in the female apparel until arrived to its present state of perfection (!)—part of which we no doubt owe to France, and part to the fertility of our own invention." Well, the state of perfection of the dress of that time leaves room for some difference of opinion; but it is curious, that though we may profess to consider a fashion ugly, yet we are secretly satisfied with it at the time that it *is* the fashion. The reason doubtless being that the fair faces and graceful forms of England's daughters reconcile us to—nay, even make us, in spite of ourselves, admire that which a few months afterwards, when it is laid aside, fills us with astonishment, not unmixed with indignation, that we could have endured it for a single moment.

T. C. H.

The Ladies' Gallery.

In three novels of the season we are glad to note, in varying degree of skill and thoroughness, the influence upon the authors of modern ideas of women. In Mr. George Meredith's new book, "One of Our Conquerors," the great novelist has added to his gallery of fresh portraits of real feminine personalities, and brought them into immediate contact with present day problems. He treats the marriage question like an artist, however, not didactically—there is no sign of writing "with a purpose"—but by inference. He contrives to make us see Nataly as an essentially pure and sensitive soul, and yet she is the unwedded wife of a married man. Nesta, again, the daughter of Nataly, breathes refinement and chastity and modesty, though she becomes acquainted with the mistress of a typical man of the world, and, learning of the existence of an order of women, and of a particular sin of society, of which she was hitherto ignorant, rises nobly in defence of her sex and pity of their lot, defying those who see as if they saw not. Happily, she is mated at last with a man worthy of her. The subject is treated with the utmost delicacy, notwithstanding courageous outspokenness, and the book is enriched with wit and epigram worthy of the author of "The Egoist." In "New Grub Street" Mr. Gissing lays bare the shifts and sordidness of certain phases of literary life. Our concern lies with the fact that he, too, sees women as women, and not as lifeless puppets. His two girls, Amy and Marian, are as full of intellect as any of the male characters; neither is the cloying perfection or sardonic demon of the commonplace novelist, but both are women with brain, heart, and soul, interested in and understanding the "struggle for life." How that affects themselves and others our readers are entreated to find out for themselves. "Lady Delmar" is a book not comparable with the two mentioned in any particular, but the woman's social position and the degradation of some of the sex is handled sympathetically by the writers, and one of them is a man.

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It is quite time there should be a school for judges. Some of them have hopelessly muddled the "Clitheroe Case," and, in consequence, refused separation orders to poor women applying for the protection of the law. Curious, too, that it appears to be no one's duty to punish these men for their illegal decisions, and endeavour to find out the victims of them. The law simply is that a wife deserted or ill-used by her husband can claim a separation order and alimony; but a husband in like case cannot force his wife to keep him, because she never promised to do so; on the other hand, a woman leaving her husband voluntarily, for no legal cause, cannot exact alimony. This seems simple enough, and the Lord Chancellor was extremely sarcastic concerning the decisions of "certain magistrates." Still, the decisions having undoubtedly been given, and done a serious injustice to several women of the poorer classes, it would have been better if he had named and reprimanded the magistrates, instead of affecting to believe the newspaper reports untrustworthy. No doubt, had the women been of a higher station in life, things would have been made unpleasant for "certain magistrates." In another case, a lady was absolutely committed to prison because she had omitted to pay costs incurred by her husband. This Justice Grantham characterised as "the most monstrous proceeding ever brought into a court of justice." But again, where are the punishment of the offender and the redress of the victim? Miss Cobden has recently succeeded in getting the Court of Appeal to reduce her penalties of £125 to fifty shillings. Miss Cobden, being legally elected to the County Council of London, naturally thought herself legally entitled to vote; but no! she must sit and look on. Perhaps she might beguile the time by making notes for a book instructing "certain magistrates" in the laws of England.

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Miss Alice Maclaren, a student of the London School of Medicine and graduate of the London University, has been appointed house-surgeon of Leith Hospital, near Edinburgh. Mrs. Wilson has obtained a similar appointment at the Temperance Hospital at Hampstead. Down at Sawley, too, the women gardeners are doing well. Every lady has half an acre to manage, and six join housekeeping in a cottage. For those with health, and a natural love of flowers, there could not be a pleasanter occupation. Fruit and salad are extensively cultivated by these ladies. Another form of gardening is to be undertaken by an association of women competent to contract for the care of London conservatories, balconies, gardens, and window-boxes, during specified seasons. They will also take charge of plants when the owners are out of town; possibly they might receive them for the winter, as many people dislike the trouble of a green-house where fires have to be constantly on. The "Women's London Gardening Association" might be imitated in many large towns, though nowhere else do we see the almost universal *façade* gardening, as it might be called, that obtains in London. The owners of many houses make the whole wall beautiful with lovely creepers, the windows are framed in flowers by means of suspended pots and climbing plants, while the balconies and terraces afford a further field for the ambitious. There is no necessity, because gardeners are regularly employed, that individuality should be lost; and in numberless cases those who at present do nothing, or deliver themselves up to the scrubby bush and long-suffering hardy fern, would be glad to have their rooms brightened by people with taste and skill. Indoor plants may be commended to the attention of the Association. How often do we see a lovely flower rapidly losing health and soon cast forth as dead, when care, re-potting, or transplanting to the garden, would give it its proper length of life. To deal with the vegetable world wisely seems the talent of some women. Miss Phillips, a girl of nineteen, has lately gained admiration by the way in which she has managed the Connemara Relief Fund. It is said that she learned how to buy seed potatoes, for distribution, more cheaply than the Government could do. Those with this talent for the living fruits of the earth have been invited to try the Colonies, where, especially in Australia, there is a great market for any who will grow and pack fruit, or, if they prefer it, start chicken farms. At present America sends large supplies of fruit, honey, and wines to Australia, while home products are allowed to rot on the ground. There is no reason why women should not engage in the industries pointed out, and as for difficulties—a brave heart and steady brain enjoy them! Is it not in Australia, in Melbourne, that a young girl of seventeen has just matriculated at the University, though born *blind?*

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There is a clever woman architect in Philadelphia, and she has been instructed to build a new club-house for the principal women's club in the city. In London efforts are being made to found a new club for women, the only condition of election being an active interest in some matter pertaining to the welfare of women. Shall we ever require a Miss Minerva Parker to build our club a sumptuous dwelling-place? Most men's clubs, all the "big" ones, subsist through the pleasant vices of their frequenters—their gaming, smoking, their eating and drinking to excess. Women are mostly without these vices, therefore it is difficult to make these clubs pay. In America they prosper; but American women have more money than we in England. It is, indeed, the Paradise (comparatively) of the sex. However, we could do without the luxury and all that, and a place where all met on the common ground of a real interest in the welfare of women, to interchange thought, knowledge, and opinion, or to listen to those having authority, would be an unquestionable boon. The first thing would be to do away with all absurd rules and restrictions; we don't need to be so much afraid for and of each other. Being all women, we could not eat our sisters up! Mrs. Headlam (Walsingham House, Piccadilly) is willing to receive names, the yearly subscription being, at first, two guineas.

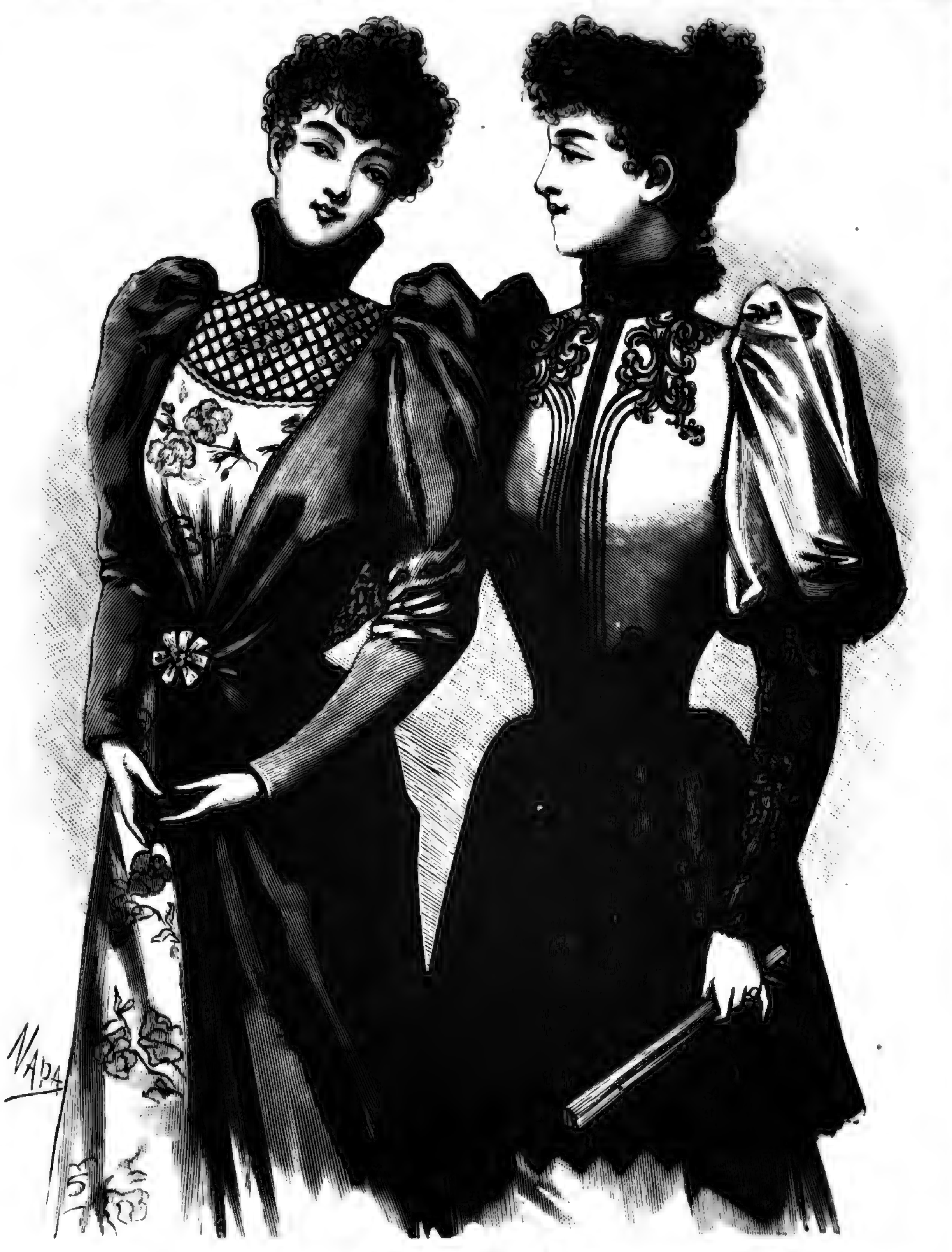
Spinnings in Town.

> O'er the green mead the sporting virgins play;
> Their shining veils unbound, along the skies,
> Tost and re-tost, the ball incessant flies.—Pope's Homer.

THE making of tennis-nets is no mere child's play, nor is it one of those elegant pretences at industry that a woman who prides herself on graceful attitudes, languid movements, and soft white hands, should permit herself. Strong muscles to pull the knots tight, and fingers that do not fear the contact of the harsh twine, are needed for this work, which only an enthusiast of the deepest dye ever indulges in. All others prefer to buy their nets ready made, and they are perfectly right, for tennis nets are not pleasant things to make by any means, nor is there any advantage to be gained by making them at home.

I have before me the price list and samples of the tennis and cricket nets supplied by the Bridport Lawn Tennis and Cricket Net Company, of Bridport, and as these are all hand-made of pure hemp twine, either tanned or tarred, they are quite free from the disadvantages of machine-made nets, and are yet very far from expensive. The nets are of several kinds, and are made in three lengths, 33 ft., 36 ft., and 48 ft.; the width is uniform, of course, 3½ ft. The Marvel Net, of pure hemp twine, tanned, costs in the three sizes, 2s. 11d., 3s. 6d. and 3s. 11d., or steam tarred, 3s. 6d., 3s. 11d., and 4s. 6d., according to the size. The Club Net, stouter than the last, is also rather more expensive; the "X.L." Net is a very useful quality, made of extra stout steam tarred twine, at 9s., 10s., and 11s. 6d.; the Unique Net is enamelled; the Perfection Net is made in strong white cotton, and in super glacé cotton; these last are inexpensive nets, and all are finished with lines at the top and foot, and, being hand-made, will be found to hang quite straight.

An improved non-elastic topline is used with the better qualities of tennis nets, and, at a trifling extra cost, they may be had banded at the top with white canvas of very strong and durable quality, with red linen, or with superior tennis web. Wire lines or copper lines may also be had in place of cord, if liked, the wire lines costing 3s. 6d., the copper lines 4s. 6d.



Toilettes for Young Ladies.

Fig. 1. Princess Dress of embroidered pink crêpe de Chine pleated in at the waist; the left front of plain blue crêpe fastened with a rosette on the right side and draped on the hip. Lacing at the back. Sleeves of blue crêpe; collar of blue velvet. Yoke in front cross barred with gold braid.

Fig. 2. Skirt of blue faille. Bulgarian jacket of blue faille embroidered with gold braid. Waistcoat and deep basque of Chantilly; draped collar to match. Faille sleeves, the lower part covered with lace.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Boundary nets, 6 ft. wide, may be had in any length, tanned or steam tarred, in various qualities, at 3d., 3¼d., and 3½d. per square yard, or extra strong at 6d. per square yard.

The hand-made cricket nets vary considerably as to size, and to a lesser extent as to quality. A thoroughly useful net, specially adapted for withstanding hard wear and bad weather, is the "Invincible" net, hand-made of extra stout hemp twine, and costing from 7s. 6d. for a net 18 ft. by 6 ft., to 23s. for a net measuring 42 ft. by 8 ft. The Practice and Waterproof nets are less expensive than the Invincible, which is finished with very heavy hemp lines top and bottom.

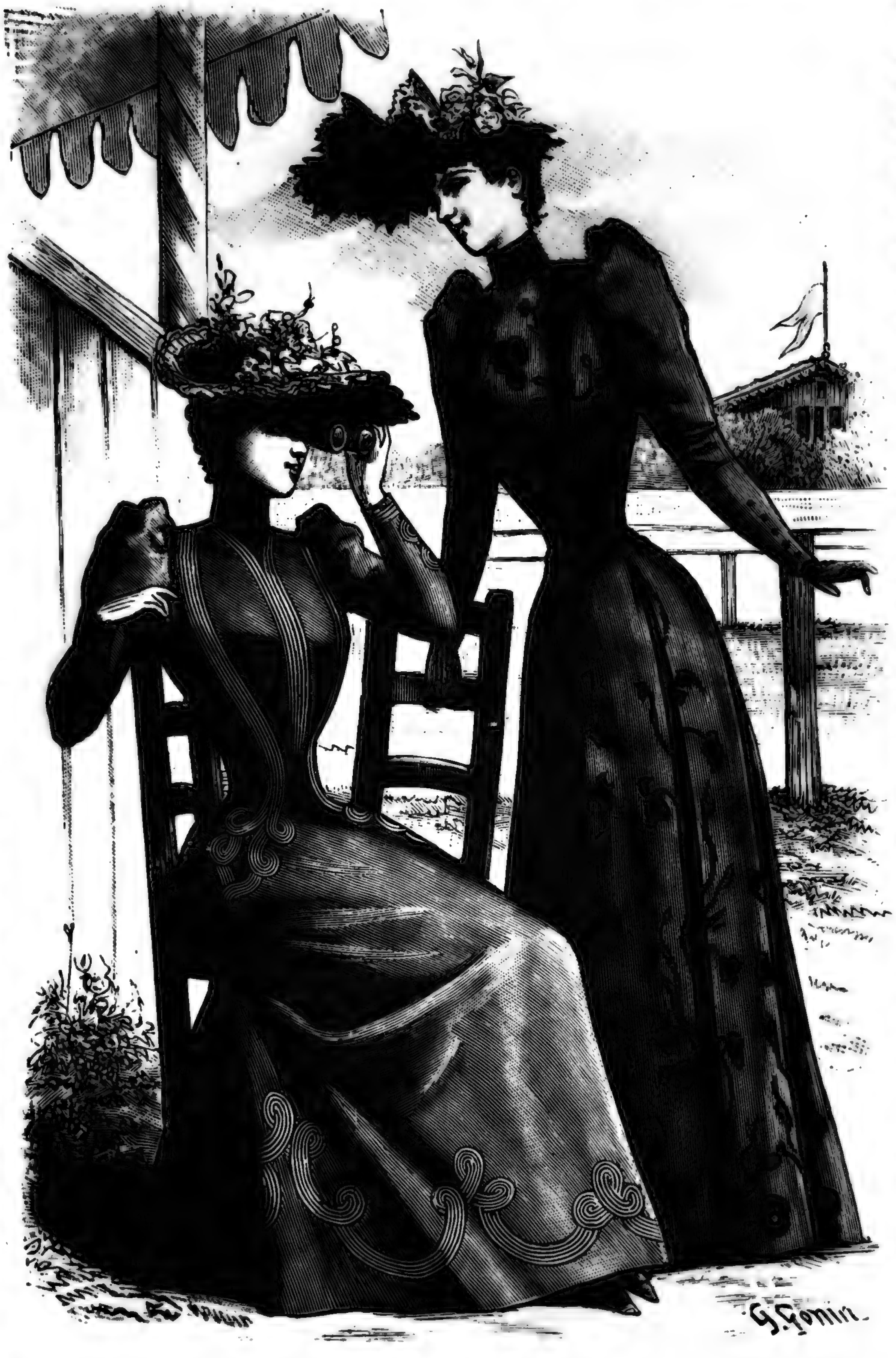
The firm supplies every kind of apparatus for lawn tennis, such as poles and their fittings, balls, ball nets, and racquets, and special terms are offered to clubs and schools. The prices I have quoted will assure my readers of the very considerable saving that may be effected by dealing with the Bridport Tennis Net Company, and I may add that all parcels are sent carriage paid.

Hand-made hammocks are another speciality' of the firm, and may be had of the simplest possible description, or exceedingly ornate, in mixed colours, or in white, the prices ranging from 2s. 9d. to 9s. 6d., including spreaders and lashing lines. A capital invention for suspending hammocks in any shady corner, altogether independent of trees or other supports, is the set of "Backwoodsman" fittings, consisting of polished and jointed poles, which can be put up in almost any place, ground plates, pegs, guy ropes, runners, a mallet, etc., and costing 6s. 6d. and 8s. 6d. per set. The hammock is suspended at each end from the poles, and a delightful and perfectly safe resting-place may thus be secured, without fear of injuring the branches of young trees, or of coming ignominiously to the ground, in consequence of the branch of an old one snapping off.

Messrs. Barker & Moody, whose Unshrinkable Flannels are so well known, have brought out some lovely patterns in their unshrinkable

* Important Notice.—*To avoid delay, Manufacturers and Advertisers are requested to forward samples and patterns of novelties* direct to "The Silkworm," 204, *Regent Street, W., before the 1st of the month.*

Ceylon flannels for tennis dresses; such bright but delicate colourings, and such stylish designs, are very unusual in materials of this description, yet the effects are produced by very simple means, a little more purity and delicacy in the colours, and a good deal more boldness in the arrangement of stripes and checks. The red and grey, red and pale beige, and red and white flannels, are charming in checks and in stripes; the bands of colour are about half an inch wide, and placed at wide distances apart, an arrangement that is always infinitely more effective and stylish than when the two colours are in equal, or nearly equal, proportions. The Ceylons in blue and white, or blue with the palest shade of grey or beige, are equally pretty, and more varied in pattern and pleasantly cool looking. In these the stripe of blue is often accompanied by a second stripe, composed of blue lines more or less broken, and flecked with white. Need I say that for quality they are unsurpassable, and that ladies who want thoroughly stylish and useful tennis, boating, and picnic dresses will find these qualities combined in Messrs. Barker and Moody's Ceylons for this season.



Race Dresses.

Fig 1. Princess dress of grey woollen with velvet band across the waist in front, and open at the neck over a small plastron and collar of velvet. Coat sleeve raised at the shoulder. Trimming of silver braid on the corsage, skirt, and sleeves. Fancy straw hat trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 2. Skirt of amethyst foulard with large design in black forming stripes on the front and sides. Front of bodice of figured foulard, the stripes arranged to form bretelles. Invisible fastening. The back and sleeves of plain foulard. Draped band of black velvet. Black lace hat trimmed with yellow roses.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

The white flannels of the firm are in great variety, and comprise, besides a number of twilled and other flannels of average thickness, some qualities that are almost as light and cool as voile, and others in the opposite extreme of thickness, such as the cloth-like Doeskin and the Australasian.

The Rugbys are useful striped and checked flannels for shirts, dresses, jackets, etc.; the ground colour is either beige, grey, or white; the pattern of plain or cross-barred narrow stripes is in pink, red, blue, fawn, brown, indigo, etc. All Messrs. Barker & Moody's flannels are unshrinkable, and washing does not injure them, or affect either the texture or the colours, which are unusually bright, soft, and clear.

The Shetland Homespun Tweeds, of which patterns are sent me by Messrs. John White and Co., of the Shetland Warehouse, 10, Frederick Street, Edinburgh, are materials of a very different description, but are interesting as specimens of fabrics woven on hand-looms and very little affected by fashion, and invaluable for travelling dresses, or costumes for ordinary wear, where the climate is of that delightfully uncertain kind that warm, light, damp-resisting clothing is absolutely essential. The colours being those of the natural wool, the range is not a very extensive one, but includes several shades of grey and brown, and the patterns are of the simplest stripes, checks, diagonals, and a pretty herring-bone pattern, but it is neither to its range of colours nor to its variety of pattern that the material owes its value, but to its extreme lightness, warmth, elasticity, and durability. The Shetland Homespun Tweeds are invaluable for travelling costumes, especially for walking tours and mountaineering, for shooting costumes, and to all ladies living in town or country who never allow bad weather to keep them indoors. The width is 28 inches, the prices range from 5s. to 6s. the yard, and the tweed may also be had in black.

The value of carbolic preparations for the teeth, especially when these are defective or decayed, and for the mouth, has long been recognised, and a new and thoroughly efficacious dentifrice is the Carboline Tooth Paste, prepared by Messrs. George and Welch, of Worcester, at 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. per pot. The carboline is specially recommended for teeth that are decayed, or decaying, or that are subject to tartar and other imperfections; it cleanses the teeth well and renders them brilliantly white, preserves them, and acts as a deodorizer, and also keeps the mouth and throat in healthy condition and protects them from disease.

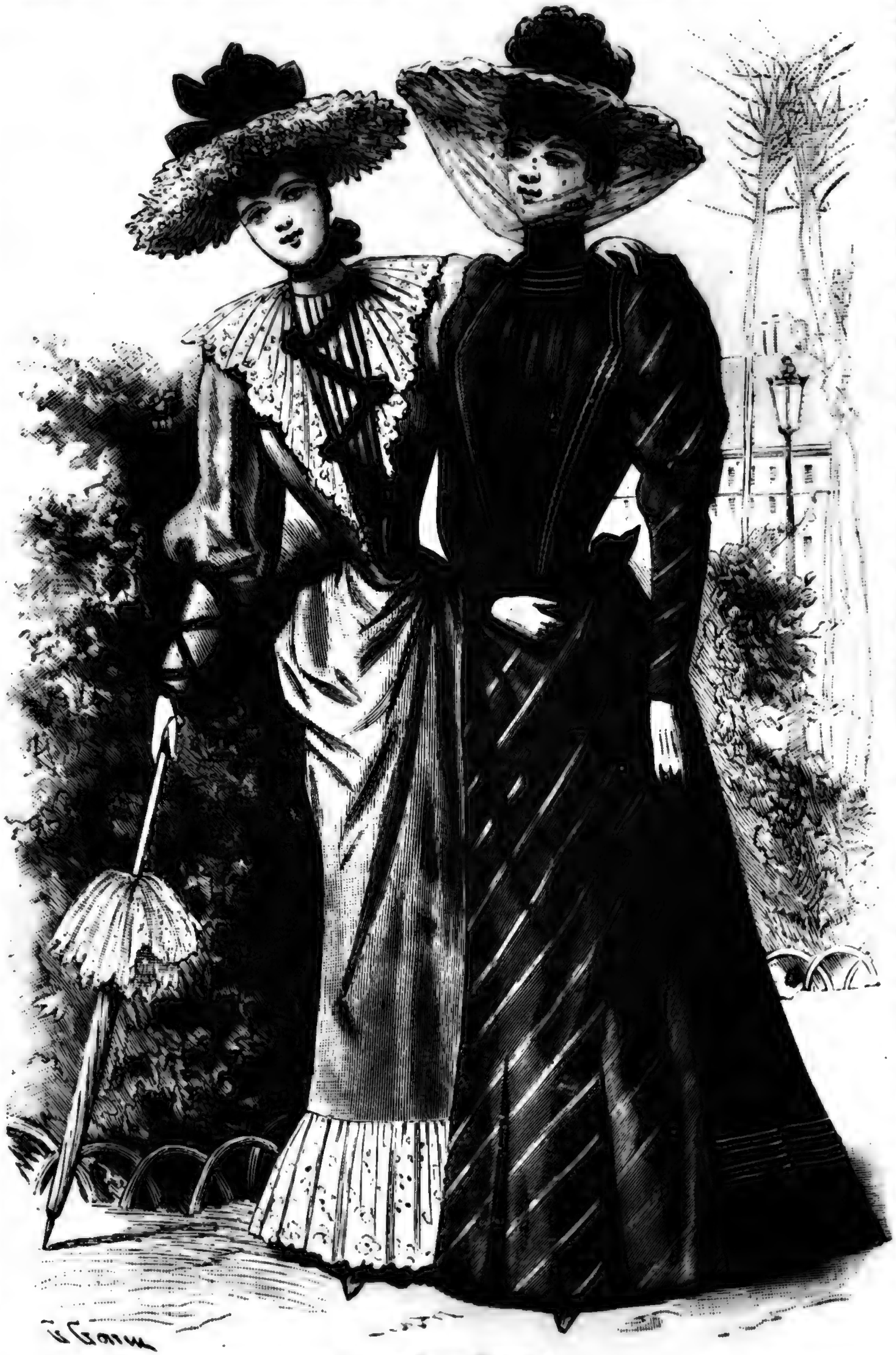
Another excellent preparation for the teeth, supplied by the same firm, is their Antiseptic Eau-de-Cologne, a hygienic mouth wash to sweeten the breath and keep the mouth and gums in a healthy state. Both these preparations are valuable adjuncts to the toilet, and the care of the teeth is so very important, whether as a matter of health or of beauty, that no pains are too great to bestow on the choice of good dentifrices and washes; the preparations named may be had of any good chemist, or direct from Messrs. George and Welch.

Some capital longcloths, shirtings, and twills are those manufactured by Messrs. Greenwood and Whitaker, and known as the Water Twist Calicoes. The shirtings and longcloths are of remarkably even texture, and are noted for their good wearing qualities. The choice is so large as to meet every possible requirement, and many of the numbers are made in three widths, 30, 32, and 36 inches; the longcloths are made in the two wider widths, the twills in 36 and 40 inch widths. The choice of longcloths is very much a matter of taste, but for ladies' and children's underclothing I think Nos. 6, 7, and 8, and letter M, which is a trifle heavier, will be found very suitable and pleasant to wear; there are more substantial cloths for those who prefer them, such as Nos. 3, 4, and 5, for instance, and a very good choice of twills. The longcloths are very inexpensive, even the finest qualities, and ladies should certainly ask their drapers to show them, or procure for them, Messrs. Greenwood and Whitaker's Water Twist Shirtings and Longcloths; they are said to be of old-fashioned make, and they certainly appear to be of old-fashioned purity and excellence, characteristics that are as valuable in calicoes as they are in brocades.

Some very pretty new patterns have been introduced in the useful Lion Trimmings which will come in admirably for trimming children's summer washing frocks and pinafores. Wherever the nursery is well filled with romping youngsters the need of some strong trimming, cheap, easily sewn on, and easily washed and got up, is sure to be felt, and the Lion Trimmings combine all these advantages. They are made in a variety of widths and patterns, the new ones being remarkably lace-like and delicate in appearance, although really very strong.

The "Beryl" is a new kind of Dress Lifter, which, unlike other such contrivances, is separate from the skirt, and can therefore be worn with any dress. The Lifter is attached to a band fastened round the waist under the dress skirt, and secured with a buckle, and consists of a curved metal loop some six inches long, which, when not in use, falls downwards with the skirt; when wanted for use the loop is turned upwards, lifting the skirt with it, and kept in place by a metal catch, which is easily manipulated. The loop raises the skirt a little above the waist line, and the edge is lifted some three or four inches from the ground; it is hardly adapted for wearing under a cloak or jacket, but answers best with the dress skirt only.

How few amongst us are exactly satisfied with our bulk! Either we have far too voluminous proportions, or we are thin and spare, not to say "scraggy," and would gladly plump ourselves out a bit. I would speak now of the first class, those who are "too, too solid." To be excessively stout is such a great misfortune, and entails so much inconvenience, that I am sure I shall be doing good service in reminding my readers of the excellence of Mason's Extract of Sea-Wrack as a remedy. I use the word remedy advisedly, as undue stoutness is undoubtedly a disease, and a disease leading to serious interference with the health. Several nostrums have at various times been recommended, but most of them have either been quite useless, or have more or less upset the digestion. Extract of Sea-Wrack stands alone, both in the success which accompanies its use, and in its freedom from ill effects upon the digestive organs and to the general health. Mr. Mason, of Norwich, prepares the Extract either in the form of pills or as a liquid, as may be preferred by the patient, and the price is 3s. 3d. per box or bottle. We recommend such of our readers as are personally interested to obtain a supply of six times this quantity, in order to give it a fair trial, as it is supplied at the very moderate charge of 16s. 6d.



Garden Party Dresses.

Fig. 1. Skirt of mauve foulard draped round the bodice to simulate a princess dress, the draperies caught up with velvet rosettes. Lace flounce at the edge. Bodice open over a plastron of pleated foulard crossed by straps of velvet. Collar of pleated lace ending in points in front. Deep cuff crossed with velvet straps. Lace hat trimmed with velvet.

Fig. 2. Dress of striped blue and white silk, the separate tablier cut in deep tabs over the border of plain dark blue silk, headed with silver braid, and draped at the top with little knots on each side. Bodice and sleeves of striped silk; full front of plain silk, revers and small yoke of the same trimmed with silver braid. Fancy straw hat trimmed with feathers.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

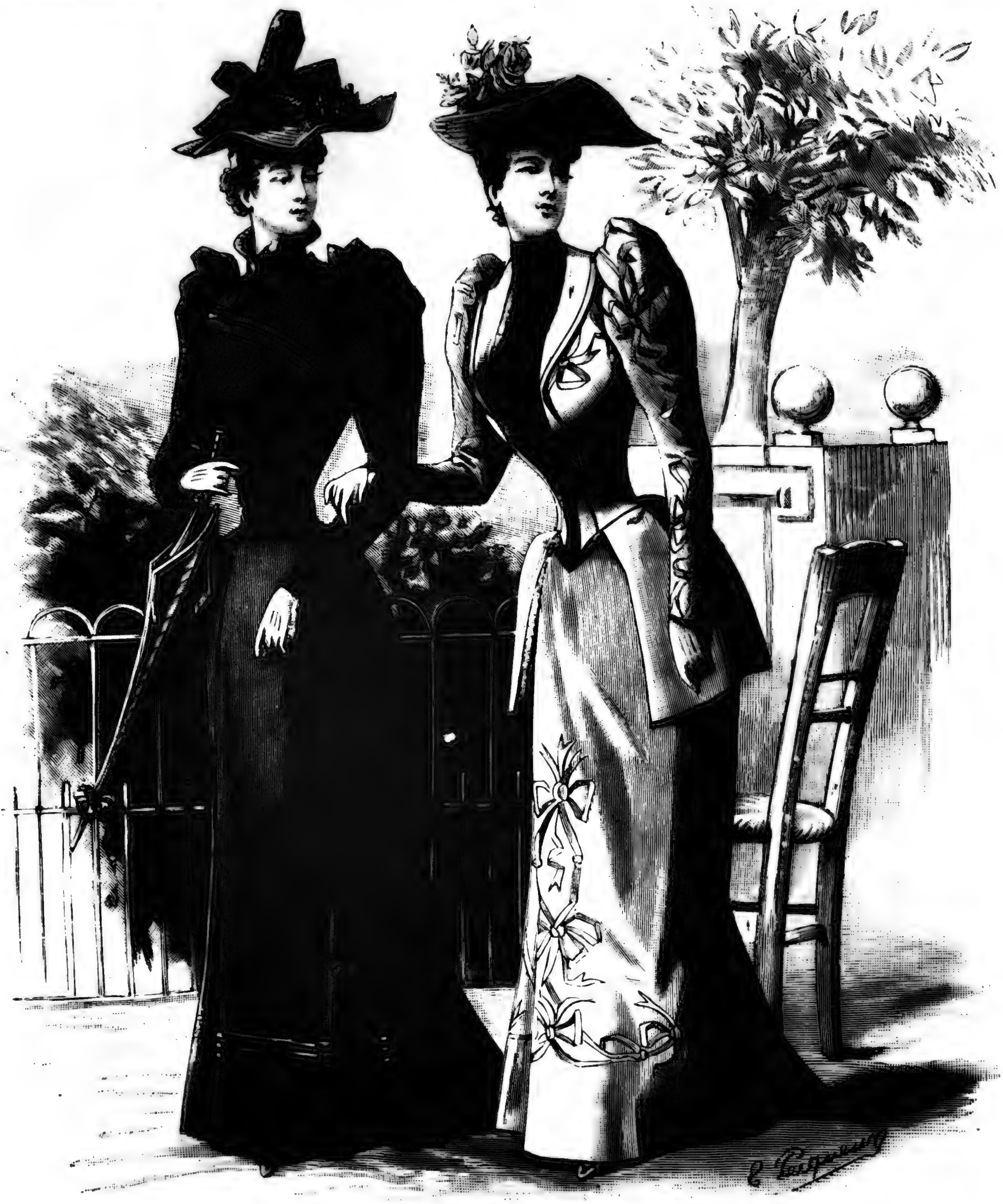
Now that washing at home, thanks to machines and improved appliances of every kind, is no longer a season of undeserved suffering to the whole household, many ladies practise the wise economy of having a good part of the more delicate laundry work done at home. Lace curtains, and lace articles of every description, last four times longer when cleaned at home than when sent to the laundress, and none of these things are in the least difficult to "get up," when we use proper soap and starch, and a fair amount of care. As a soap there is none better for laundry work, especially for delicate laundry work, than Sunlight Soap, which is so far pleasanter to use than most laundry soaps, and so wonderfully easy to manage, and effectual in the good results it obtains.

When it comes to starching laces, an extra amount of care is needed, especially if the great mistake be made of employing ordinary starch, such as would be used, for instance, for linen collars and cuffs. Starch of this kind is utterly unsuited for lace and light articles of any description, which become far too stiff, and are often clogged up and rendered most unsightly by the coarse and unsuitable starch. For all such things as lace curtains, edgings and flouncings, fine muslins, frillings, nets, and everything, in fact, that is light and lace-like in character, Orlando Jones' White Lace Starch is unrivalled; it is an entirely different preparation from the ordinary laundry starch, being specially prepared for light goods alone, and only disappointment could result from the attempt to use it for ordinary purposes. It has long been in use in the Nottingham lace manufactories, and is now supplied in smaller boxes for private use. It is very easy to use, and economical, and will not injure the most delicate fabric. I strongly recommend this Lace Starch to ladies who look after their own laces, or, entrust them to their maids to clean and "get up."

Some patterns of extremely cheap woollen dress fabrics reach me from Messrs. Lewis, of Market Street, Manchester. There is a large choice of single width materials, ranging in price from 4d. to 10½d. per yard, including plain, striped, and checked woollens of many kinds; amongst the prettiest and most serviceable, are some French beiges at 7½d., Jersey Cloth, and Sweet Lavender Cloth, this last in various patterns, all at 7½d., and a new French Foulé, in plain fashionable colours, at 10½d. per yard.

The wide width beiges, amongst the most useful woollens for summer wear, include the Taffeta Beige at 10d., French Beiges at 1s. 1½d., and some very good and pretty French and Chevron Beiges at 2s. per yard. A number of tweeds and other light woollens are in similar soft neutral shades, and will make very pretty summer and early autumn dresses;

such are the Fabian Flake, at 1s. 1½d., and the Lindisfarne, also prettily flecked, at 1s. 1d. per yard; the Frogmore cloth, 1s. 3d., has a chevron stripe, the Glenlyon Tweed, and the Burmah Cloth, each cost 1s. 4½d. per yard; the Loraine Serge, or Diagonal, at 1s. 8d.; a natural homespun, a very soft and fine woollen, at 1s. 9d., and the Mysore Tweed, at 2s. 3d. per yard with flecked effect, are all ladylike and stylish materials.



PROMENADE COSTUMES.

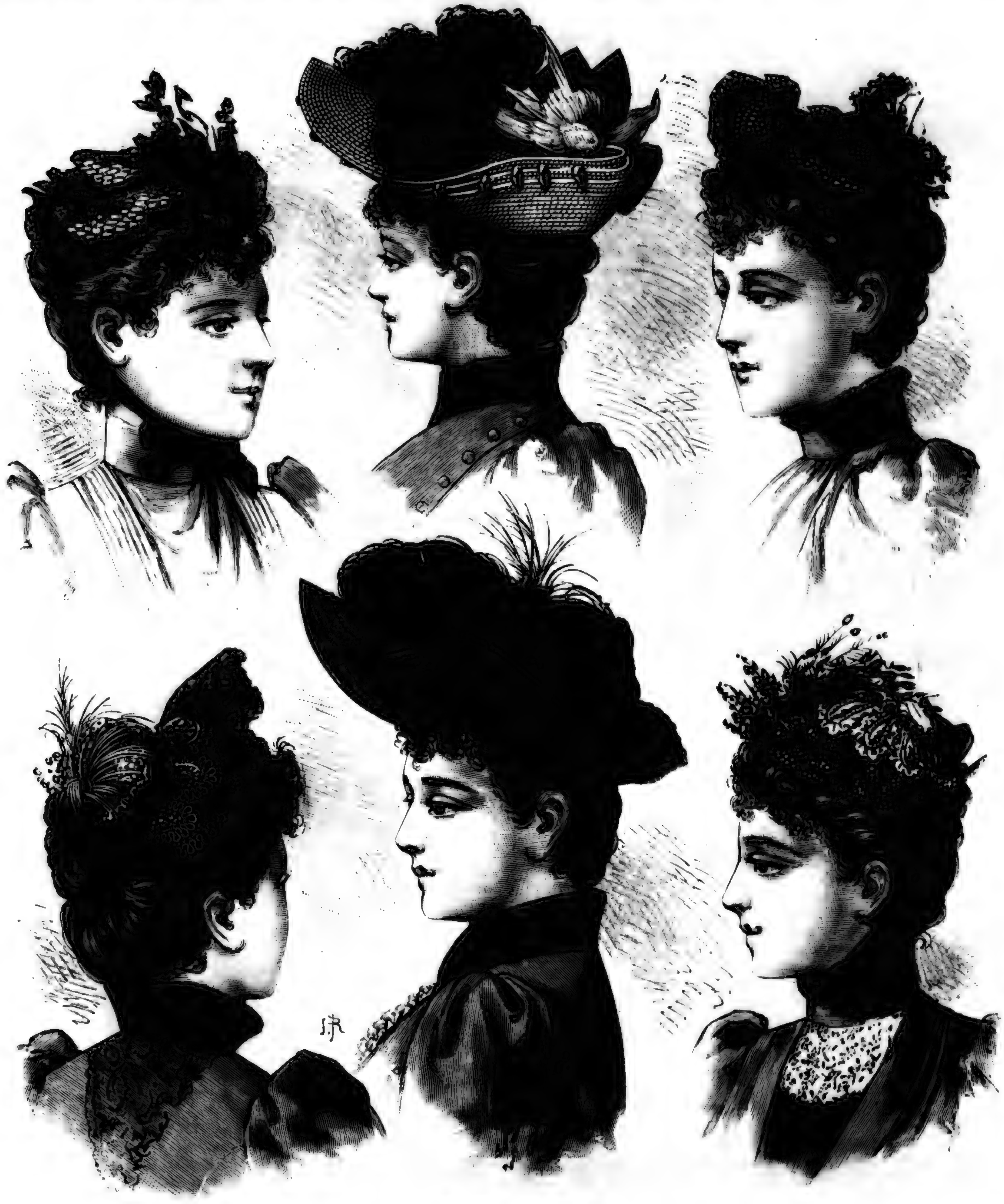
For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Check woollens, in large and small patterns, and of various textures, cost from 1s. 3d. to 3s. 11d. per yard; amongst the prettiest are the Corisande, 1s. 4½d., with double line checks, the Coldstream at 2s. 4d., the Annesley at 1s. 10½d., the St. Heliers at 2s. 11d., the Wolverton, for travelling dresses, at 3s. 11d., and the fine, and remarkably pretty, and soft toned Kelverdale Plaids at 2s. 4d. per yard.

Broché cloths include the Musgrave at 1s. 8d., the Bancroft at the same price, the Cornbrook at 1s. 9d., the Katrine Serge, a very effective broché diagonal, at 2s. 4d., and the Gwendoline Cloth at 2s. 9d. per yard.

Messrs. Lewis also have a variety of plain coloured woollens at very moderate prices and in all the fashionable colours, besides some novelties with silk stripes, printed mohairs on a white ground, côtelé, and other fabrics. The Marguerite is a pretty stripe at 2s., the Marina, a useful serge at 1s. 9d. per yard, and the Henrietta Serge, at the same price, is a fine diagonal.

As sleeves tight at the wrist are still the order of the day, the gauntlet glove is likely to flourish for some time to come, and the London Glove Company, of 45a, Cheapside, is ready to supply the gloves in great variety. A very pretty glove is the English made tan Doeskin at 2s. 8d. per pair, with embossed gauntlets four inches deep, and double clasp fasteners. There are several varieties of pattern in the embossed gauntlets which are made to fit neatly round the arm. Gauntlet gloves are also made in fine Lisle thread at 1s. 8d. per pair, with the four inch deep gauntlets ornamented with silk braiding; in Lisle thread, with plain gauntlets bound with kid, a very neat glove for the country, at 1s. per per pair, in tans, browns, and black, with self braid points. The same glove is made with six buttons at 2s. 6d. per pair. Another glove of a very useful description is the Best Quality Brussels Kid, with stitched seams and light stitched points. This is a four buttoned glove, quite long enough for present fashions, costing 3s. 3d. per pair, and made in shades of tan, fawn, and drab; in light shades stitched with white silk, this is a remarkably pretty glove.



New Hats and Bonnets.

pair, and in superior quality taffeta, with kid binding round the plain gauntlet, at 1s. 8d. per pair. These thread and silk gloves can be had in all useful shades of grey, drabs, and tans, besides black; the kid bound gauntlets are both neat and strong, and the gloves are well cut and sewn.

Glacé and Suède Kid Gloves are one as fashionable as the other, and the London Glove Company have excellent qualities in both. As useful gloves, I recommend the four button length Chevrette Gloves at 2s. 1d.

Wearers of Suède Kid will be pleased with the Empress Gloves, made of very soft and elastic kid that moulds the hand perfectly. These gloves are specially finished, and may be had in dark and light colours; tans and white with four buttons at 2s. 3d., with six buttons at 2s. 10d., and with eight buttons, or Mousquetaire, at 3s. 3d. Ten button length Empress Gloves are supplied in tans only, but twelve, sixteen, and twenty button length Mousquetaire Gloves are made in a great variety of light shades for evening wear, and are very inexpensive, the prices being 3s. 11d., 4s. 11d., and 5s. 11d. per pair.

A very nice glacé glove is the Real Kid Glove, made in black, white, tans, and colours, in four, six, and eight button lengths, at 2s. 3d., 2s. 9d., and 3s. 3d. per pair. In spite of its low price this is a dressy looking glove, the kid is soft and flexible, and the seams and points extremely neat. A similar glove is made with braid points in prime quality real kid at a rather higher price. The London Glove Company makes a speciality of coloured silk gloves for evening wear, and for day wear there are the capital Milanese Silk Gloves with trebly woven tips, that give additional strength just where it is most needed, without disfiguring the glove or making it clumsy and thick. The eight button length silk gloves cost 1s. 9d. per pair in No. 1 quality, and 2s. 3d. per pair in No. 2 quality, and they may be had in black, white, and colours. This is a delightful glove for summer wear, cooler than kid, and more easily slipped on.

Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, of Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square, are showing some remarkably pretty costumes for children this season; the little dresses are a happy blending of French novelty with the artistic modes that prevail in England, all the graceful ease and freedom of artistic fashions being retained, while little touches of Parisian taste redeem the dresses from the monotony of styles that repeat themselves without variation. With the good taste that invariably reigns in this department, the dresses so cleverly combined are as a matter of course a complete success.

For walking dresses, corduroy woollens in light colours are very much employed; a charming costume for a young girl is very simply made of pale grey corduroy, with white crêpe puffings let in to the bodice and sleeves; the hem is turned up with a bias cut band, and the bodice is finished off with side basques falling over the pointed band. Another dress for a younger girl is in pale mastic corduroy, with plastron and revers of fawn bengaline.

Woollen crêpes, again, are much used, both in plain colours and in patterns; a lovely little dress is of white woollen crêpe with large spots in a soft shade of fawn; the tucked yoke and full sleeves are of plain fawn silk crêpe; the bodice is finished off with small panier draperies tied at the back in sash ends.

Blouse dresses are made for quite big girls in printed china silk, with yokes and the tight lower part of the sleeve of white embroidery or écru guipure; a pretty model is in pale green with spots in a darker shade, and yoke and deep cuffs of lace. The front and back are joined by folded shoulder straps tied up with ribbon bows in the centre.

For light summer dresses, blouses of printed muslin with yokes of embroidery will be very fashionable. These are sometimes more fancifully made; the plain blouse dresses are drawn in at the waist or not, as liked.

The majority of the hats for children are of white fancy straw, prettily trimmed with ribbon and flowers or feathers. Leghorn straw hats are, however, also worn, and some very pretty hats are of beige fancy straw with garniture of pale blue ribbon and little sprays of forget-me-not lying like a fringe on the brim, or with pink ribbon and flowers arranged in a similar manner. The brims are broad and, as a rule, flat, and the crowns low, the trimming being also arranged to carry out the same idea; it is only in a few cases that aigrette bows or sprays of flowers are employed.

Lace mantles will be all the rage this summer, and a great number of very charming models are shown by Messrs. Debenham & Freebody, many of them being so reasonable in price as to bring these light and elegant vêtements within reach of all. They are almost without exception in cape shape, but vary in length from just below the elbow to the full three quarter length; the yokes and collars are, as a rule, of jet, but many are finished off round the neck with a ruche of lace or ribbon, the yoke only being of jet passementerie or embroidery. Velvet embroidered with jet, or trimmed with gold passementerie, is combined with the pèlerine sleeves of lace or embroidered net of some of the more expensive models, and a very elegant mantle with lace pèlerine sleeves has these and the long mantelet fronts striped with chevron ribbon in silk and satin. An extremely fine make of open black silk guipure is employed for one mantle, which is mounted at the top in pleats, narrow bands of jet galon being sewn down each side of the pleats. Jet cabochons are used for lace mantles as they are for those of cloth and silk.

Parasols have taken quite a new departure this year, and are now remarkable for their extremely short handles, these, it may be observed, are in nearly all cases of natural wood with quaintly shaped handles or ornamentation of carved coloured flowers or fruits, or of small and very well made artificial flowers securely fixed with their leaves on the handles. Jewelled sticks are also amongst the novelties in parasols, but are reserved for the more elaborate models. Shot, broché, and plain silks are all employed for parasols and en-tout-cas, which are unlined and in many cases untrimmed, save for the flower-bedecked handles The black broché satin parasols made in this way with gilt ribs and flower sticks are very useful and ladylike. Silk parasols with a border of wide black lace insertion, or with the silk part very small, and a deep border of two lace flounces, are a little more dressy but still very serviceable. Some specialities at Messrs. Debenham & Freebody's are the parasols in black or coloured net with light sprays of flowers embroidered with silks, scattered all over the surface or arranged in bands and flounces, or still more elaborate embroideries in which the flowers are in velvet with delicate raised petals, standing up from the surface, and light foliage worked in silk. A lovely example is a parasol of mastic chiffon with two bands of this raised embroidery representing alternate pink and yellow wild roses in velvet on mastic net. Another parasol in black net is embroidered all over with cornflowers, and has a flounce to correspond over lace round the edge.

The parasols of fine soft chiffon in the Flot-de-mer, or in the ordinary shape, are made in white and all colours, and the elegant Flot-de-mer parasols, with their waved brims, are also made in white and black lace. Chiffon parasols are more durable this season, thanks to the fast edge woven in silk which prevents the splitting and fraying of the delicate fabric.

An interesting conversazione was recently held at the Electropathic and Zander Institute, 52, Oxford Street, by permission of the president, Mr. C. B. Harness, the invitations to which were issued by the Executive Council of the Inventors' Institute. The building was handsomely decorated for the occasion, and every preparation had been made for the comfort and entertainment of the guests.

One of the chief items of the entertainment was the reading by Mr. C. B. Harness of a paper on "Electrical and Mechanical Apparatus used in the Treatment of Disease," followed by an inspection of the wonderful electric appliances which can be seen nowhere else in such variety and perfection as on the premises of the Electric Battery Company. Foremost amongst these are the unrivalled Static Electrical Machines, made in Paris on the type of those used in the Bicêtre and Salpétrierè Hospitals, driven by electric motors, and switched into or out of action t a touch. Electric baths, employed in connection with massage, galvanic batteries, and induction coils are all means used for the cure or alleviation of pain, especially rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia and ailments of a similar character.

The application of electricity to dentistry is one of the latest, as it is one of the most useful of recent inventions; painless dentistry is an accomplished fact at last, the electric current that passes through the forceps annihilating all pain, and at the same time acting as an astringent and very much reducing the bleeding.

Naturally the experiments in dentistry were followed with unusual interest, and their complete success was made a note of for future reference; we may not all have rheumatism, but few indeed are those who escape the toothache!

The curious and nicely adjusted mechanical exercises of the Zander Institute are always popular; there is a special machine for the exercise of every joint and muscle in the body, and so beautifully balanced and arranged that the weakest muscles may be strengthened without fatigue; these mechanical exercises are invaluable for those who really require athletic exercises to keep them in health, and are either not strong enough or otherwise unable to indulge in country sports.

That vexed question, the dress of the future, can hardly be said to be settled yet, the attempts at rational dress at the "Coming Dress Bazaar" were too funny and irrational to make anyone wish to copy them. The only dress that at all deserved the epithet of rational was the one invented by Mrs. Hancock, but where are the women who will consent to shorten their skirts and wear knickerbockers and gaiters in place of the certainly less sensible but far more graceful skirt? This last craze in favour of rational and hygienic dress is very likely to end like its predecessors; one or two ardent disciples of the new creed will wear their shortened skirts in defiance of fashion, but that is all; women's dress generally will be no more affected by it than by a fancy dress ball; the young ladies and stall holders who wore such picturesque and amazing costumes no doubt enjoyed the dressing up very much indeed, but did any one of them alter her style of dress after the Bazaar was over? probably not one.

Lately, in Mr. Irving's poetic revival of "Much Ado about Nothing," I gazed admiringly on the stately figures of the two old nobles, whose rich gowns and venerable white hair, coupled with easy dignity of bearing, contrasted so favourably with the portly, tightly-covered persons of various gentlemen in the stalls. How I wished them the generous folds of the Italian brothers! and how I wished that a committee could be arranged to undertake the reform of men's clothing! Yet, I suppose, they could hardly be persuaded to leave waistcoats and trousers to the young and active. We lack now-a-days a sense of the fitness of things, and old men dress precisely like young men, just as the women who work wear the long skirts of those who stay comfortably at home, and never cross the threshold if the skies are unpropitious.

Very possibly if women once took to short skirts, and could know the delight of unrestricted movement, they might consent to wear them at all times; but as yet the dress reformers have made but few converts, and even these find it necessary to make their improved dress conform in outward appearance, if not in fact, with the clothing of the unreformed, who seek fashion first and health afterwards. No woman wants to court the truthful but unflattering comments on her appearance of the London *gamin*, and any peculiarity in dress is sure to attract the immediate attention of this intelligent but unpleasantly frank young gentleman. This, perhaps, is one reason why anything like dress reform is so extremely difficult in England.

The Silkworm.

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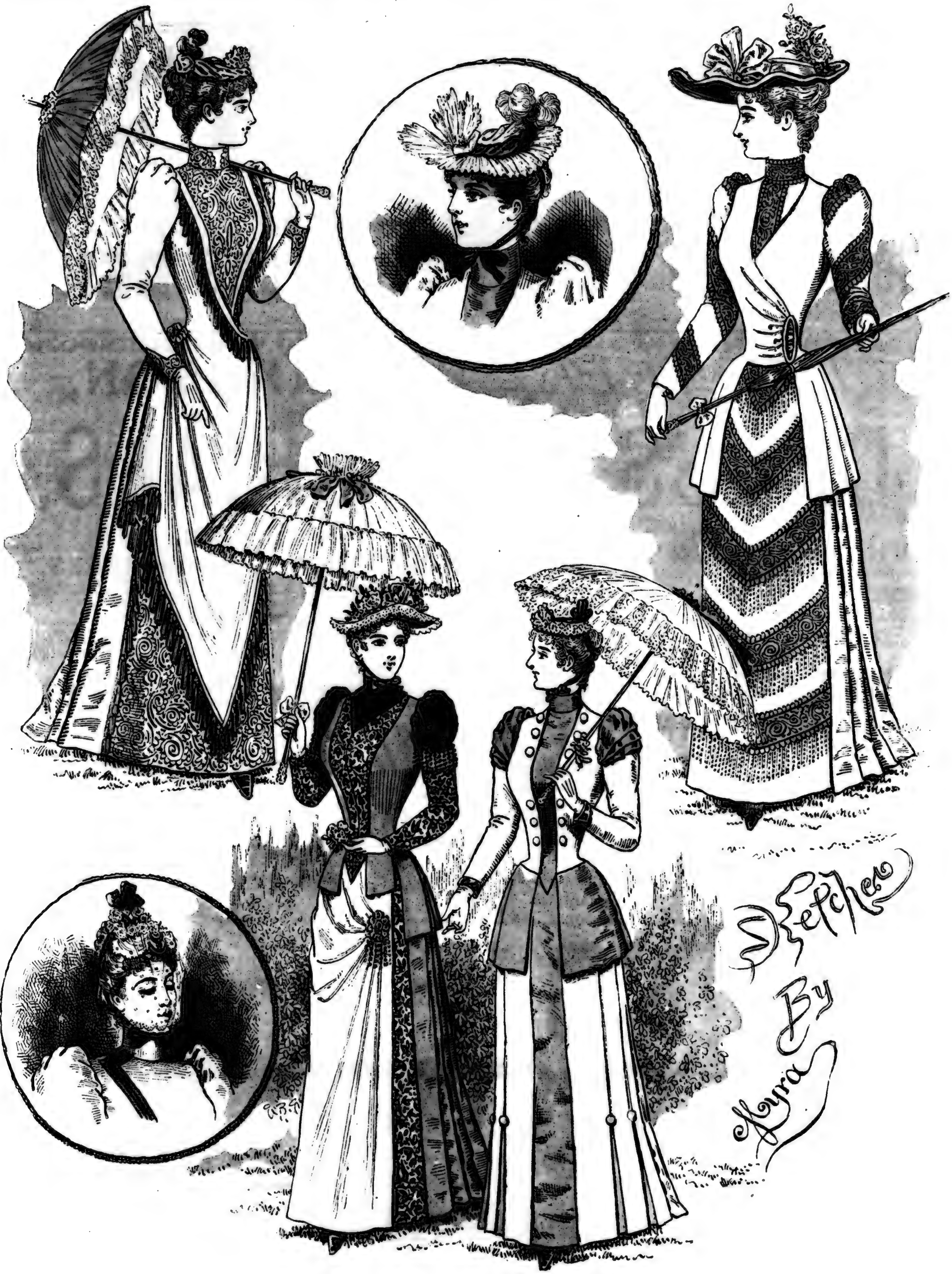

Sketches By Myra

Summer Walking Dresses.

"FOR EVER AND EVER."

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT,

Author of "Love's Conflict," "Too Good for Him," etc., etc

CHAPTER XV.—*Continued.*

"YES, papa," she answered, in the same quiet tone, "I do. I am aware that I must appear very fickle to you, after what I said the last time we spoke upon the subject; but that was four months ago, remember; and I have changed my mind since then. Martin has pressed me a good deal lately, and I am sure he loves me, papa, and—"

And here Henrietta Stuart stopped, and waited for her father's answer, but he was silent; and when she looked up into his face, something there disturbed her.

"You wish it, father, do you not?" she asked quickly. "I made sure of that before I ventured to speak to you—I thought you seemed to like the idea so much, when it was mooted before."

"So I did, Pussy," returned the rector; "but I confess that this time you have taken me by surprise. I do not deny that your mother and I have often talked together of the probability of your marriage with your cousin, and that we thought, if you were both so inclined, that it would be a very good thing for him, for he is, as you know, Pussy, the child of my only and much-beloved brother; and was, as I consider, most unjustly cheated out of his share of your grandfather's property by the bitter feelings which the old man entertained towards his father, and which were not to be subdued even by his cruel and untimely death. Therefore Martin has been an object of the greatest affection and solicitude to me—as is evidenced by my willingness to give him you; but *you* are far dearer to me than anything on earth, Henrietta, not excepting your own mother; and at so critical a period in your life, I cannot have you act hastily or without deliberation. If your happiness will be secured by becoming your cousin's wife, do so, and my tenderest love and blessing will go with you both, and the hopes of a lifetime be fulfilled; but if you have been persuaded into this step by him, or a desire to please me, tell me so, beloved child, in God's name, before it is too late; and do not, for the sake of escaping his reproaches or my censure, hurry into an engagement which may cost you dear before you shake yourself free of it again."

He spoke so earnestly, laying his fatherly hand the while upon her bright head, that Henrietta Stuart for a moment considered, and considering, wavered. But then she remembered what she had told herself before, that even if she gave up this, nothing else remained for her; and not giving it up, she would make three people whom she loved happy; and a vision danced before her tearful eyes of a beauty which was not hers, and a love which was not hers—and she swallowed down her tears like a true English girl, and no shadow of a regret was apparent in the tone in which she uttered her next words.

"It is not for Martin only, dearest father, or for you—dearly as I love to please you—that I desire it. I speak for my own sake as well. I did not say as much to Martin last night. I thought then that my resolution was unchanged; but I have been thinking it over to-day, and I want you to tell him, as soon as he comes in, that I will be his wife—only not just yet, father, not just yet."

"Pussy, darling, you have made me so happy!" exclaimed the rector, as he raised the drooping figure of the girl and folded it fondly in his embrace. "This has been my wish for years; it is no harm telling you so now, but I have been afraid to let you know how much I desired it, for fear of biassing your natural inclinations. But now, whenever death comes, I can die happy; and when I meet my dear Gerard again, he will say that I have done my duty by his son. But he shall only have you on one condition, Pussy—that he never takes you from me. I cannot part with my ewe lamb."

"Ah! no, father!" exclaimed the girl, as she flung herself, in a passionate embrace, upon his breast. "Never send me from you; never leave me for a minute, or I shall be wretched."

And then, in the height of her excitement, Henrietta Stuart cried plentifully in her father's arms, and was at her ease again. The news was soon communicated to Mrs. Stuart, and Martin, slipping into the house after dusk, and purporting to gain his own room unobserved, was waylaid by his uncle and made the recipient of intelligence which so nearly concerned himself. On first hearing it, the young man, after his late rebuff, was so completely taken aback that he could scarcely realise its truth; but when, on his uncle's repeated assurances, he began to believe it, his emotion was almost like that of a girl.

"You must for-for-forgive me, uncle," he said, as he recovered his speech; "but I don't think I fe-fe-fe-felt her refusal half so much. I love her so dearly. I did not think it po-po-po-possible she could be so good as to love me in return."

And then Martin was permitted to seek his cousin and hear her decision from her own lips. What passed between them on that occasion, Mr. Stuart never afterwards inquired, or ascertained; but he felt convinced, as all must who knew her, that nothing but what was true and without dissimulation could ever fall from the lips of Henrietta Stuart. When she and Martin returned to the drawing-room that evening together, they returned as an engaged couple, whose troth was above board, and might be proclaimed to the world.

On the day that John Wardlaw and his *fiancée* were expected to arrive at Sutton Valence, all the servants of Castlemaine and most of the villagers in her father's parish, knew that Miss Stuart, the heiress, was engaged to be married to her cousin.

"And though he is not perhaps quite the figger of a man as Miss Henrietta might have looked for," so the domestics argued, "yet it's an out and out good thing for the young master, and that no one can't deny."

On that morning at breakfast, Mr. Stuart, for the first time for many a day, introduced, of his own accord, John Wardlaw's name.

"My dear," he remarked to his wife, who had been occupied all breakfast-time making small jokes on the subject of the new relationship in which Henrietta and Martin now appeared at the table, "I met Captain Wardlaw shuffling along the village in his slippers this morning, and he told me that they are expecting Jack down from London this afternoon with Miss Bellew and her cousin. I was anything but pleased to hear it. What is to be done?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied his wife. "But I suppose it is not incumbent on us to call there during their stay. I wonder what has made the lady change her mind. I understand from Mrs. Wardlaw that she has twice refused to come down here before."

"I cannot say, I am sure," said the rector. "Ladies are privileged to do such things sometimes, ain't they Pussy?"

He had looked at his daughter rather anxiously two or three times during the colloquy, and was apparently relieved at now seeing her raise her face from her plate with a qniet smile. The smile was a forced one, but how should he know it?

"Yes, indeed, papa," she said, "or the world would go on very badly, I am afraid. But still, they generally can give some sort of a reason for their caprice. I cannot help wondering with mamma what the motive of this lady can be, and particularly as the Wardlaws seem as puzzled as we are."

But it is the province of the novelist to practise clairvoyance, and the reason for Miss Bellew's change of mind will be shown in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XVI.

WHY MISS BELLEW CHANGED HER MIND.

> But now the hand of Fate is on the curtain,
> And gives the scene to light.
>
> DRYDEN.

ABOUT a week before, Leofric Temple had paid his half-brother a visit in London.

By that time John Wardlaw had been for the last two months located in rooms of his own, one of which he called a studio, but in which he studied very little, preferring to loiter away his restless hours in the company of Rowena Bellew. At first, he was surprised to see the face of Leofric Temple, for, frequently as the latter was in town, he had never honoured him with a visit before; but marking, on a second scrutiny, the perturbed and anxious expression of his countenance, he concluded, and rightly, that his brother had sought him with a view to obtaining his advice or assistance in helping him out of one of the numerous scrapes into which he was always falling.

For Leofric Temple was addicted to giving his friends a good deal of trouble, in the way of lifting him out of the metaphorical quicksands into which he was in the custom of walking with his eyes open.

Not foolhardy, generous scrapes, begotten of a thoughtless, devil-may-care disposition, committed one moment and repented of the next; but little, petty mischances brought about by his own cowardice or selfishness, and run into deliberately, under the hope of those who cared for their own name as linked with his, doing their best to cover for him what might prove a mutual disgrace.

In describing the personal appearance of Mrs. Wardlaw's son little was said about his character, and for a good reason, namely, that there was little to say, and that little was not a pleasant topic. But disagreeable things are often necessary.

The large, languishing blue eyes of Leofric Temple, and his fair hair and moustache, gave him a look of innocence that his secret doings sadly belied. It was difficult to believe, on a mere sight of him, that he was habitually not crafty (for craft infers a certain degree of cleverness, and Leofric Temple was most foolish), but evasive and shuffling. His sins were all little sins, not small in size but in quality, for he possessed a small soul and a mean nature. He was an effeminate man, who took pleasure in no out-door sports, who never even read a sensible book, but lounged about on sofas and easy chairs, twanging a guitar as accompaniment to his own voice, or twiddling his beloved moustaches round and round in his fingers. He was a braggart, of course—all cowards are—and could speak largely on every topic, from art downwards; and made little of the efforts of other people, being certain, and asserting openly, that he could do as well and better, if he chose to try. He had a revengeful spirit, which, never daring to take a lofty flight, contented itself by devising petty spites wherewith to satisfy the cravings of its nature; and he had a sordid spirit, which made much of its own money and little of anyone else's, which led him to order luxuries for himself largely "on tick," but made him strangely unwilling to part with coin actually in his possession; in a word, he had never been known to make a present to anyone, he never paid a fare or bill without disputing its legality, and when he changed a sovereign he rang each bit of silver before he put it in his pocket.

And with such a formidable host of ill qualities, Leofric Temple's only counterbalancing virtues were the blue eyes and the flaxen hair; the sweet baritone voice, wherewith he sang to his guitar, and fascinated the too susceptible hearts of the female part of his acquaintance, and a certain amount of soft good-nature, which yet was never sufficiently powerful to urge him to a kind action when it militated in the least degree against his own comfort.

For a wonder, John Wardlaw was at home the morning that his brother walked into his rooms. There were only two of them, and the house to which they belonged formed part of the street in which Miss Bellew lived. As our hero turned, palette and brushes in hand, to greet his visitor, Leofric Temple was astounded to see the alteration that a few months of London life had made in his appearance.

"Holloa, Wardlaw!" he exclaimed, as he caught sight of his brother's figure, "you look five years older than you did when you left Sutton Valence! You've been going it, my boy, I expect."

And if wearing himself out by attempting to derive any solid comfort from the favour of a capricious woman, who professed to love him one day, and treated him as if she was weary of him the next, was "going it," John Wardlaw had every reason to deserve the accusation. However, he made no comment on his brother's remark.

"What has brought you up to town, Temple?" was all he asked, as they shook hands with one another; "or rather, what has induced you to favour me with a visit? For I know that you are up here often enough. Take a chair if you can find one. You will excuse my going on with my work; I have been idler than I should have been lately, and I'm trying to make up for it now. How did you leave them all at Sutton?"

"Oh, well enough," was the careless reply. "I was down there last week. Alice is growing dreadfully coarse, and my mother was full of complaints, as usual. I've been expecting all along that you would be down there this summer, Wardlaw, but they tell me now that you say there's no chance of it. How's that?"

"Well, you see its rests entirely with Miss Bellew," replied John Wardlaw, colouring slightly; for he had not yet expressed his aversion to speak of his *fiancée* before other people. "I wished her very much to accept Mrs. Wardlaw's invitation last month, but she was unable to arrange it, and she tells me now that her engagements quite preclude her leaving town this autumn; so I suppose it must be put off again. I am sorry for it. I wanted her to see Kent in the hopping-season; but it is unavoidable, and of course I don't care to go down without her."

"No, I suppose not," replied Leofric Temple. "I've never seen Miss Bellew yet, Wardlaw. I went to the 'King's' one night on purpose to get a sight of her, but I was dining with some fellows first, and they kept me such a long time with their nonsense, that I got in too late for the first piece. Is she going to remain on the stage?"

(The Fiction Supplement will be given every month, and can be detached by simply straightening the wire staples and lifting up.)

"Not one hour after I can afford to take her off it," said John Wardlaw, gravely. He would have preferred his brother having asked for an introduction to Rowena Bellew, instead of having gone to gaze at her in public, as he would at any other actress; but as she was one, he could not find fault with the proceeding. It was one of the disagreeables connected with her profession, which had made him often set his teeth and swear beneath his breath, when dancing attendance on her behind the scenes of the King's Theatre.

"Not one hour after," he repeated presently; "but when that will be, I cannot say. Money is a scarce commodity with all of us, Temple."

"It is, indeed," rejoined the latter. "I came to speak to you about a little business of that kind of my own, Wardlaw."

John Wardlaw had guessed as much, but he refrained from saying so.

"What is your trouble?" he asked.

"Well, it's rather a serious one," replied Leofric Temple. "You know how impossible it is for a man to live and dress on his pay, Wardlaw, and how precious short your governor keeps me of money."

"How can he do otherwise? You have no claim on him, Temple, remember."

"Well, perhaps not; but the fact remains, and it has led me into a jolly scrape at last. I knew it was coming, and meant to have consulted you on the subject when you came down to Sutton Valence, but as things have turned out, I had no alternative but to run up and speak to you here. I had a writ served on me yesterday."

"That's bad," said John Wardlaw, steadily painting the while. "For how much?"

"Five hundred dibs," replied Leofric Temple, with apparent carelessness.

"Five hundred pounds!" exclaimed his brother, startled into pausing from his work. "And how do you intend to pay it?"

"I *can't* pay it," said Leofric Temple, "unless you help me, Wardlaw; and I can't get leave either, if they pop me in quod, for I took my sixty days last spring. If I'm arrested, it will be all up with me, for I shall have to leave the regiment, and I don't know what the deuce is to become of me then."

"You will have to break stones, I suppose," replied his brother; "you would never be so ungenerous as to come upon my father for support. But this is getting serious, Temple. It is the third time you have been on the point of being arrested since you joined. At whose suit is this?"

"Oh! at some tailors' and bootmakers', who ought to be kicked for their impudence. Wouldn't you back a bill for me, Wardlaw? They know you have some 'ready' of your own."

"Not I!" replied his brother; "and you know it's of no use asking me, Temple. It would come to the same thing in the end; I should have to pay the money, and accept your I O U. Have you applied to anyone before me?"

"No one. Whom have I to apply to?"

"There is only one way by which I can help you," continued his brother; "and that is by selling out the money from my principal, and accepting your I O U to repay it with its interest within a given time. But five hundred pounds is a long sum for me to lend you, Temple! and I can't afford to lose it. How do you propose to return it?"

"By monthly instalments," replied Leofric Temple. "I have no other means; but if you will do it for me, Wardlaw, I shall be awfully obliged to you, of course, and I will pay it in again as soon as ever I can. I mean to live very quietly for the future; and shall give up liquor and everything of the kind, till I've settled my account with you. But you see you are my only hope; if you can't do it, I shall be regularly floored, and of course I don't want to come back upon your father for my support."

"I should think not," exclaimed John Wardlaw, who was already very sore on the point of the amount of money that his half-brother had contrived to wheedle out of his mother. You must emigrate before you do that. My father has enough to do support his own. Well, Temple, I suppose I must help you this once; but mind, it's for the last time, and you must pay me within a given period. It will be a pull for you, but in some way or other you must suffer for your extravagance. And now that I have engaged myself, I do not consider that this money is any longer my own to do as I like with. I suppose you want it as soon as possible. Let me have the exact amount of your debts, and we will go at once into the City, and find a broker to do the job for us. You are aware that my principal is in consols."

He had been divesting himself of his painting garb as he spoke, and now walked into the adjoining room to put on his ordinary clothes. This generosity on his part towards a man whom he thoroughly disliked, was not all bred of Christian charity and forgiveness; he forsesaw, only too plainly, what a misfortune it would be for his family, and through them, for himself, if this lazy vagabond of a fine gentleman was really requested to withdraw himself from Her Majesty's service, and thrown, through his own selfish vices, a burden upon their liberality. For although Leofric Temple certainly possessed, through his parents, some sort of family of his own, they were sleeping partners in the firm, and had never been known to give him a shilling. John Wardlaw knew that irretrievable penury might come upon all of them if his half-brother were deprived of his only means of employment and support; and, therefore, for politic reasons it was better that he should consent to help him out of his difficulties. But if his resolution was not entirely the offspring of a Christian love, neither was it born alone of policy; for John Wardlaw had a large and generous heart, and had always, from boyhood, spent eleven pennies on other people, to one that he reserved for himself. And notwithstanding the instinctive coldness which had ever existed between him and the son of his father's wife, it was not the first time by many that he had assisted to shield the other's various peccadilloes, and been too prone to believe in his statements of a determination to reform and live in a quieter manner for the future.

When the young men had made a pilgrimage to the city together, given their instructions to a broker, and rattled home again to John Wardlaw's apartments, for once in his life Leofric Temple really appeared grateful for the favour conferred upon him.

"Upon my word you *are* a good fellow, Wardlaw," he said, as the latter concluded the terms of his agreement with him, "and if your governor only allowed a man a little more tin, I'd never come upon you like this. But you must see that it's just an impossibility that any fellow should go about without clothes; if I didn't wear them I should be arrested for not wearing them; so it comes to the same thing in the end."

"I can't say I follow your arguments," replied his brother. "However, let this be a warning to you, Temple, for I assure you it's the last time that I can ever help you; unless you're out-and-out lucky, it will, probably, be years before you are able to repay me. However, it's a settled business now, so don't let it happen again. Where shall we dine?"

"Anywhere you please, my dear fellow," returned Leofric Temple, who was in the gayest of spirits, "but we have hours before us yet. Do take me to see Miss Bellew. I have heard so much of her beauty that I am positively dying to be introduced to the owner of so many charms. Couldn't we call at once; it's nearly three o'clock?"

"To be sure," replied John Wardlaw, who was nothing loth to show off his lovely Rowena to his half-brother, "besides I'm a privileged person, you know, and can gain admittance at any time. I think you will admire her, Temple."

This was said with the air of a man who can afford not to deal in hyperbole, because he is so certain that, with regard to the topic in hand, it cannot be reached.

"If all I hear of her is true," said the other, as they were on their way, "I rather fancy I shall. Carleton, of ours, told me the other day, that she was the handsomest woman about town."

"Beauty is so according to taste," remarked John Wardlaw, as he knocked at the door of Miss Bellew's house. He was so assured of hers that he did not wish to spoil the effect of the first sight of it upon his brother by exaggerating her charms beforehand.

Louisa Crofton opened the door to them.

"You'll find Rowena in the drawing room, Mr. Wardlaw," she said, as soon as she saw who it was, and Leofric Temple was surprised to see his brother stop and shake hands with her.

"How are you, Miss Crofton?" he said, kindly, and then added, "This is my brother, Mr. Temple."

Louisa Crofton made a kind of shuffling courtesy, with her eyes on the ground, to the new comer, but, as soon as the two young men had passed her, she gained courage to look up and after them.

"His brother, is it?" she thought. "Well! Mr. Wardlaw had better take care, that's all! he'd better take care!"

As they entered the drawing room, Rowena Bellew, looking lovelier than ever, in a species of morning robe of fine white muslin and lace, a single damask rose in her bosom, was reclining on the sofa, like Cleopatra in her gilded barge. As John Wardlaw first made his appearance, she did not move.

"I thought it was your knock, Wardlaw," she said (she always called him by his surname). "Why didn't you come near me all the morning?'

"I have been occupied, dearest," he replied, and was then just about to add, "with my brother, Mr. Temple, whom I wish to introduce to you," when he was startled by that gentleman exclaiming, loudly, behind him,

"By Jove!"

At the words Miss Bellew looked up quickly, and saw the new comer. A slight exclamation escaped her also, and the faintest tinge of colour came into her delicate cheek, and then she rose gracefully, and stood ready to receive him.

John Wardlaw looked from one to the other in surprise.

"Why—what's the meaning of this?" he said. "Have you ever met before?"

Rowena Bellew, with her accustomed acting, was about to answer without the slightest change of countenance, "Certainly not!" but Leofric Temple, with all his habitual talent for duplicity, was not clever enough to sustain a part.

And so he stammered slightly, grew rosy and confused, bowed several times profoundly, and ended by saying, whilst wreathed in smiles, "That he believed he *had* had that pleasure."

"Why, where?" exclaimed John Wardlaw, with open eyes.

Here Miss Bellew, with her head turned towards her lover, said languidly, "That if she had met the gentleman before, it must have been some time ago, as she had not the faintest recollection of his name or person."

"This is my step-brother, Mr. Temple," said John Wardlaw, in explanation.

"Oh! indeed," she rejoined, turning and bowing to him. "I am very pleased to make your acquaintance, Mr. Temple," and as she bowed in his direction she slightly frowned.

But Leofric Temple's conceit would not permit him to take the delicate hint.

"I *have* met you before, Miss Bellew," he persisted "although I am not in the least surprised at your, having forgotten so insignificant a partner as myself. I have had the pleasure of dancing with you at Drury Lane.

"Where?" reiterated John Wardlaw.

"I think you must be mistaken," said Miss Bellew, quietly.

"I scarcely think that I *could* be," he replied. "The lady before me is not one to be easily forgotten; it was the year before last, at one of Jullien's *bal masqués*, and you were in the dress of a page. You unmasked in the refreshment room, which is the reason that I recognised you again. Why, don't you remember this?" and he commenced humming the first few bars of a waltz that had been very popular at the time, whilst he cut one or two finikin steps upon the carpet before her.

"I do remember you now," said Miss Bellew.

She had remembered him well from the first, but as long as there was a chance of concealing the fact from John Wardlaw, she had wished to throw dust in Mr. Temple's eyes also, until such moment as it suited her purpose to undeceive him.

John Wardlaw changed colour and turned away to the window to hide his annoyance. His *fiancée*, the woman he had promised to make his wife, at a public masked ball, amongst all sorts of company, and in a dress which nothing but the exigencies of the drama could excuse. He felt sick when he thought of it, but it was a thing of the past, and he had no right to call her to account for it. So he was silent on the subject, and whilst he mused, his head out of the window, the two had resettled themselves and were engaged in friendly converse.

"I am so glad you can recall the circumstance," almost whispered Leofric Temple, as he sat beside her on the sofa. "I should have been sadly disappointed otherwise; I assure you that evening has lived in my memory ever since. When I knew that my brother Wardlaw was sufficiently happy to have become engaged to the beautiful Miss Bellew, of whom, of course, I had often heard—for who has not heard of you?"—here Miss Bellew slightly bent her modelled head in acknowledgment of the compliment,—"I little thought that she and the fair creation in gold-embroidered tunic and white plumed cap, would turn out to be one and the same. It is nearly two years since that evening, Miss Bellew, and yet I have never forgotten. It is a long time to live upon a remembrance—is it not?"

"Yes! for a man," she said, with a sentimental air. "But if I remember right, I gave you that evening my name and address."

"A false one," he complained; "I found that out on the following day."

She laughed slightly. She was used to play such tricks with chance acquaintances, but was not displeased to find that they had been considered worthy of being credited as truth. Although in reality Leofric Temple had never followed up the search at all, and only remembered the circumstance sufficiently to make him aware that the name given did not agree with the one now owned by the woman before him.

"My dear Wardlaw," said the affected tones of the actress, presently, "are you ill, that you have the bad taste to sit gazing out into the road, instead of into the room?"

He turned towards her then, delighted to have his abstraction thought worthy of comment. As he looked at the fair figure on the sofa, a flood of light rushed into the calm grey eyes, which had never been seen in the languishing orbs of Leofric Temple. There was a depth of purpose; a steadiness of resolution; and an abandonment of love in the gaze of John Wardlaw, which was never yet met with in large full eyes of the type of his brother's. As he left the window and came and leant over the back of the sofa on which Miss Bellew rested, and permitted his glance to linger fondly on her beautiful features, it seemed as though he would look her through and through; and she seemed to feel the potency of his regard, for her eyes drooped beneath his, and she commenced to play with the lace upon her dress.

"I was only thinking, Rowney," he said, affectionately; "but I suppose you consider it very bad taste of a man even to think in your presence. Well; so it is. But I am so astonished to hear that you and Temple have met each other before, and that he never mentioned the circumstance to me."

"Well, he could hardly have done that," replied Miss Bellew, "unless he keeps a register of his dancing partners for your edification. Why, we only met once at a public ball (I remember now that it was the case), and danced a waltz or two together, so he was not likely to remember my name, or I his. And it was ages ago into the bargain; Mr. Temple must think I am quite an old woman now, considering that I was grown up then. Isn't it hot, Wardlaw?"

"Stiflingly: I wish we were down in the country instead of here. It must be lovely all among the hops just now."

"I wish we had some ices," sighed Miss Bellew; they would be much more to the purpose."

"Shall I send the servant to order you some?" immediately demanded John Wardlaw.

"Yes, do; or, would you mind just going to the confectioner's, and ordering them yourself Wardlaw? Do, there's a good boy; she made such a stupid mistake last time. Coffee and biscuit ice mixed, dear, please; and don't hurry yourself, as it is so hot, or you'll get a headache."

To be called "dear," and cautioned to take care of himself, were so unusual a favour for him to receive at the hands of Rowena Bellew that John Wardlaw would have gone through fire, instead of merely an August sun, to deserve it. And so he was out of the house and speeding on his mission before the clock on the mantelpiece had accomplished another minute.

"What a goose you were to blurt out that you had met me before," were the first words that Miss Bellew uttered, as the hall-door slammed behind her exultant lover; "and at one of Jullien's *bal masqués*, too. Wardlaw's horribly jealous, and he won't rest now till he gets it all out of me; I made a sign to you to keep quiet."

"I was so taken by surprise," replied Leofric Temple, "that I could think of nothing else. Fancy you and my white satin page being the same. What an enchanting evening it was, Miss Bellew. How I wish it could come over again. We had a very good fancy ball the other day at Maidstone, but nothing like that. There were no 'pages' there to come up to one that I can remember."

"Do you live at Maidstone?" demanded Miss Bellew. She appeared as indifferent to his admiration as she had been to that of his brother.

"I am quartered there," he replied.

"Oh! then you're in the army?"

"Yes; I belong to the 88th Cavalry; our uniform is blue and silver, it looks very well in a ball room."

"So I should think. I didn't know you were quartered so near to your home; Sutton what's its name is not very far off from you, I suppose, is it?"

"Only a few miles; I am over there constantly. I wish you were going down to stay there, Miss Bellew; I was terribly disappointed at your refusing my mother's invitation this summer, before I knew who you were, but I shall be tenfold more so now that I have seen you. Couldn't you manage to come, if it is only for a week or two?"

"I hate the country so," returned Miss Bellew. "Wardlaw is always telling me of its beauties, but then he's an artist, and of course it's his profession to think it delightful, but I never had any taste that way. I can't see any enjoyment in walking along dusty lanes and meeting nobody."

"No more do I," replied Leofric Temple; "unless you walk out with the intention of a *tête-à-tête* with some one, to which the presence of a third party would be a horrid bore; there *are* such circumstances, Miss Bellew, occasionally."

"Yes; but one can have *tête-à-têtes* in town," she replied.

"But don't imagine that we shall leave you entirely to the tender mercies of my mother and the natives of Sutton Valence," he continued. "I should take over a pony-carriage or a dog-cart (do you like a dog-cart?) from Maidstone, and let you see a little of the surrounding country, which really is pretty, and there is always something going on at the town itself. When you do honour my mother with a visit, you must promise to let me show you over the lions of Maidstone."

"I had no idea that the military were stationed so near to Sutton Valence," replied Miss Bellew, "or I think I should have made an effort to go down there; but I thought it would be nothing but fields, and turnips, and sheep, and all that kind of thing, and they really are my abhorrence. I suppose it's my nature: we can't help our nature, you know."

The fact being that Miss Bellew had scarcely given the subject a thought at all. She had engaged herself to John Wardlaw, as she had done to other men before him, because if she had refused his offer of marriage, she would have lost his adulation and the many comforts and conveniences that it brought in its train; besides, she supposed she would have to marry some day, and if no better turned up, John Wardlaw was at least a gentleman. And Rowena Bellew had a great notion that the man she married must be a gentleman. Nevertheless, at the present her engagement was not such a matter of moment in her eyes, that she considered it in the least degree binding on her to consult her lover's wishes in any respect, nor did she wish to confirm and ratify it so completely as a formal introduction to his family would seem to do.

"But now that you hear otherwise you *will* try and come, won't you?" said Leofric Temple, making the most of his eyes and tone of voice.

"Well, perhaps I may," replied Miss Bellew; but if I do it will be only for *your* sake, mind that, so you must consider yourself bound to keep me amused whilst there. Wardlaw, you know, I can see any day. But the King's Theatre will be closed next week, and there is really nothing much going on in town just now. I have an engagement at Liverpool, but that doesn't begin till the middle of October. I really think I could manage it if I tried."

He kept on persuading her to comply with his wishes, and make her long-talked-of visit to Sutton Valence, until their conversation was in a measure interrupted by the re-entrance of John Wardlaw, who looked heated and weary with his walk in the sun; but he was in excellent spirits, nevertheless, having procured a mould of the ice that Miss Bellew preferred, and had the pleasure of paying for it; and the confectioner's boy with his little ice-pail had just brought it to the door. Soon the patient Louisa had conveyed it to the drawing-room, and the three younger people commenced to refresh themselves with it.

"Wardlaw," said Miss Bellew, presently, as she poised a morsel of cream-ice half-way between her plate and her lips, "do you think your mother would receive me if I went down to Sutton Valence with you next week?"

"Could you, Rowney?" he exclaimed, delighted. "I should be so pleased to take you; yes, of course she will; but I will write to-night, if you like, and ask; there can be no doubt of it, however, can there, Temple?"

"No; I should hardly think so;" he replied, as if the theme was a freshly started one. "Mrs. Wardlaw was speaking to me only last week of the disappointment she had felt at not yet seeing Miss Bellew."

"I will send the letter at once," said John Wardlaw, quite excited at the prospect of finding himself in the country by the side of his divinity. "Rowney, darling, will you lend me your blotting-case and a pen and ink? Of course Miss Crofton must go with us, we shall get scandalised otherwise."

"I suppose she must," returned the divinity, slightly pouting; "but it's an immense bore, it's the trouble of my life having to carry that tiresome woman about with me everywhere." At this juncture John Wardlaw bent over her and whispered something in her ear, but whatever it may have been, an allusion to their marriage or future, it made him redden as he said it, but it called no answering blush into Miss Bellew's cheek. She only smiled and continued playing with the ice in the plate before her.

"I'm sure you will admire Sutton Valence—won't she, Temple?" exclaimed John Wardlaw, as, having finished his letter, he wheeled round his chair and confronted them. "The country is lovely at this time of the year, and if you have never seen hop-picking, you will be delighted with it. Besides, we have several charming estates round about us, like the Stuart's place, Castlemaine; and Maidstone itself is a fine old town. I am sure you will enjoy yourself, Rowney, and receive a hearty welcome; and as for myself, I can imagine no greater pleasure than in being in the country in summertime with you. I have told Mrs. Wardlaw that, if convenient, I will conduct you and Miss Crofton down there some time next week; and, Temple, if you're going over there soon, make your mother fix the day at once, will you? And now, I suppose it will be nearly time for you to be off to the train, and so, as I have my letter to post, we may as well walk part of the way together."

He rose as he spoke, and his brother rose also. As the latter took the hand of Rowena Bellew, to wish her good-bye, there was perceptible the faintest pressure in the grasp he gave it; too faint a one, perhaps, to provoke censure, but certainly not too faint to escape notice. It did not escape hers either, for she lifted her dark eyes for a moment and let them meet his, and then he had to complete his farewell by a string of meaningless nothings, relative to the honour he had experienced and the pleasure he was anticipating, and in another minute he was gone. As they walked towards the station together, Leofric Temple did not tell John Wardlaw what he thought of Miss Bellew's personal appearance, nor did his brother ask him, but he was so profuse in his offers of assistance in every way with respect to the coming journey, and so full of promises that he would see that her reception by his mother was everything that a lady's should be, and that her welcome to Sutton Valence should be undisguisedly cordial, that John Wardlaw thought that Leofric Temple was unusually grateful for the assistance he had rendered him, and that he was trying to show it by proffering to do everything he could to smooth the way for the introduction of his future wife to the notice of his family.

"After all," he said to himself, as, having left his brother at the station, he took his way back to Miss Bellew's house, "perhaps Temple feels my readiness to help him out of his scrape, and if he only returns it by showing attention to my darling, and making her stay in the country pleasant to her, I shall not think the kindness wasted on him. For, much as I desire the visit to be paid, I am rather doubtful as to how Rowney will hit it off with Mrs. Wardlaw."

CHAPTER XVII.

"THE CONSEQUENCES OF THE CHANGE."

And see the country, far diffused around
One boundless blush, one white impurpled shower
Of mingled blossoms; where the raptured eye
Hurries from joy to joy.

THOMSON.

JOHN WARDLAW thought still more highly of his brother's gratitude for the timely aid afforded him, when (an amiable answer to his letter, dictated by her husband and son, having been received from his step-mother) he conducted Miss Bellew and her cousin, Miss Crofton, on the day appointed, from the London Bridge Station to Maidstone. The journey had not been entirely a successful one, for the weather was exceedingly hot, and Miss Bellew had been slightly out of temper. The first thing that had upset her equanimity had been the pertinacity of John Wardlaw in preventing her entrance to a railway carriage from the windows of which several pairs of moustaches of divers hues were visibly protruding. He had urged that there were only two places in it vacant, and she had suggested that Miss Crofton should go into another compartment of the train, but her lover had been jealously unwilling to subject her charms to the close scrutiny of men whom he had recognised as belonging to the Maidstone depôt. So he had insisted upon putting her into another carriage, where her cousin could sit with her; and, to make matters worse, their only travelling companions proved to be an elderly gentleman taking his two boys back to school after the midsummer holidays; so that Miss Bellew, although she never showed temper except by becoming a statue, did her best to develop that position, to the infinite distress of John Wardlaw, who tried by every means in his power to make her confess to a slight interest in the scenes they passed through, or curiosity respecting those they were about to enter. But in vain, for though the August sun shone fiercely through the dark blue blinds at the windows, he was equally powerless with his lover's whispers to make Rowena Bellew look one whit less cold, or more woman-like; and after a while John Wardlaw was obliged to turn his attention to Miss Crofton, who was a great deal too frightened of the imperious beauty to make any attempts to bring her round herself. This latter individual was looking very uncomfortable in her new position, and terribly afraid of spoiling her best clothes; and was, as John Wardlaw soon found, full of anxiety of how "aunty" would get on during her absence, left to the tender mercies of the servant maid, mingled with a continual dread of a railway collision, and a white fear lest every arch they dashed under should be the commencement of a tunnel. The elderly man glanced occasionally from behind his newspaper at the lovely statue in the French bonnet opposite to him, and the good-looking young artist who appeared so attentive to her; the two boys stared in an uncouth manner at their fellow-passengers by turns; but their senses as yet being in that half-developed stage when a woman, to parody Wordsworth,

A woman was to them, and nothing more,

they probably saw as much to interest them in the simple inexpressive face of poor Louisa Crofton as they did in the perfect features of the insensible-looking lady who reposed with half-shut eyes against the dark cushions of the seat on the other side of the carriage. John Wardlaw grew more and more nervous as the silence on Miss Bellew's part was unbroken; he talked incessantly to the uninteresting creature on his left hand, and felt thankful for every mile they accomplished. But nothing appeared to move Rowena Bellew; the father's admiration, the boys' scrutiny, her lover's distress, or the scared looks of her cousin, were all the same to her; she continued frosty and unassailable, declining refreshment or conversation until they reached their journey's end at Maidstone. Then she slightly raised herself from her reclining position, shook the dust from her pretty summer dress, and appeared to be preparing herself for a move.

"Wait a minute, dearest," whispered John Wardlaw, as he stepped across her. "Let me get a fly to take us on to Sutton Valence before you trouble yourself to stir."

He was on the platform as he spoke, and had already answered the enquiring hail of an officious cabman, when he felt himself touched upon the shoulder. He turned quickly, and was met by Leofric Temple; and the meeting between the half-brothers was warmer than it had ever been before.

"Holloa, Wardlaw! well, here you are safe. Where's Miss Bellew? Don't get a fly, man; I've an open carriage here, waiting to take you on to Sutton Valence. I thought it would be so much more pleasant for the ladies this close evening than a fly."

"So it will," replied John Wardlaw, charmed at the prospect of restoring by this means the equanimity of Miss Bellew before she reached his father's house. "How very good of you to think of it, Temple. But we must have the fly all the same for the luggage. Come along with me; they're in this carriage."

And in another minute he was informing Miss Bellew of the state of affairs.

"Here's my brother Temple, darling," he said (John Wardlaw rather liked to take advantage of his "rights" in the hearing of his fellow-men), "who has been thoughtful enough to meet us with an open carriage, so that we shall not be stuffed into a fly this lovely evening. Let him put Miss Crofton and yourself into it, whilst I go and collect all the boxes, will you?"

And at the same moment he disappeared, giving place to the figure of Mr. Leofric Temple, on whom Miss Bellew condescended to bestow the nearest approach to a smile that she had accomplished since leaving London.

"I am delighted to see you!" he exclaimed, after the preliminary greetings had been gone through. "If you are ready, I think you had better alight now."

Miss Bellew was ready, and so she descended, and took her way to the carriage on the arm of her future brother-in-law; whilst poor Louisa Crofton plodded behind them, bearing the dressing-case, travelling-bag, and shawl of her cousin.

"Are you not coming with us?" inquired Rowena Bellew, as, having ensconced herself comfortably in the best corner of the carriage, whilst Miss Crofton sat down humbly with her back to the horses, she observed that Leofric Temple continued standing by the steps.

"Most certainly, if you will permit me to do so," he returned. "I obtained a couple of days' leave on purpose; but if I shall be at all in the way" (this with a significant look) "I hope you will let me know."

Her short upper lip curled still higher than it did by nature.

"I don't understand your innuendo," she said; "but I should be very much disappointed if you did not come with us. You promised me in town that you would take it upon yourself to provide me with amusement during my stay, and I've been so horribly bored by the journey already, that I require the fulfilment of your promise to commence at once."

"That is quite sufficient," he replied, bowing gallantly in acknowledgment of the compliment paid him.

In a few minutes more, having dispatched their luggage to Sutton Valence by a fly, John Wardlaw, heated and hurried, made his appearance.

"Halloa! are you coming with us?" he exclaimed, as his brother jumped into the carriage after him; and, when the case was communicated to him, added heartily, "That's right; I am very glad to hear it!" words which, had Leofric Temple and Rowena Bellew possessed any consciences, ought to have acted as a blister upon them both.

But it is not the fashion to have consciences now-a-days; they are very awkward possessions to carry about; quite out of date, and liable to obtrude themselves on one's notice at the very times when they are least desired to do so. So perhaps those sinners are happiest who have been born without that commodity altogether.

The drive to Sutton Valence set all things straight again. It was a lovely evening, and had just reached that time (between five and six o'clock) which, whilst it is the most depressing after a long hot day in the town, is the most refreshing and pleasant in the country. The fields on either side of the fine turnpike-road they traversed were thick with standing golden corn; the scent of the hop-gardens was borne towards them with every breath they drew; the hedges were full of foliage and wild flowers, whilst the still summer air resounded with the tiny voices of insect life; and every now and then John Wardlaw, returning to the simple scenes he loved so well, was startled into fresh delight as a covey of thieving partridges rose with a simultaneous whirr from amongst the ungathered harvest, or a hare or rabbit, startled by the sound of their carriage-wheels, cut across the road in terrified haste to gain its form or burrow, before it was for ever crushed beneath the formidable vehicle which appeared to be approaching with the sole view of its destruction. Rowena Bellew certainly smiled when such things were pointed out to her, even though interrupted in her conversation with Mr. Temple to look at them; and she was amiable enough to express her amusement at the excitement displayed by John Wardlaw as the carriage approached Sutton Valence, and the eagerness with which he recognised the various villagers who ran to their doors or turned to stare after them as they passed, and returned the bobbing courtesies of the village children as they saluted the "gentlefolks as was coming to stay along of Captain Wardlaw's."

In the meanwhile, the excitement at the house itself pending their arrival was still greater. Mrs. Wardlaw, whose religious doctrine, imbibed from the mouth of the Rev. Samuel Jellicoe, having taught her that all actors and actresses, and everybody connected with a theatre, must inevitably inherit hell as their proper and especial portion, naturally thought that they must be a species of embryo devils even whilst upon earth, would never have consented to receive Miss Rowena Bellew into her house, had it not been for the combined influences and commands of her husband and her son—the latter being her real lord and master. Captain Wardlaw had, as we know, for reasons of his own, very quickly changed from blustering and bullyism to cordial consent on the subject of his son's engagement. From the time of his visit to town he had told his wife that the actress was to be invited to stay with them; and, notwithstanding the repeated refusals on Miss Bellew's part, Mrs. Wardlaw had been kept in a state of tremor all the summer. For when she had first heard of the engagement, she had so enlarged to her minister and all her neighbours on the enormity of her stepson's offence, and the horror that both she and Captain Wardlaw felt at the bare idea of such a connection, that she was rather taken aback when she thought of how she was to meet their looks of surprise and virtuous indignation when they heard that she had consented to receive under her very roof the person whose profession and self she had so utterly condemned before themselves. But all her entreaties, representations, and tears, having been exercised upon her husband and son without effect, nothing had been left for her to do but to accede to their last wishes on the subject; to answer the letter of her stepson, proposing the present visit, favourably; and to sit down, puffing and weeping, whilst she considered what was to be done in preparation for the reception of their guests.

"For there are actually to be *two* of them!" she exclaimed, in an injured tone to Alice, who was the only person she could find who would listen to her complaints, as she referred to John Wardlaw's letter. "As if to bring one of such creatures into a decent house wasn't enough, but he must needs put the cousin upon us also. And Captain Wardlaw and Leofric himself are entirely on your brother's side. I cannot understand it. I think they must be all gone crazy. What the Rev. Mr. Jellicoe will say to it, I cannot think. I shall be ashamed to show my face at chapel, knowing that I have two actresses staying in my house. Oh, it's cruel! it's thamefully cruel of the Captain to expose me to such a trial!"

"But they are not both actresses, mamma," Alice would say, in a vain attempt to stay the torrent of tears which usually accompanied such confidences on her mother's part. "Miss Crofton is only Miss Bellew's cousin, and a very quiet person, Jack says."

"Alice, you know nothing about it," said Mrs. Wardlaw; "you are only a child. If she is not an actress, she is own cousin to one, and has lived with her all her life, and therefore she must be quite as bad. I wish I could run away before they come. My only hope is that the young woman herself will feel the delicacy of her position, and never mention her occupation whilst she remains with us. For if she is not ashamed of it and herself, she ought to be."

When the day ifself arrived, matters grew worse. Mrs. Wardlaw burst into tears three times during the morning; went into hysterics over the dinner-table, and was only just sufficiently revived in time to allow Alice to robe her in a suitable dress for receiving the expected visitors, before they arrived. And yet her agitation was not solely due to the fact of her guest being so notorious a character as a public actress; it was not a little owing to her being so unaccustomed to have anyone to stay with her, that the attendant trouble and courtesies were too much in prospect for her tender nerves. To be obliged for a whole month perhaps, to exert herself to do more than puff in the armchair, read the "Family Foe," and talk pharisaically with her favourite minister, was most alarming in the eyes of Mrs. Wardlaw. And not even the glorious probability, suggested by some of her dissenting friends, that she might be able during the visit, by her godly conduct and conversation, to convert Miss Bellew, and snatch her from her horrid calling as a brand from the burning, had the power to console her under the idea of being obliged for so long a time to rouse herself to play the hostess to a couple of strangers. Her vague notion of an actress culminated in the supposition of a woman of inferior birth and education to herself, dressed in the most gaudy and flaunting manner, with pounds of carmine laid upon her cheeks, and a loud declamatory action. What was, then, her astonishment when the last and only true prophecy of the immediate approach of the visitors having been given by Ally (who was crimson with excitement and expectation), she peeped from the open windows, as the carriage stopped at the door, and saw the reality for herself!

Rowena Bellew was descending from the carriage steps, carefully guarded on either side by a cavalier, her delicate features surrounded by the palest of pink *crêpe* bonnets, and wearing a dress and mantle which, with respect to their colour, might have been passed by a Quaker. As she did so, she remarked, glancing upwards at the building she was about to enter, "So this is your home, Wardlaw?" There was a slight depreciation in her tone of voice, but the key in which the sentence was uttered was so low and languid that Mrs. Wardlaw could barely catch the meaning of it, and she had not recovered from her surprise when Leofric Temple entered the room in which she sat with Miss Bellew on his arm. Naturally, John Wardlaw had considered this part of the business his duty, but somehow his brother had anticipated him, and taken the lady under his escort before he could do so himself; and all that was left to him was to look after the descent of Miss Crofton and the packages. As Leofric Temple led Miss Bellew into the presence of his mother, he said:

"Well, mother, allow me to introduce Miss Bellew to you."

Mrs. Wardlaw, who had previously made the question, of whether she should shake hands with the actress upon introduction or not, a subject of mature deliberation, and had just hastily decided upon seeing her that she would, came forward as he spoke, extending a fat palm for Miss Bellew's acceptance. But Miss Bellew seemed to imagine it was only intended for her contemplation, for, as she saw the friendly advance, she drew herself rather backward, and, sinking downwards in apparently the most unstudied and graceful of attitudes, made a sweeping curtesy to the ground. The action took Mrs. Wardlaw palpably, and not altogether agreeably, by surprise, for it is not pleasant to have advances, which we have considered ourselves condescending in making, rejected to our faces; still she consoled herself with the reflection that it was a proof that the "young person" knew her position, and felt that she had no right to be received on equal terms with a lady. The circumstance fluttered her notwithstanding; and when John Wardlaw made his appearance, with Miss Crofton in tow, he found his step-mother very red in the face. However, Mrs. Wardlaw was determined that she would not subject herself a second time to the same repulse; and, therefore, upon going through another introduction to the actress's cousin, she made her, to the extreme surprise of her step-son, so dignified a curtesy, that the poor humble Louisa, who had dared to have some idea of shaking hands with her hostess, shrunk into herself completely, and was afraid to open her mouth before so grand a lady for the rest of the evening. But John Wardlaw's annoyance at the circumstance was quickly diverted by the entrance of his sister Ally, who bounded in, regardless of the eyes of strangers, and threw herself into his arms with a glad burst of tears. Miss Bellew, who was standing rather apart with Leofric Temple, stared with unmitigated surprise as she watched the caresses which her lover showered upon the little girl whom he held in his embrace; and when he turned towards herself, with Ally's hand still clasped in his own, the expression there was anything but cordial. Still, he ventured to say:

"Rowney, dear, this is my sister, Alice, of whom you have often heard me speak. She was to have been my little housekeeper, but I suppose that will never be now. She has been for a long time extremely anxious to know you; and I hope that, now you have met, you will soon love her as much as I do."

He was holding the girl, looking in her short petticoats and flowing hair not much more than a child, by the hand whilst he spoke, and, as he concluded, he gently pushed her forward to receive the embrace which he never doubted that she would receive from her future sister. But Miss Bellew put forward a little hand, cased in grey kid, and gave the very ghost of a shake to the fresh-coloured palm of the country girl. Ally's blue eyes glistened, and the roses deepened in her healthy cheeks, as she stammered out how glad she was to meet Miss Bellew, and how she hoped she was going to stay some time with them; and the lady to whom she spoke smiled faintly, and bent her head; but beyond that made no response to the innocent welcome of the young creature before her. As soon as the ordeal was over, Ally turned and sought her brother's protection again; and John Wardlaw felt disappointed, he scarcely knew why, as he drew her once more within the area of his encircling arms. Then Miss Bellew and Miss Crofton were shown into their respective rooms—that they might refresh themselves after their dusty journey, before they joined the family party at the tea-table,—where, their luggage having arrived before them, Miss Bellew stretched upon the bed, poured forth her complaints into Miss Crofton's ear, whilst the latter, the perspiration pouring off her face was busily employed uncording the heavy boxes, and diving to their lowest depths in search of articles which her cousin required for immediate use.

"I'm sure I don't know if Wardlaw expects me to associate with that raw-boned child, Alice; because he is very much mistaken if he does. I detest children of all sorts, and that he might have known before now. The sight of a girl like that, with huge shoulders poking out of her dress, and cheeks like a cabbage-rose, makes me positively sick. If she is to be always in the room, and to accompany us in all our walks, I shall go back to London next week, for I could not stand it, any more than I could tolerate her mother, with her flaxen wig and peach-blossom ribbons. If neither Wardlaw nor Mr. Temple can manage so that I sit in another part of the house, I shall go out of it. The father, too, is as deaf as a post; and altogether, with the exception of the brothers, the family is odious. I wish to goodness I had never come here. I feel worried to death already."

"You are tired with your journey, my dear," Miss Crofton ventured to remark, "and no wonder on such a day. Why do you take the trouble to dress this evening? It will be scarcely worth your while."

"What do you know about it?" was the amiable response. "I fully intend to change my dress; and so you won't escape the trouble of unpacking the box. I shall wear the white grenadine."

"Oh! it's no trouble, my dear," said Louisa Crofton, as, stopping to wipe her heated face, she resumed her fatiguing occupation; "only I hope Mrs. Wardlaw won't expect me to dress also, as I really don't think I shall have strength this evening to unpack my own things as well."

"I don't think anyone is very likely to observe if you are dressed or not dressed," was the scornful reply, as Rowena Bellew closed her eyes and reclined against the soft pillows of the bed.

When the Wardlaw family had waited tea for the new comers for more than an hour, the mistress of the house ventured to send up Alice, for the third time, to tell them that it was ready.

"I am afraid Rowena is tired from her journey," said John Wardlaw, in excuse for her non-appearance. "She is not strong, and the hot weather tries her very much."

By this time Captain Wardlaw had presented himself, dressed with unusual care, in compliment to the beautiful actress he had seen in London; for, although now bordering upon sixty or more years, he had not lost his taste for pretty women with his advancing age. The last intimation on the part of Alice produced its effect; for Rowena Bellew, robed in pure white, preceded her and Miss Crofton into the dining-room. As she entered the door, she looked so startlingly beautiful, that the three men rose simultaneously to their feet; while the face of John Wardlaw crimsoned with pride and delight, at the knowledge of being the possessor of so fair a creature. Miss Bellew, however, having recognised the existence of the father of the family, appeared to address her *nonchalant* apologies more to Leofric Temple than to his step-mother or himself.

"I feel very tired after the railway travelling," she observed, looking at the former. "I really thought at one time that I would not come down to tea at all."

"Why did you do so?" he exclaimed, in answer. "My mother would have sent your tea up to your room if you had preferred it. You must not put yourself out in the least for anyone here, Miss Bellew. We shall be very much annoyed if you don't make yourself quite at home, and do exactly as you like."

There did not appear much necessity for Mr. Leofric Temple, or anyone else, urging such a proceeding on the part of Miss Bellew. She made herself, even at that first meal, as completely at home, as anyone could have wished her to do. She leant back in her chair, taking no notice whatever of her hostess, puffing with heat and indignation behind the tea-urn; she answered Captain Wardlaw's questions in her usual tone of voice, and when he evidently had not heard her reply, she never took the trouble once to repeat her sentence, but delegated that office upon John Wardlaw, or anyone who would perform it for her; she nibbled languidly at tiny morsels of dough-nuts, fleed-cakes, and other dainties peculiar to the county, and which had been prepared especially for her delectation, and left the remainder on her plate as if it was uneatable; she made *sotto voce* replies to Leofric Temple's remarks, and scarcely any replies at all to those of John Wardlaw, and acted to perfection the fashionable own lady, who was supposed to be too *blasée* and languid to take pleasure in, or trouble for, any mortal thing. In the meanwhile, Mrs. Wardlaw's few remarks were all addressed to Miss Crofton, who appearead, in the presence of her cousin, almost too frightened to answer them; and John Wardlaw, after awhile, confined his conversation, although not his attention, to his sister Alice.

Before the tea table was clear, Miss Bellew rose from her seat, and Leofric Temple, as if mutually agreed, rose with her, upon which of course the other men stood up until her pleasure should be known.

"What are you going to do, dear?" asked John Wardlaw, as he did so.

"I am sure I don't know," she said, affectedly, as it there was nothing earthly to be done there.

"Come into the garden," suggested Leofric Temple.

"If it will not tire you too much," interposed his brother.

"Oh! no, I should like it," she rejoined, with something like interest in her tone. "Louisa, fetch my hat and shawl."

Miss Crofton immediately rose from her unfinished tea, and Mrs. Wardlaw rising also, the meal was broken up.

As, robed in the articles she had sent for, Miss Bellew was being conducted to the garden by Leofric Temple, through the room which had been John Wardlaw's studio, she found that he was following them.

"This was my painting-room, darling," he whispered, "in the dark days before I knew you."

"Oh! indeed," she said, looking round her. "Well, it looks dull enough. Are *you* coming with us, Wardlaw?"

This was said—Leofric Temple having preceded them them to open the garden door—in rather a pettish tone.

"Yes, to be sure, dear; if you have no objection," he replied.

"But I have an objection," she said, knitting her eyebrows. "Of course, I am very glad to have you with me, Wardlaw, but I don't like your following me wherever I go. It looks so particular for engaged people, as if they couldn't live apart for an hour; and then remarks are made about it, and there's nothing I hate like remarks. Do go back to your mother and sister. You have not seen them for ages, and leave your brother to take care of me for this one evening. We shall be laughed at for a couple of fools else."

"Well, so I will, darling, if you really wish it," he replied. "I'd lay down my life to please you, and that you know." And he turned back again into the dull passage and sitting-room—extra dull to him now that her presence no longer filled it.

Yet he could not help thinking, with a regretful sigh, of the white dress flitting up and down amidst the foliage and the flowers of the country garden, and wishing that he was there also, or that she had wished him to be there also, to contrast her loveliness with that of surrounding nature.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"ON THE TERRACES."

> Oh! serpent heart! hid with a flow'ring face,
> Did ever dragon keep so fair a cave?
>
> SHAKSPEARE.

THE garden which lay behind the old house at Sutton Valence would have raised the rent a hundred pounds a year of any habitation within twenty miles of London; but every cottager down there had his share of the Kentish soil, and therefore a large garden was not considered so valuable a possession. That belonging to the Wardlaws was very old-fashioned, and had probably been laid out at the same time that the house had been used for devotional purposes, and the subterranean passage which led from the lower rooms to Sir Aymer's castle was clear of rubbish, and a passage fit for use. It consisted of three equally-sized parterres, rising one above another, and reached by wooden steps sunk in the shelving green banks. They were called the first, second, and third terraces; and as the gardens were plainly designed with one broad walk round each of them, crossing in the centre, their edges planted thickly with apple trees, now bending beneath their autumn load, and bushes of the common May rose, they were perfectly private, although so raised, and it was impossible from the lower terrace to discern if anyone were walking in the garden above.

When first laid out, it had doubtless been a lovely *pleasaunce*, and stocked with all kinds of beautiful flowers; but under the Wardlaw *régime* it had sunk into a very common-place garden, for they had no gardeners, and vegetables were of more use to them than exotics. The original plants still remained, and had, some of them, attained an incredible growth, fuchsias, rose-trees, myrtles, and heliotropes, deserving more the name of shrubs than flowers; but their interstices were all filled up with cabbages and potatoes, and the annuals sowed and resowed themselves without much attention from anybody. John Wardlaw had been used to work there, when at home, from sheer love of flowers, and dislike to see them neglected, and Alice had ever been his willing and active partner in the business; but since he had left home the poor garden productions had been allowed to grow very much their own way, although a decrepit old villager, who knew nothing about gardening, was occasionally induced, for the sake of his meals, to spend a day upon the terraces, during which hours he invariably dug up everything that ought to have been left alone, and touched nothing that required the friendly offices of his spade and pruning knife. At the present time of year, when all vegetation was at its greatest height, the terraces at Sutton Valence were positively brimming over with floral life. Self-sown convolvuli twined again and again about the lichen-covered wood of the ancient apple-trees, hung in wild festoons from bough to bough; clusters of marigolds, carnations, sweet Williams, and various other old-world darlings were intruding on the grass-grown paths, perfectly obliterating the box border, which, but for their officiousness, would have been as high as themselves; lavender plants as tall as rose bushes; rose bushes the size of lilac trees; lilac trees, vying in height with any other trees, met the eye on every side, and filled the air with a confused sense of sweet smells, which were all the stronger for the dew which now lay upon them.

"I am afraid you won't think much of our country gardens, after Kew and the Crystal Palace, Miss Bellew," said Leofric Temple, as, having succeeded in unbolting the seldom-used glass doors which led to it, he followed her into the open air. "Captain Wardlaw appears to take no interest in this at all, else if he would have it properly attended to, it might be made quite a pretty place."

He knew as well as she did, that poverty was the cause that prevented his mother's husband from having some one to look after the grounds, but Leofric Temple had too much false shame to permit him ever to acknowledge that his family were poor; he considered it a disgrace, yet thought nothing of attempting dissimulation in order to hide it. But Rowena Bellew had been fully informed of the family circumstances by John Wardlaw, and therefore believed as much of Mr. Temple's insinuations as she chose.

"It is certainly in a very wild state," she answered, as she stood on the lowest terrace, looking upwards, "but it seems as though it must be very pretty up there. Let us go to the top; I hate when I am talking or walking with any one to be watched from the house. People always try to make out what you are saying by the motion of your lips. I like to feel quite at my ease; don't you?"

"Undoubtedly," he replied, as he followed her up the first flight of wooden steps, which led to the second terrace.

"Now this is charming," she said as she reached the broad path, sheltered by the many trees along its edge. She meant the privacy, but he mistook her enthusiasm.

"It is pretty," he observed. "Just look at that wealth of roses, Miss Bellew. There must be fifty blossoms or more upon that one tree. And is not the scent of the syringa powerful? You are very fond of flowers, I suppose?"

"I can't say that I particularly care about them," she replied, in a tone which showed that she was perfectly indifferent to everything of the kind. "At least natural ones. They prick so abominably, and they always have such thick stalks, it's impossible to put them in one's hair or bosom with any comfort. Besides, they never last out an evening."

"No; I suppose not," he said. "They are more fit for the table than the hair. But Wardlaw dotes on them; I suppose he has informed you of his taste in that line."

"Oh, yes," she answered, languidly, "he has, I believe. But then his trade, or profession I suppose I must call it, makes it almost necessary that he should admire that sort of thing. He is always painting trees now. He very seldom goes to Matterby's, and he says he is not going to attempt to paint another picture until he has thoroughly grounded himself in foliage touches. I'm sure I don't know when he'll get on at this rate. It seems very slow work."

"Dreadful,' was the reply, in almost as affected a tone as her own. "But at the best, an artist's is a very unremunerative profession. Why, the first hands can only paint a couple of pictures, or so, a year, and if they fall sick, where is their income? Besides, Wardlaw has talent, I dare say, but I don't suppose he's a genius; and there are scores of second-rate painters in the market."

Miss Bellew heaved a sigh.

"There are, indeed," she said, softly.

"Though my brother will have such an incentive to work," he continued, looking at her downcast face, "that he must have little indeed in him if doesn't spur him on to do something more than others."

"It seems so strange to hear you speak of him as your brother," said Miss Bellew.

"Does it? Why? Because he is not my brother? No more he is; but it is less trouble to call him so than to be always particularising the exact relation in which we stand to one another; besides, most people know what it is."

"I didn't mean that," she replied. "I know it also. It was only the words which struck me. You are so widely different from Mr. Wardlaw."

"Am I?" he asked, conceitedly. "Disadvantageously so in your eyes, I am afraid, Miss Bellew."

"It is of little consequence what I think or do not think," she said, in a tone which implied a great deal more than the mere words intimated.

Her companion took advantage of it.

"Not to *me*," he answered, boldly seeking the direction of her eyes. "Excuse me for saying so, Miss Bellew, but since I have seen you I have several times wondered what made you engage yourself to marry Wardlaw. You—with beauty that he can scarcely appreciate, and that might command all hearts, what on earth first put it into your head to promise to become a painter's wife?"

"Promising is one thing, and becoming is another," she said, with apparent indifference.

"I wonder if it will ever come to pass," he mused. "Oh! Miss Bellew, if I thought it would *not!*"

"Hush," she replied, "we had better not talk of such a contingency, whatever the future may reveal."

"Is it on the cards?" he demanded, eagerly.

Miss Bellew smiled faintly—very faintly—and scarcely to be seen in the dying twilight, but still discernible to eyes so near her own as those of Leofric Temple. Then he seized her hand. "Pray don't be so foolish," she said, withdrawing it gently. "I think, Mr. Temple, we had better change the subject, it's rather a dangerous one. Are there likely to be any balls in Maidstone during my stay?"

"Yes, I believe there are to be several," he replied, "but I have not ascertained any particulars yet. How does Wardlaw like your dancing, Miss Bellew?"

"I never ask him," she rejoined.

"I know he does not like much of it himself," continued Leofric Temple, "and will never stay to watch others so engaged. He says it is ungraceful, and destroys the perpendicular—no, the line of beauty, or something of that sort,—and is undignified, and was never practised by the Venus de Medici, I suppose, or any other of his classical divinities. I don't believe Wardlaw thinks of anything but his painting and its attendant horrors, Miss Bellew. Don't you find him a very cold lover? If he felt half the adoration for living beauty that I do, would he be sitting indoors this lovely evening, instead of strolling up and down these paths which your presence turns from common earth to paradise?"

"That's very pretty," laughed Miss Bellew. "Shall I call him to listen to your compliments? Perhaps he might take a lesson in gallantry, and increase your interest in our walk at the same time. Three is always better company than two."

"There is sacrilege in the very thought," he exclaimed, as he again seized her hand. "Have pity upon me, Miss Bellew; you are to be his for life—be mine for this one hour which I have the hardihood to secure for myself." And talking in the same strain, he led her from the second terrace to the third.

In the meanwhile, John Wardlaw was sitting in the room which had been once his own, gazing thoughtfully out of the open window, whilst Ally's arms were twined about his neck and her head rested on his shoulder. He had been laughing and telling her that she was getting too old and too heavy to be nursed on his lap; but the laugh had something sorrowful in it, and the girl had remained there, with her cheek fondly pressed against his own.

“Why didn't you go into the garden, Jack, darling?” she said. “Is not Miss Bellew there?”

“Yes, she has gone out for a stroll with Leofric; partly because I was tired, Ally, and partly because I wanted to see more of my little sister. Have you been drawing at all, lately?”

“Not much,” replied the girl, shaking her head. “Mamma makes me read and work so much, that I have little time for anything else. But I suppose you have been very busy, Jack. Have you brought down any of your pictures to show us?”

“No, Ally, I have done very little lately. As I sit here, in my old painting-room, and look back over the last few months, I am surprised to think how little—it seems to me as if I must have been wasting my time sadly. But town is full of temptations to idleness; I must try and do better when I return there.”

“Well, you have had a very *fair* excuse,” laughed Alice, who was a sharp girl of her age, and quite able to guess the reason of her brother's late disinclination to work.

“She *is* very fair, is she not?” he asked, eagerly. “Alice, what do you think of her? Is she more or less beautiful than you expected her to be? Tell me exactly what you think.”

He had never asked the opinion of a single creature on the merits of Miss Bellew before; but he longed to hear what this young fresh girl had to say concerning her. He felt as if Alice's decision must be a just one; but when she spoke he was disappointed at her words.

“I can hardly say what I think,” replied his sister. “She is very, very beautiful; I don't think I ever saw anyone so handsome before—indeed, I am sure I never did; but don't be angry with me Jack—perhaps it is only because she is strange to me as yet—somehow I like Pussy Stuart's face the better of the two.”

“Pussy Stuart! pshaw!” exclaimed John Wardlaw, with unmitigated contempt. “Why, she's as brown as a berry, and her nose turns up.”

“Oh, Jack!” said Alice, her eyes filling with tears, no less for her brother's manner, than the slight thrown upon her favourite, Henrietta Stuart. “How can you say so? Everyone thinks Netta so pretty, and although I know Miss Bellew is—”

“There's no comparison between the two, child,” exclaimed John Wardlaw, hastily, “but—there! it's no use talking to a girl like you about it; what should you know about form or colour? Don't you see,” he recommenced, contradicting by his action what he had just affirmed, “that however *pretty* Miss Stuart may be, her features have no regularity of outline, no perfection of shape, or colouring, or—well, if you can't see it for yourself, no talking will make you—you must be blind, or have no mental perception. Why, Miss Bellew is simply perfect, Ally.”

“But I *can* see it, Jack, dear,” interposed the girl, knitting her brows with vexation at having been misunderstood. “I told you before how beautiful I thought her. I'm sorry now that I mentioned Pussy's name; but I always thought that you acknowledged yourself that she had a very sweet expression.”

“Rowena has more than mere beauty, Ally,” resumed her brother, without noticing her last remark; “she has a very refined taste, and I shall be glad to take her off the stage, for she is far too beautiful to be made a gazing-stock for anyone who chooses to pay to look at her; it drives me wild sometimes to think of it. Still, if you only could see her in some one of her theatrical characters, you would be struck with her grace and elegance. I can see no fault in her, Ally; from head to foot she is to me perfection; and my only wonder is that such a glorious creature should have ever condescended to cast her eyes on me, and love me in return.”

“Why shouldn't she?” said Alice, standing up for the deserts of her favourite brother. “You love her with all your heart, Jack, and no one could do more.”

“No, indeed, they couldn't—not in that way, Alice; but I am very poor, you know, and shall never, I am afraid, be able to keep her in the luxury that her loveliness entitles her to.”

“But you wouldn't love her so much, if she cared for you only for what you could give her, Jack.”

“I can't say, Ally. I seem made up of love for her; I don't think that any treatment on her part could alter my feelings for herself. You will love her also for my sake, dear, won't you?”

“Of course I will,” said the girl, softly.

Her brother never thanked her for her asseveration, it sounded so much as if a mental clause had followed it.

Presently she spoke again, but in a different key: “Jack, do you know that Pussy Stuart is engaged to be married also?”

“Pussy Stuart? Impossible.”

“Why impossible?” said Alice, laughing; and he certainly could not have told her “why,” only that the news appeared so very unexpected and so strange to him. Thinking of her under these new circumstances, the features and expressions, even the familiar words and winning ways of his old playmate, seemed to come back to him as a long-forgotten dream might have done, and roused him into interest.

“To whom, Alice?—to whom?”

“You will never guess,” she replied: “and yet I don't know who else she had to get engaged to. To Martin Stuart—only fancy!”

“To that freckled little monkey! Good heavens! What a sacrifice!”

“I suppose it was her own wish,” pouted Alice, who did not half like hearing either her friends or their actions depreciated. “Mr. Stuart would never have let her become so otherwise; and I think it only happened yesterday, because their coachman told our cook of it this morning; and I went up to Castlemaine afterwards, and asked Netta if it was true, and she said “Yes,” but I was not to tell it all over the village at once. But of course she couldn't have meant that *you* were not to hear it, Jack. She was always such good friends with you. Are you not pleased to hear it, dear?—or do you think that Martin Stuart is not good enough for Pussy?” For John Wardlaw had fallen into a reverie, from which it seemed difficult to rouse him, for he never stirred or spoke, until Alice had repeated her question, and pinched his arm at the same time. Then he started, and said, “Oh, yes, why not, dear Ally?” But further than this, she could get no satisfaction out of him. And the evening had closed in by this time, the twilight had given way to dusk, and it was close upon nine o'clock.

“What on earth can Leofric and Miss Bellew be about?” said Alice, wonderingly.

Then John Wardlaw started up, and said they would seek them, and tell them that supper-time had come. Hand in hand through the gloaming the young man and the girl went together, up the first and the second terrace steps; but they had to climb the third before they found them. There, in an arbour, her white dress the only indication of her presence, sat Rowena Bellew, deep in conversation with Leofric Temple. As those who sought them advanced, he was saying to her: “My profession is not a lucrative one, perhaps, but it has this advantage, that, as long as a man has breath, it never positively fails him. Added to which, it is a gentlemanly one.”

“And takes you into such good society,” said Miss Bellew.

“The very first; even the name of a corps like the 88th is sufficient to gain an *entrée* for those who belong to it. Oh, yes; the army has its advantages, most decidedly.” As he said it, he pulled his fair moustaches and long soft whiskers, and looked altogether not displeased with himself. But the next moment Miss Bellew had given vent to the smallest of exclamations as John and Alice Wardlaw suddenly came round the clump of lilac trees which enveloped the arbour, and appeared before them.

“Good gracious, Wardlaw, how you startled me! I thought it was a cat, or something horrible, in the bushes.”

“Rather a large cat, my darling; I made sure that you would have heard our footsteps long before you saw us. We came to remind you that it is close upon Mrs. Wardlaw's supper-time, and that the dew is falling heavily, and that a lady whom I know is very subject to take cold in the night air—”

“And all of which stringent reasons for moving combined, Wardlaw, mean that Miss Bellew is expected to move!” she exclaimed, rising from the rustic bench on which she was seated, and slipping her arm through his. He pressed it fondly to his side. “I think it is time, my dearest; and I am so afraid of these night dews laying you up. Besides, you must be fatigued after your journey. It is nine o'clock.”

“Indeed! I had no idea it was so late. The evenings are so long now. You should have fetched me before, Wardlaw.”

He had led her down the terrace slopes again, and as she spoke, they were standing on the lowest one together, for Leofric Temple and his sister Alice had loitered a little way behind them. As the woman uttered the last words, and turned her dark eyes up to meet those of the man who was bending over her enraptured, to have seen them, you would almost have thought she loved him.

“I would have done so directly, my darling,” he said, delighted at her reproof, “if I had thought you wished it; but after what you said to me, I feared to be intrusive. It was not for want of missing you—I have done that all the evening. You are more necessary to me every day I live. But though my darling must always believe in my perfect love for, and faith in her, I don't want her ever to think me selfish in wishing to engross her company. How do you like Temple, Rowney?”

“Well enough,” she answered carelessly. “He is your brother, Wardlaw, that is quite sufficient.”

They had entered the house again by this time, and were standing in the dark passage alone.

“Oh! Rowena, my *love!*” he exclaimed, as he bent his head to hers, and pressed a passionate kiss upon her lips; “I don't ask you to like any of my connections for my sake, only like me and love me, my own, until my life's end; and whether it be short or prolonged, I shall die, as I live now, the happiest man on earth.”

The passage was very dark, and the moist mouth he pressed was dumb, and told no tales; but under the shadow of that gloom, silently to her own heart, even whilst those words were pouring from her lover's lips the prototype of Jael the Kenite's wife—laughed.

CHAPTER XIX.

“JOHN WARDLAW VISITS HIS OLD FRIENDS.”

Oh! how this tyrant, Doubt, torments my breast!
My thoughts, like birds when frightened from the nest,
Around the place where all was hushed before,
Flutter! and hardly settle any more.

“ALLY, have you seen much of the Stuarts lately?” demanded John Wardlaw of his sister, a few days after his arrival in Sutton Valence; for during that time he had neither seen nor heard anything himself of the rector, or of the rector's family.

It was early in the morning. Leofric Temple, having been compelled to go back to Maidstone to show himself at the barracks (albeit he had left more promises behind him of a speedy return than his brother cared to hear), Miss Bellew had professed herself perfectly overcome with the heat of the weather, and retired in consequence to her own room, where she now lay stretched out at full length upon the bed, whilst her cousin Louisa sat beside her, rubbing her feet, or putting a few needful repairs into her wardrobe.

“As much as usual, Jack,” replied Alice, looking up from her occupation. “Mrs. Stuart calls on mamma about once a fortnight, and the rector looks in occasionally for a minute or two when he is passing.”

“And not Miss Stuart?”

“I am up at Castlemaine so often myself,” said Alice, “that Pussy has not many opportunities of calling here, for there is no one else she cares to see. Neither papa or mamma are much company for her, Jack.”

“No, of course not,” he replied. “I wonder if Mrs. Stuart will be calling here again soon; during my stay?”

“I don't know. Do you want to see her, Jack?”

“Not particularly; I could call on her else. By-the-bye, I suppose I ought to call on the rector, at any rate?”

“He would be very pleased to see you, I am sure,” replied Alice; “he used to talk so much about you when you first went away.”

“And not lately?”

“Not so much lately.”

“Well, I think I will go over to Castlemaine now,” said John Wardlaw, taking up his hat; “I suppose they won't consider it too early for a visit. I used to go there at all hours.”

“Of course they won't,” replied his sister; “why should they?”

He could scarcely say himself why, but yet he had a presentiment that all would not be as it had been between the family at Castlemaine and himself. Mr. Stuart's opinion, on his engagement, delivered in London, however affectionate, was very condemnatory, and his opinion had not been taken, nor even listened to. Still, they had parted friends, and John Wardlaw adhered to his first resolution, and went to see him.

When he arrived at the house he walked up the drive, and knocked at the hall-door. This was very unlike the entrance he had been used to make in olden times at Castlemaine. Mr. Stuart's study lay at the side of the house, and it had been John Wardlaw's invariable custom to go there first, and peep in at the glass doors to see if the rector was at his work. Sometimes, if very much occupied, his friend would merely raise his head and call out, “I'm busy, Jack, my boy; go round to the ladies;” but more frequently he was welcomed with a hearty smile, and a simultaneous shout for Pussy to come down and talk to her old playfellow. As he traversed the drive now, the young man glanced at the study doors, standing wide open to the lawn, and felt a strong inclination to walk up to them, and pop his head in, in the old familiar way, but something deterred him; something very like a fear of being met with colder looks than heretofore, and of missing the genial smile and the hearty ring in the rector's voice, which had ever been his portion as he crossed the little threshold.

When his knock was answered, he merely asked for the master of the house; he thought he would see him first, and the ladies afterwards.

The rector was at home. John Wardlaw was shown into the library; and there he restlessly paced up and down in dignified solitude, until footsteps crossing the hall told him that he should soon be in the company he sought, and in another minute Mr. Stuart had entered the room.

His manner with John Wardlaw was not cold or reserved, but it was certainly not so familiar and unrestrained as it used to be, and the young man saw it in a glance. He did not laugh at the idea of his guest having been shown with such state into the library; on the contrary, he pressed him to sit down there, and then drew a chair close to his. There had been nothing lax or feeble in the grasp of the rector's hand, and he still called his young friend by the familiar name of “Jack;” but there was something which John Wardlaw himself could hardly define, something in this very politeness and apparent interest which seemed as if it was intended to cover the departure of a warmer feeling.

And this doubt, mingled with undoubted disappointment, made him feel quite sick under the contemplation of a new and unexpected dread.

"Well, Jack," said the rector, "so you are back at Sutton Valence. When did you arrive?"

"Last Thursday, sir."

"And how long a stay do you intend to make?"

"I—I am not quite sure," stammered John Wardlaw; "it doesn't depend entirely upon myself."

"Ah! work intervening, I suppose? Well, I say to you now what I said to you when you were about to leave us, there's nothing like it for young heads and hands. I suppose you have been very busy during your stay in London, and have a great deal to show us."

"I have not brought any of my pictures down here, sir," replied John Wardlaw; "but I hope to take a few sketches in the hop-gardens before I leave again."

"What has become of the picture you promised me of Henrietta?"

John Wardlaw started. The unfinished painting which had won him such praise at Mr. Matterby's academy still hung in the gallery there untouched; he had not even remembered to fetch it away, so engrossed had he been since that day with subjects far removed from any which concerned his simple country life. He had forgotten his promise to Mr. Stuart, and the interest he had at first taken in the picture, at one and the same time.

"I began it, sir," he said; and there stopped.

"Well, well," replied the rector, "I didn't wish to put you to any inconvenience on the subject. I have no doubt you have graver studies to engage your attention. Any time will do for my order."

"It is not to be an order, Mr. Stuart, if you please," said John Wardlaw, colouring; "and I really will finish it as soon as ever I return to town. But the fact is, I *have* been very busy in various ways, and after I had put in the first few tints of Miss Stuart's picture, I turned to something else, and it passed from my memory altogether."

"You have improved greatly in your art since we parted, I have no doubt," resumed Mr. Stuart; "I should like to have seen something from your brush. How many hours a day do you paint?"

He did not immediately reply. When he recalled the enthusiasm with which he had spoken of his profession in that very house, of the resolutions he had made to succeed and become a great painter, of the conviction he had entertained that he had found his vocation, and that no other love of art or woman could ever be but a secondary love to him, he blushed to think how little he had accomplished during four precious months; how wavering he had been in his devotion, how forgetful of his good resolutions! During all that time he had not advanced one inch; he had literally done nothing but paint a little now and then when it suited his convenience, and throw his brushes and palette on one side directly pleasure beckoned him another way, or the complaining voice of a woman intimated that she desired his presence, either for convenience or for company. But John Wardlaw could not dissimulate before so old and kind a friend as Mr. Stuart had been to him.

"Not many, sir, I am afraid," was his reply; "that is to say, I find it very difficult in town to paint regularly. Sometimes I work hard for two or three days consecutively, and at others I don't touch a brush for the same time. But I daresay I shall settle down by-and-bye; in fact, I have no doubt of it."

"I hope so, indeed," replied Mr. Stuart, gravely; "no work is profitable which is only practised by fits and starts, Jack. Even labour that is pleasant to us is rendered doubly pleasant by custom. The eye and the hand require constant exercise, or they rust like commoner tools, and the next time you call them into use they neither work easily nor efficiently. Steadiness of purpose is one thing, Jack, and overwork is another; but of the two, I'd rather see a friend of mine fall into the error of the last."

This style of conversation was scarcely pleasant for a self-accusing conscience to listen to, and John Wardlaw tried to turn the subject from the question of his employment.

"I hope Mrs. and Miss Stuart are quite well, sir," he observed.

"Perfectly well, thank you," replied the rector; and then added, as if some apology for their non-appearance was necessary, "I believe my daughter is out."

"The country is looking very beautiful round about here," said John Wardlaw, who was feeling miserably uncomfortable at no mention being made of Miss Bellew's presence in Sutton Valence.

"Yes, beautiful," replied the rector, "but the weather is very trying. How do you think your father is looking, Jack?"

"Much the same as usual," was the reply.

"I have not thought him looking so well, lately," rejoined the rector; "and Dr. Barlow says the same thing. There is a shrunk look about his face, and he appears very weak in walking; I should say he ought to have some medical advice."

At this intelligence the young man, notwithstanding his want of love for his father, looked grave.

"I have certainly not observed it," he replied; "but, if it is the case, I should not be surprised. My father has not led a very steady life, Mr. Stuart; nor is he given to taking other people's advice."

"I know it, I know it well," said the rector, "but if his children cannot persuade him to do what is necessary, I am afraid no one will. Mrs. Wardlaw does not appear to hold much influence over him in that way."

"No, indeed!" exclaimed John Wardlaw, laughing, as he rose from his seat. "I have detained you too long already, Mr. Stuart, and must find my way home again now. Good-bye." And he held out his hand as he spoke.

In bygone times the rector would no more have dreamt of letting John Wardlaw leave his house when the luncheon bell was just about to ring, without an invitation to share the meal with them, than he would have thought of flying; but now he stood up also, and shook the hand offered him.

"Good-bye, Jack," he said, "I am very glad to have seen you. You could scarcely have chosen a better time of the year to revisit the old place. You must come and see us again before you leave."

By this time John Wardlaw was so indignant at the evident avoidance on the part of the rector of Miss Bellew's name, and the apparent ignoring of her presence in Sutton Valence, or her existence altogether, that he felt he could not leave the house preserving the same silence, without appearing in his own heart like a traitor to the woman he loved, and whom he had pledged himself by his engagement to uphold before all the world. Mr. Stuart might purposely shirk mentioning her—he might be ashamed to do so, for aught John Wardlaw knew or cared—but he, her future husband, gloried in his connection with her, and would have felt that negatively he lied if he had permitted anyone whom it concerned to think otherwise. And so, as he stood with his hand in Mr. Stuart's, his chest heaving and his eye kindling with generous resentment, he said, with an amount of challenge in his voice which startled the rector:

"Certainly, if I have time; but my days just now are very much occupied. Of course you know that Miss Bellew is here, staying with Mrs. Wardlaw; and therefore I can hardly call myself my own master."

"Oh! ah! yes!" replied Mr. Stuart, in a confused manner. "I did hear something about it. Well, I hope you will enjoy your visit, Jack. Good-bye."

He said no more; and John Wardlaw, boiling over with a lover's indignation, would have left the house without speaking another word; but as he crossed the hall he encountered Mrs. Stuart, who was making her way to the luncheon-room. It was impossible to avoid stopping then; and as he had always received great kindness at the hands of the mistress of Castlemaine, he could scarcely feel sorry for the unintentional *rencontre*. Mrs. Stuart had evidently been aware of his presence in the house, from the absence of all surprise on her part at seeing him, and the rosy colour which flew to her cheeks as his tall figure stopped short in front of her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Stuart? It seems an age since I have seen you. Is Miss Stuart at home?"

"I don't know, John—I am not quite sure; I have not seen her lately," fell in confused and broken sentences from the lips of the lady before him, as in her nervousness she attempted to answer his direct question without telling a direct falsehood.

But the fact was, that both Mr. and Mrs. Stuart wished to prevent an interview taking place between their daughter and John Wardlaw, for fear it might lead to an invitation to his father's house, and an intimacy springing up between herself and the unknown actress. He saw the mother's hesitation, and was too proud to press the subject.

"I believe I have to congratulate Miss Stuart," he resumed, rather haughtily, "upon having fallen into the same net as I have myself, and made a promise 'for better or worse.' At least, so my sister Ally tells me."

"My daughter Henrietta *is* engaged to be married to her cousin, Martin Stuart," replied the lady, rather indignant at the young man presuming to compare his troth with a public actress with that of the heiress of Castlemaine; "and her choice is one which we all most cordially approve of."

The slight *soupçon* of sarcasm, apparent in the last sentence, put John Wardlaw on his mettle.

"It's a fortunate thing, in a case of this kind," he said in the same strain, "when one's own taste and one's friends' tastes perfectly agree; but as that is very seldom the case, I prefer the former alternative, for my own part."

Mrs. Stuart was about to make an affirmation to the effect that her nephew fulfilled both these requirements, but there had been a defiant air in John Wardlaw's words which seemed to dare her, or any one, to make the smallest insinuation against the woman he loved, which silenced her; and she retired worsted from the field, acknowledging the same by hastily cutting the conversation short, and taking her way into the luncheon-room; whilst her opponent, heated in mind and body, rushed gladly through the hall-door and into the open air again.

As he hurried homeward, reviewing the slight put upon the woman he had promised to make his wife by the inhabitants of Castlemaine, his heart throbbed indignantly and his blood rose. All the more so, because he could remember that Mr. Stuart had said during their last interview that a marriage with Miss Bellew would be beneath him; and notwithstanding all his adoration for and faith in her, a horrid doubt would creep into his breast, not that she *was* beneath him in birth and breeding, but that others would ever come to see the fact in the same light as he did.

Would all his former friends shrink from him and her, as those did who were his best (or so he thought)? Was she, even as his wife, to live apart from the society that he had occupied, and he to enjoy no other but that which she had been used to? Would all his efforts to raise this jewel from the dunghill, and set her in what he considered less than her proper place, be made null and void by the scrupulous airs of a pack of women not one-half so elegant or so beautiful as herself?

So be it, then; he would rather sink with Rowena Bellew than rise with a woman less charming. It was still her beauty only that he worshipped; but his devotion to it, instead of decreasing, was warmer than it had ever been.

He guessed the reason why Henrietta Stuart had not been allowed to see him at this morning visit. They were afraid, this father and mother, that the promised husband of an actress might contaminate, even by his presence, the future wife of an insignificant fool like Martin Stuart—of a choice which met so entirely with their approval. Curses on them! Let them keep her to themselves, then; he had no need to go to Castlemaine in search of beauty. And yet he felt disappointed that he had not been able to speak to her—that kindly girl who had always been such good friends with him, and whose admiration for his beautiful Rowena he had often pictured to himself that he should see so clearly indicated in her dark grey eyes. For whatever the faults of Pussy Stuart's face, she had always had lovely eyes; that no one could deny.

However, if he was not to meet her and to press her hand in friendship again, he must go without it; for he was Rowena Bellew's, and should be so till he died, and those who did not care to make her acquaintance must give up his.

And yet through all his manly, honest resolutions, that horrid sickening doubt would still intrude itself, of whether he really had been rash and foolish and headstrong about this engagement, and whether the worst he would have to suffer from it was over yet. But he did not tell himself that his discomfort arose from his own tormenting, questioning breast. He laid it all to the unusual reception which he had met with at the hands of Mr. and Mrs. Stuart, and the affront they had put, through their silence, upon Miss Bellew.

If he could have heard the husband and wife talking together over their luncheon-table, he would not have accused them again of feeling anything but friendly towards himself.

"My dear," said the rector to Mrs. Stuart, as he helped himself to the dish before him, "I can't tell you how much I felt for poor Jack just now. He evidently expected me to say something about this unfortunate business of his; and feeling I had nothing to say that would please him, I grew so nervous that I must have almost appeared as if I was not glad to welcome him back again."

"Oh! I hope not, papa," said his daughter, who was seated beside him.

"Well, my darling, I did not intend it, as you must know, but it was the most awkward thing possible. I could not with any truth congratulate the boy on his engagement, for I consider it the worst thing that ever happened to him. Neither did I like to mention the lady's name, as we do not wish to ask her here, nor to call on Mrs. Wardlaw during her stay."

"Couldn't mamma call alone?" said Henrietta, timidly; "I am afraid Mr. Wardlaw will think us so unkind else."

"Well, perhaps, the last day or so, but not before. I couldn't have your name, Henrietta, mixed up with that of Miss Bellew; and though I only saw her for a short time in London, I saw quite enough to convince me that she is a lady who would not be very scrupulous about forcing her way in here, without so good an excuse as a visit from your mother would give her. Am I not right, mamma?"

"Quite so, I think," replied Mrs. Stuart; "in fact, there is nothing else to be done in the case that I can see. John Wardlaw met me in the hall, and spoke to me about Netta's engagement, and I felt he expected me to congratulate him in return upon his own; but I really could not do so, and then from his manner I thought he appeared rather put out about it. If I called on Mrs. Wardlaw now, of course it would be taken as a compliment to her visitor, and an acquaintanceship would be established between us at once. It would never do. I should think, Martin," she continued, turning to her nephew, "that you would scarcely like to see your cousin walking about Sutton Valence with Miss Bellew, of the King's Theatre."

"Of cou—cou—course not," stammered the young man; "Pu—Pu—Pu—Pussy mustn't think of such a thing."

"I never did think of it," said Henrietta, vexed at the imputation; "but we have known Mr. Wardlaw a very long time, and—"

"So we have, my darling," replied her father, guessing at her thoughts, "and everything that we can do to save his feelings we will; but we have your name to consider, Pussy—girls don't remember such things for themselves—and we musn't act in any way that shall make you talked of. Mamma knows what is best, darling; leave it all to her, and she will be sure to do what is right."

"I wish I was," said Mrs. Stuart, with a sigh, as she rose from the table; "but with all our liking for dear John Wardlaw, it is a very difficult case in which to decide. I could have cried when he left me just now, to see the disappointment and anger visible in his face. Come, Netta, dear, a drive this afternoon will do us both good."

And the ladies leaving the luncheon-room, the topic of John Wardlaw's engagement was, for the time being, dismissed.

That evening our hero spoke himself to Alice about their father's health.

"Is there anything wrong with him, Ally? Does he complain at all?—because Mr. Stuart thinks him looking ill."

At her brother's first mention of the subject, the girl seemed quite frightened; but when he pressed her, she said she was not sure; her father had never spoken to her about it.

"But you know something more than you are telling me, Alice," persisted John Wardlaw. "You are keeping something back—what is it?"

"Nothing particular, Jack—nothing of any consequence. Pray don't ask me. I daresay it is only my fancy."

"Now that is foolish of you, child—worse than foolish, wrong—because if there is anything really the matter with my father, I may be able to persuade him to have some advice on the subject, and if I think you are mistaken I need not say anything about it."

"Papa has had advice," said Alice, mysteriously.

"Has he? From whom—Dr. Barlow?"

"Oh no, not from anyone here, Jack, but from Maidstone. Mamma has been over there twice in a fly with papa, and she has brought back bottles of medicine."

"You don't mean to say so," said John Wardlaw. "Have you any idea what is the matter with him?"

Alice grew rather red, and then, climbing on her brother's knee, she whispered in his ear:

"You must promise not to tell, Jack; but I heard cook speak of it the other day, when mamma was crying in the kitchen. I think papa has been drinking a good deal again, lately."

"Good God! how sickening!" exclaimed the son, who had a vivid recollection of the last time, now some years back, that his father had had a period of such weakness, and how it had ended in an attack of delirium tremens, from which he had risen with an assumption of abject penitence to take the pledge, and break it three months afterwards. Were all the humiliating scenes of that wretched time to come over again, and with a man of Captain Wardlaw's age.

"Alice, what makes you think so?" he next inquired.

"Because I know he has been tipsy a great many times since you have been away, Jack, though mamma always tries to hide it from me. But I often hear her crying at night, and papa making such a noise, that I get frightened, and lock my door. One night mamma came running into my room, and she trembled so much, and had made such haste, that I thought she never would recover her breath again. And sometimes I can hear him wake from those dreadful dreams that he has, and scream out that he is going to be murdered, and that men are holding him down; and then, when he quite rouses himself up, he cries like a little child. And, Jack, don't you see how his hands and his legs shake? Bennett, the man from the public-house, called here with such a long bill the other day, that mamma knew nothing of, and I heard him tell cook whilst he was waiting in the kitchen, that 'the Captain' would soon drink himself out at this rate. But that's all I know, Jack, dear—and it may have nothing to do with papa's health."

"It's more than enough for you to know, Ally, and I feel wretched to think that you should be placed in the way of hearing and seeing such things. But you must not tell it to a single soul besides me. It's a great disgrace for both of us, dear child, so we must keep it to ourselves. You will be sure and remember."

"Yes, Jack, of course I will," the girl replied, with a kiss; and the next minute she was chatting and laughing about something else.

But her brother could not so easily shake the remembrance of what she had told him from off his mind. He had hoped of late years that whatever he had done with regard to his other vices, his father had given up his old propensity of drinking—that propensity which had ruined his own mother's happiness, and killed his filial love and respect. But, from Ally's statement, it appeared that he had been mistaken. As he thought over her words, he resolved that he would watch his father's habits more closely than he had done, and, if necessary, speak to Mrs. Wardlaw on the subject before he again left Sutton Valence. If the girl's suspicions were correct, it was scarcely fit that females should be left entirely alone with a character like Captain Wardlaw.

CHAPTER XX.

A MEETING IN THE HOP-GARDENS.

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my heart.
ADDISON.

THE following afternoon, John Wardlaw was sitting by the open window which looked into the village street, listlessly gazing at the passers-by. The events of the day before had weighed heavily upon his spirit, and he had received little encouragement from Miss Bellew to shake off his feeling of despondency, for she had been in a decidedly bad humour all the morning, and had even talked more than once of the probability of business calling her back again to London. The day had been oppressively hot, but the sun was now on his decline, and the change in the temperature was visibly refreshing. As the village boys and girls trooped by, one after another, carrying cans of tea for their fathers and mothers into the hop-gardens, the painter recognised several of his earliest models, and, amongst others, Winifred Balchin, holding her little brother Ben by the hand. As she caught sight of the young master staring out of the window, she dropped him a curtsey, and then appeared to hurry on; but, until she did so, John Wardlaw had not recognised her.

"Good heavens, Alice!" he then exclaimed, "can that be Winny Balchin? Why, what's come to the girl?—she has lost all her beauty."

"Has she?" replied Alice, indifferently. "I haven't observed any alteration in her face; but she has grown so different, Jack, in her manners, you would hardly know her again."

"She made a very respectful curtsey as she passed the window just now," said her brother.

"Yes; I didn't mean that she is pert, or rude; I don't think Winny could be that, if she tried; but she always appears to want to avoid meeting me. I have seen her run away numbers of times when she caught sight of my figure, and though mamma wanted her assistance so much last week, she made some paltry excuse for not coming, which I think is very ungrateful of her, considering the kindness she has received from all of us. Don't you think so, Jack?"

"I can hardly judge," he answered. "I cannot recover my surprise at the alteration in her looks. I used to think her such a pretty little creature, but she appears to me to have grown thin and pinched about the face. Perhaps it is only my fancy, however; but I should certainly never call her pretty now. Do you think Rowney would like to go into the hop-field this evening, Miss Crofton?" he continued, addressing that lady, who was the only other occupant of the room; "it will be delightfully cool in another half-hour."

"I cannot say, I am sure, Mr. Wardlaw," replied Louisa Crofton, who never dared to hazard an opinion on the subject of her cousin's tempers. "I left her dressing to come down, so you will soon be able to put the question to herself. However, I did hear her say that she intended to stay in the house to-night."

In another minute the door opened, and Rowena Bellew entered. She was, as usual, most becomingly robed, and had taken a fancy that evening for allowing her luxuriant hair to lie loose about her shoulders, probably for the reason that it reached to her knees, and she was proud of it, as of all other points of her beauty. There hung the dark silky mass, only confined by a broad piece of scarlet velvet which was negligently tied about its roots.

As she opened the door, a strong breeze which had just had the hardihood to get up, came in at the windows, and ruffling her loose tresses, lifted her long hair caressingly, and blew it about her face and figure. In a moment John Wardlaw had forgotten all the coolness on her part which had distressed him; the recollection of her pettish ill-humour vanished; he only saw his Venus, and remembered that she was his. Even her annoyance at the unavoidable mishap, which was neither measured nor concealed, could chill the glow of passion with which the sight of her loveliness never failed to inspire him.

"Never mind, my darling," he exclaimed, laying his lips upon the long soft tresses, which he helped to replace upon shoulders, whose marble beauty was perfectly apparent through the gauzy fabric which professed to cover them. "It's all straight again now, and the wind is wicked enough to know what becomes you best. Ally, how often in your lifetime have you seen hair of more than a yard long?"

He was so engrossed with his own feelings, so intoxicated with the beauty of this woman without a heart, that my hero was occasionally used, at this period of his life, to turn himself into an object for pity, by the absurd manner in which he would call on the bystanders to join him in his wild admiration of her charms. Even Alice, child as she was, was pressed into the service, and saw through it sufficiently to make her often smile to herself, and "wish dear Jack" wouldn't be so silly about Miss Bellew. He was worse than silly—he was mad. It was a time in his life which he looked back upon afterwards with amazement, almost with incredulity, at his own folly and blindness. It was a boy's hot, headstrong love; but it was, nevertheless, a feeling with which woman has contrived, before his day, to infect the wisest, bravest, and best of men.

Do not let any one say that the sensations I have tried to depict are unworthy of being attributed to a man professing to be a hero—for if so, we may strike all our best specimens of the class out of the annals of British heroism. There is not one of them, let him have been what he may, warrior, statesman, or martyr, who has not, at some epoch or other of his existence, succumbed to the power of a woman's smile—and if such a one was to be found, he could scarcely lay claim amongst his other honours to the title of a man.

Miss Bellew did not take her lover's compliments very kindly.

"I wish you'd leave my hair alone, Wardlaw," she pouted, "you are entangling it. Are we going to have any tea to-night?"

"Mamma has had tea laid in the summer-house," replied Alice; "she thought it would be so pleasant this warm evening."

"Oh! I cannot take my tea out of doors," said Miss Bellew, fretfully, "and I hate summer-houses. They are always full of earwigs and spiders. Louisa must bring mine indoors."

"Of course I will, my dear," replied Miss Crofton.

"You will do nothing of the kind," said John Wardlaw, heartily; "I will fetch Rowney's tea, and you must go and take your own in comfort. Will you come into the hop-garden to-night, darling? Do. I am sure you will think it a pretty sight, and they are stripping the vines so fast."

"I don't feel inclined to go out," she replied, in the same fretful tone.

"Oh! you will, to please me, I am sure," said John Wardlaw, "and you will thank me afterwards for pressing you to go. You have no idea how lovely the hops are."

"Oh, yes, I have; I had a ball-dress trimmed with them once. No; I can't go out this evening, Wardlaw, I'm tired."

He forebore to urge her further, and Alice and Miss Crofton going into the garden to their tea, he followed them to procure that of Miss Bellew. When he returned, she was reclining on the sofa.

"Won't you go, my own love, for *me?*" he fondly whispered, as having placed the tray upon the table, he bent over her recumbent form.

"What a bore you are, Wardlaw!" she exclaimed, starting up; "I declare you never can take an answer. You would worry a woman out of her life, if she allowed you to do so. No! once for all; I am a great deal too tired, and I have no intention of going out. Don't let me hear any more of it, if you please."

She drew a chair towards the table as she spoke, and he turned towards the window and was silent. But from the depths of his heart rose a heavy sigh.

Presently the sound of a horse's hoofs was heard advancing at a hard gallop up the village street, which stopped as the rider reached the Wardlaws' house.

"Who's that?" demanded Miss Bellew, languidly.

"Temple," replied John Wardlaw, shortly, a frown contracting his forehead as the knowledge struck him.

But Leofric Temple appeared to have nothing to do with frowns or ill-temper. He threw his reins to the ostler of the village inn, who had scampered for some distance at his horse's heels, and now came up with him, panting; called out cheerily to his brother at the open window, and the next minute was in the apartment pressing Miss Bellew's hand, and looking unfathomable things at her with his big blue eyes.

"What charming weather, to be sure!" was the first sentence uttered. "I have been riding like the deuce, Miss Bellew, for fear you should have been out before I arrived. Is not this just the evening for the hop-gardens? you must come and see them. Let's all go there together."

"Rowena will not be persuaded," began John Wardlaw.

"Is it so very pleasant out-of-doors?" interrupted Miss Bellew, appealing to Leofric Temple.

"It's delightful, it couldn't be better. As cool as possible, and the small rain last night has completely laid the dust. If we go up to Marsh's field, Wardlaw, Miss Bellew will be able to see the Castle plainly; for I suppose she would not be tempted to walk as far as the ruins themselves."

"She refuses to go out at all," said John Wardlaw; "I have been asking her to go into the hop-field this evening."

"Yes! but you never said anything about its being *cool*, Wardlaw," interposed Miss Bellew.

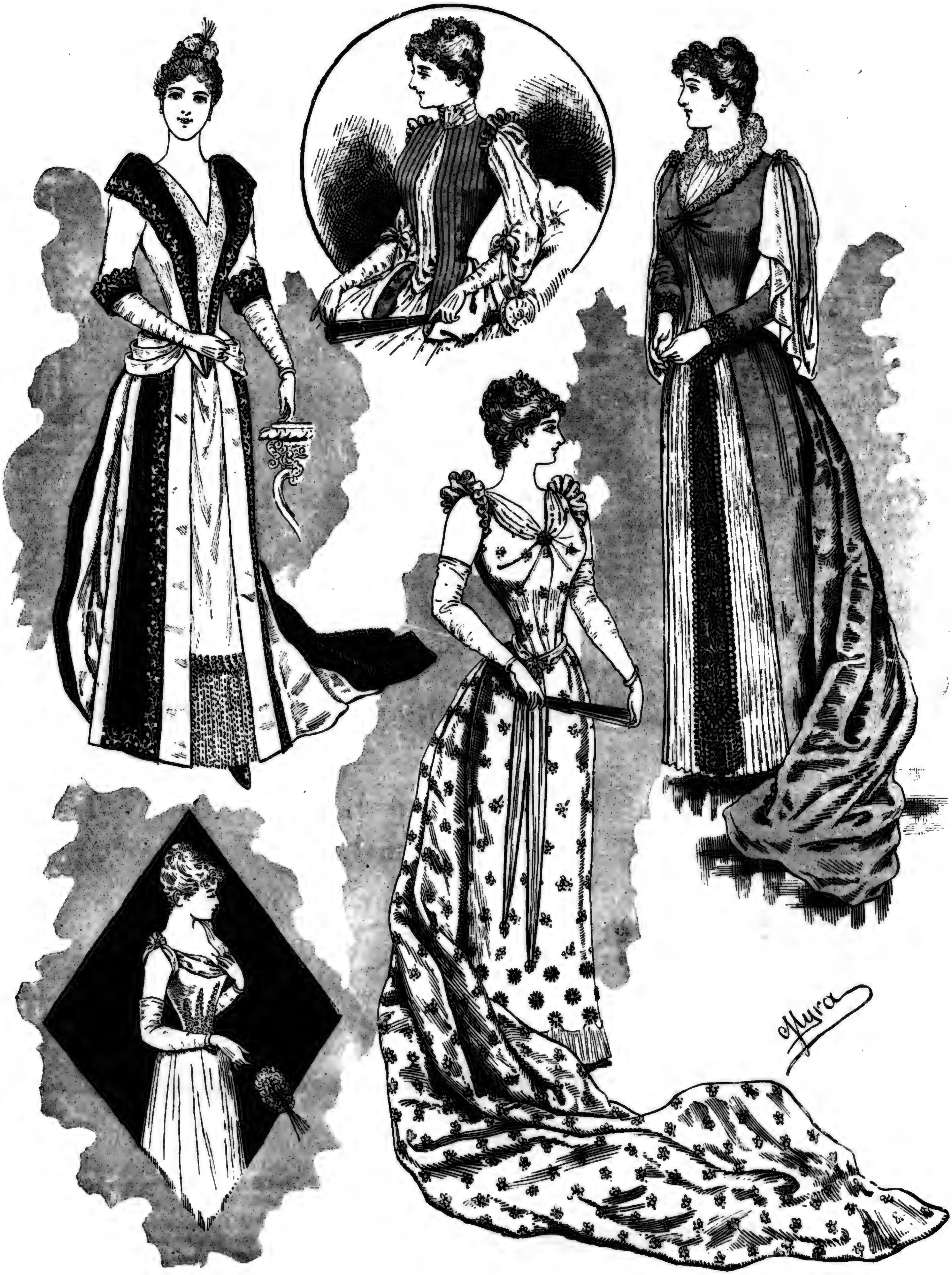
He looked at her, as the words which denoted her wavering purpose dropped from her lips, with a look of unutterable reproach; but he was too proud to let his half-brother guess how much he felt his defeat. And so he said, cheerfully:

"You might have guessed that, I should think, dear."

"Well, I didn't guess it; but if Mr. Temple can assure me that it is—"

"It is everything that it ought to be," interposed Leofric Temple; "I will stake my life upon the assertion. Now, Miss Bellew, you won't hesitate any longer, will you?—for I must be in barracks to-night, and have only a few hours to stop here."

(To be continued.)



Evening and Reception Toilettes.

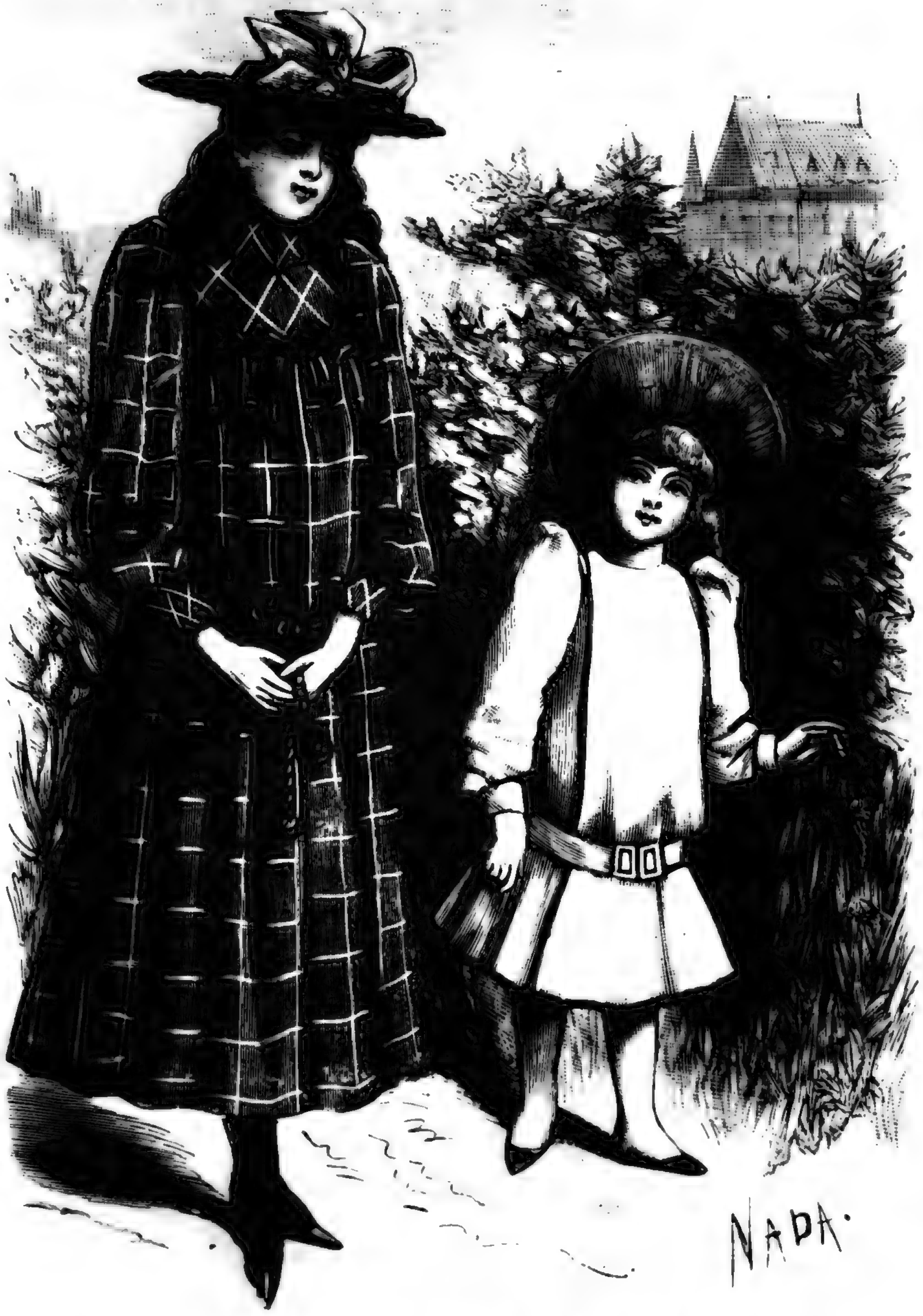
Current * Fashions * for * Children.

CHILDREN'S hats are chiefly of the wide-brimmed kind, the brims being waved, bent, very wide and straight in front, or slightly bent at the sides. White and black straws, both plain and fancy, are employed for little girls' hats, and the trimming consists of bows of ribbon, puffed draperies of gauze or soft silk, and of flowers. Hats that have the brim narrow and sharply turned up at the back are very popular and becoming; the long fleecy hair falling below the hat over the neck and shoulders is shown off by this arrangement, and its free exposure to the air is decidedly beneficial to it.

Summer hats and bonnets for young children are, as usual, much trimmed with embroidery; several pretty models of these are shown at No. 3. The first is a hat with a band of embroidery down the centre of the crown and a flounce on each side of it; the brim is formed of two flounces, the full width in front but slanting off to a single narrow curtain at the back. A band of white striped ribbon is folded round the crown, and ends in bows front and back. It takes about three and a-half yards of embroidery flouncing to cover the hat, with a band of insertion or of piece-embroidery for the crown.

Next to this is a hat of fine white palm, lined with white muslin and trimmed with a full ruche and strings of muslin, scalloped and embroidered at the edge. The large sun bonnet is made of white silk muslin, all made up in very small tucks to look like a striped material. A flounce of fine embroidery rises above the crown; the front part is trimmed with three flounces, and the deep double curtain is edged with embroidery. The strings are of ribbon. The last hat is of white muslin drawn up on cords, and with a frill of embroidery edging the brim. A ruche of silk or muslin surrounds the crown, and the bow at the back and strings are of white ribbon.

The lovely little infant's pelisse, No. 4, is made of ivory white bengaline, and is cut in full princess shape and fitted round the waist by a band of gauging ;The fronts are double-breasted, the right front buttoning over on the left side; the skirt is bordered with a gathered flounce put on with a heading, and the plain round cape is trimmed with three similar flounces. The sleeve is finished off with a frill at the wrist, and the collar is a double frill, gathered through the middle and tied with ribbon strings. The pelisse is equally pretty in white China silk, and cooler for summer wear.



No. 1. Outdoor Costumes for Children.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Lovely dresses for very little children are made of Valenciennes lace over under-frocks of pink or blue surah; they are in blouse shape with full sleeves, and the silk is entirely covered with lace; sometimes they are made with yokes, and in some cases the lace skirt is finished off with a lace flounce about four inches wide. The little dresses are made high to the neck and with long sleeves, and are worn with or without a sash, but more often without than with it.

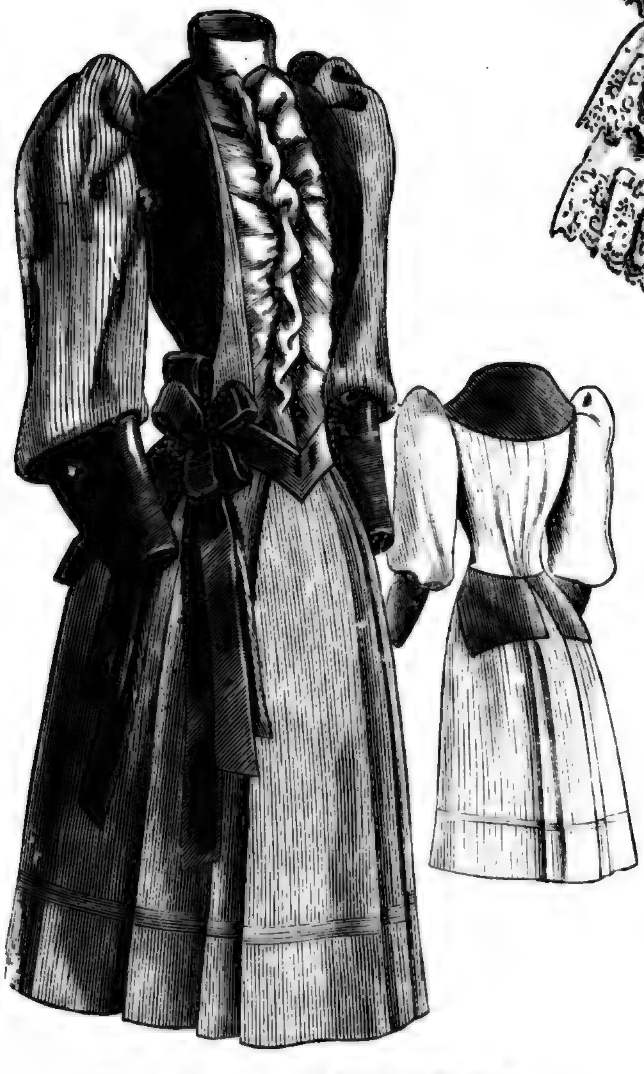
Frocks are also made of Indian or China silk in two colours, pink and white and blue and white being the favourite combinations. A very pretty specimen is a straight, full frock of blue silk, tucked above the hem and cut in a low square at the top, the full chemisette reaching to the throat and the full sleeves are of white silk smocked with blue. Across the chest and back, at the top of the coloured dress, is a full puff of the blue silk, widening out when it reaches the shoulders, and forming a short puffed sleeve over the long white under-sleeves. A broad sash of the blue silk is folded round the waist, the fringed ends falling on the right side.

Pèlerines are made for quite little children, and are raised on the shoulders in the orthodox manner, and tied in front with ribbon strings. A very pretty little costume is made of écru lace over pink silk; the skirt is gathered at the waist, and the full, low bodice is trimmed with bretelles of pink ribbon tied in bows on the shoulders. The Pèlerine is of lace lined with pink silk, and the lace bonnet is lined and trimmed with pink to match.

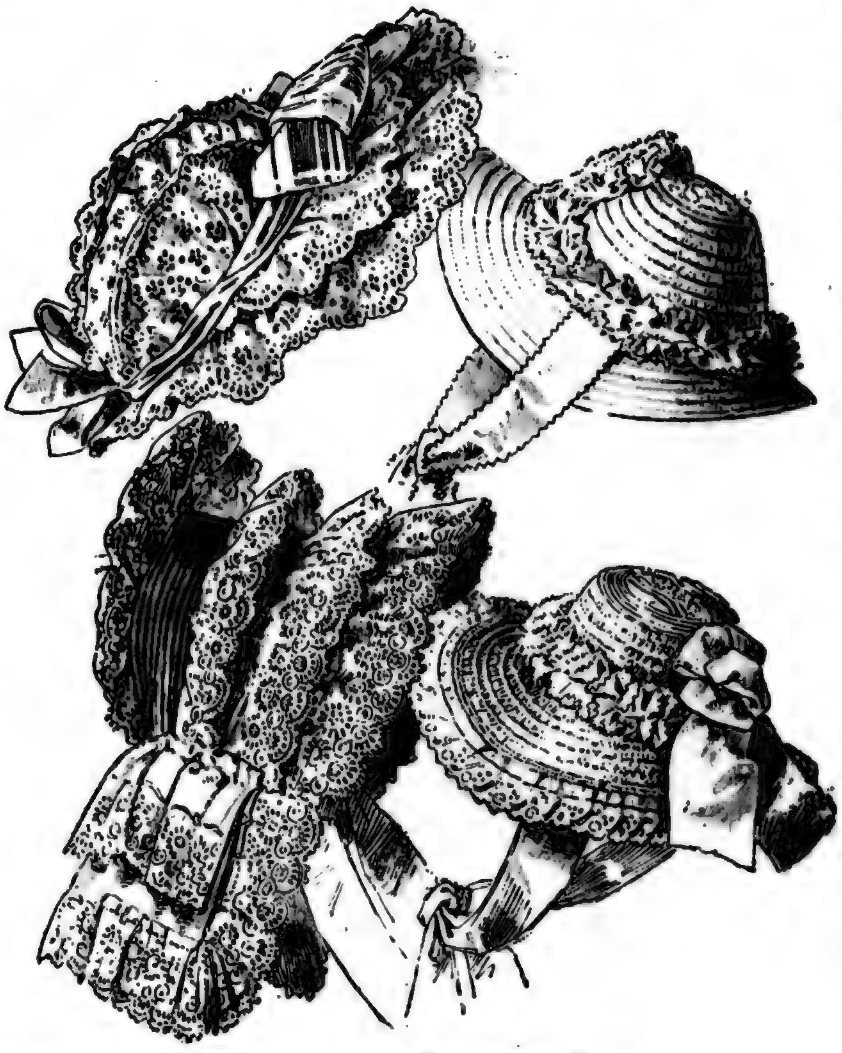
Young girls frequently wear capes made of the same woollen material as the dress, that is to say, provided the dress is made of tweed or some such fabric. For bad weather and country wear there are long, easy vêtements that may be called mantles or blouse costumes, either name being appropriate. Two of these are illustrated at No. 1. The first is a kind of blouse for a girl of twelve, made of plaid woollen in brown, red and blue on a beige ground. The fronts and back are full, and mounted with a gauged heading on a square yoke cut on the full bias. The yoke is fastened invisibly on the left side, the right side being carried over to the left; but the full fronts are fastened down the centre. The full sleeves are mounted on bias-cut wristbands; a silk cord girdle is loosely tied in front. The hat worn with this costume is of black straw trimmed with blue velvet.

The plain blouse costume worn by the younger child is of very pale drab cloth, piped with blue velvet. The fronts are double-breasted, the left side crossing over to the right, and piped with velvet. The sleeves are full, the collar and wristband plain, and the belt is of leather matching the cloth and fastened with a silver buckle. The wide brimmed Leghorn straw hat is lined with blue mousseline de soie and trimmed with white feathers. This, of course, is intended for a little girl, but the blouse is quite as suitable for a boy under three, with a suitable hat of plain straw with ribbon band round the crown in place of feathers.

In girls' costumes there is plenty of variety, both as to material and style; very pretty dresses are made of fine woollens striped with silk, especially of those which have white or very pale neutral tinted grounds with the silk stripe in one or more bright colours. No. 2 is a costume of this description; the pleated skirt is of the striped woollen, the whole of the full back of the bodice, a portion of the front, and the long puffs of the sleeves are also of this material. The hem of the skirt is finished off with several rows of silk stitching matching the stripe; the fronts of the bodice open over a full chemisette of surah matching the ground colour. The deep collar, ending in revers in front, the added basques at the back of the corsage, and the lower part of the sleeves are all of faille matching the stripe, and the ribbon band, forming a point in front and tied on the right side with long loops and ends, is in the same colour.

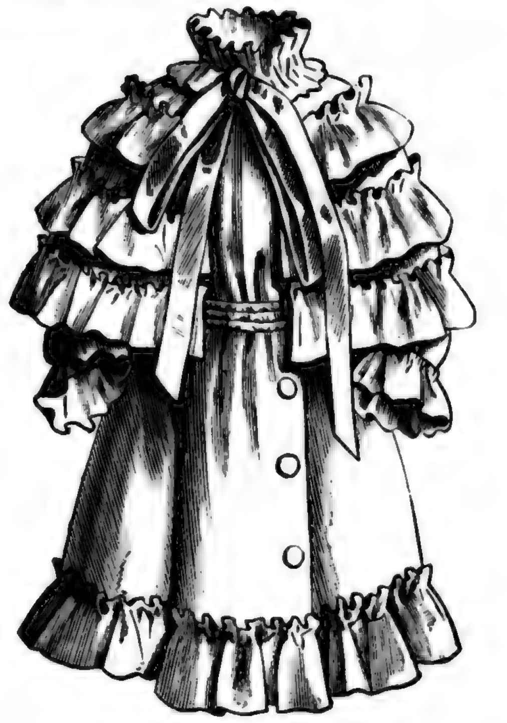


No. 2. Costume for Girl of Twelve.



No. 3. Hats and Bonnets for Young Children.

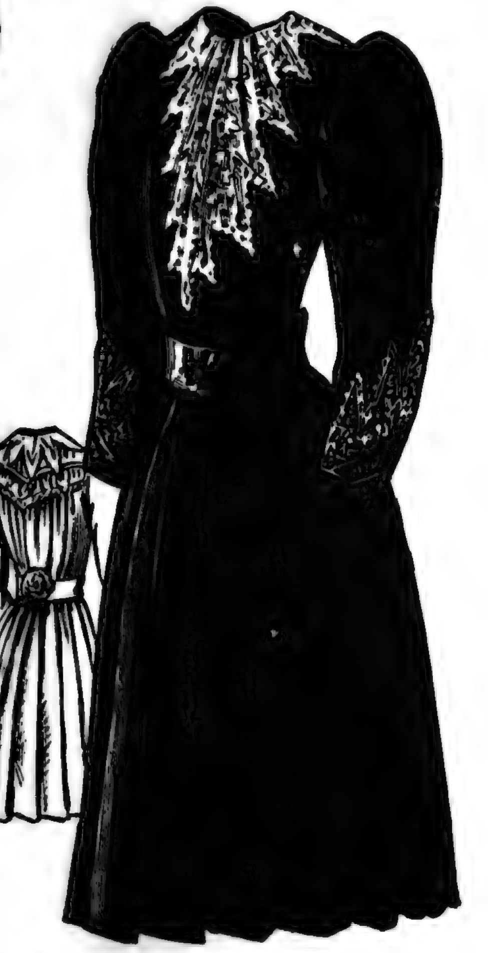
The dress for a girl of ten, No. 5, is made of plain woollen, and has a full pleated skirt and full bodice fastened at the back. The bodice is ornamented with two rows of gauging simulating a pointed yoke. The full collar, round at the back and falling in a long point in front, is of guipure, and the sleeves are finished off with flat cuffs of guipure to match. The ribbon band is fastened at the back with a rosette.



No. 2. Infant's Pelisse.

Every description of lace and embroidery is utilised in trimming children's dresses, but guipure and Venetian point laces are the kinds that are considered most fashionable. They are employed in the same ways as in dresses of a larger size, for collars and collarettes, yokes, cuffs, and epaulets, and the trimmings are generally accompanied by very fine fancy needlework, such as feather and coral stitching, worked with silk or cotton, according to the nature of the material. Small open work designs are also used, and as a rule every kind of fine fancy stitching is permissible.

White frocks, either embroidered or trimmed with lace, are still the most dressy of all summer costumes for little girls, but a great many fine, soft woollens are employed, and little dresses are also being made of Indian and China silks, and of foulard; a pretty way of trimming these round the neck, sleeves and skirt, is to cut strips of material about six inches wide, to fray out the edges and gather them up on each side an inch and a half from the edge, so that the bands form a puffing in the centre with frilled edges.



No. 5. Dress for Girl of Ten.

Capes and pélerines will be much worn by young girls; they are made of plain coloured cloths and tweeds, without the passementerie yokes and ornaments, jet cabochons and fringes, and other trimmings unsuitable to young girls.

Myra's Hints to Correspondents.

THE majority of people, even of those who dress well, are not, as a rule, anxious to be in the very height of fashion, which generally entails a little exaggeration, but neither do they care to wear the fashions of two seasons ago; either extreme would make them as remarkable as the other, and being remarked is not quite synonymous with being admired. While conforming with the general rules that prevail amongst fashions, the choice of details may be left to individual taste, and there are now, as always, numberless minor fashions which may be passed over and ignored, either because they are inappropriate, inartistic, or because they are so evidently of a transient nature that they will be out of vogue before one is thoroughly alive to their existence.

A fashion which is gradually but surely working its way to the fore is that of princess dresses; the chief objection to them is that they require such extremely good making, and that they really only look well on good figures; very few princess dresses are, however, made quite plain in front, either the bodice is crossed or draped, or else the skirt is draped and fastened on one side, instead of down the centre, or the plain and, it must be confessed, trying front is broken up in some other way, that renders this style of dress easier to wear and to make. Princess dresses are, of course, trained, and the style is therefore only adapted to visiting dresses and toilettes that are to be worn indoors, either in the morning, afternoon, or evening; no foundation skirt is required, unless the princess dress is in this shape at the back only; if the front of the skirt is separate from the bodice, arranged, in fact, like that of any other costume, then there must be a foundation skirt.

Another way of making princess dresses is to open them in front or at the side over a trimmed under-skirt, thus converting them into a tunic, while the bodice is cut low and forms a corselet over a prettily draped fichu or chemisette. This kind of mediæval princess dress is extremely pretty, and to make it still more correct the skirt is sometimes caught up in a bunch on the hip, raising the lower part over the trimmed under-skirt. It is a kind of compromise between plain and draped styles that is not without effect.

The skirts of all the better kinds of dresses are long, but the slope from the fron to the train is very gradual, the front being so short as not to prevent comfort in walking. The foundation or fourreau skirt underneath is a necessity, as the trained skirt is usually draped very slightly, or opened on one side; even when edged with a flounce, which is a common mode of trimming, a foundation skirt is required.

Bodices are made in complicated fashions and have full ornaments that are very becoming to slender figures, thus epaulettes, bretelles, and berthas are made of lace and foulard, lace coquillés form jabots all down the front of the bodice, and very often appear below it in the form of paniers, or merge in the draperies of the skirt. Bodices are also sometimes finished off with a collar, a ruche, or a large cravat bow made of the dress material.

A pretty novelty in lace is a short, movable pèlerine, with a kind of short sleeve added, very much raised at the shoulder, but covering the upper part of the arm only. The pèlerine is worn with all kinds of dresses, and may be added over a low bodice when this is rather too elaborate for the occasion. A great many of these collars and pèlerines will be adopted with foulard and batiste dresses, and the sleeves will also be made of lace, with a short sleeve or jockey of the dress material.

Everything is trimmed with black lace; dresses of voile, foulard, batiste, bengaline, and woollen materials, generally in light colours, and even mantles and capes in pale fawn, pale grey, and other light coloured cloths, are trimmed with lace. Striped and flowered foulards and spotted popelinettes are often trimmed with écru lace and embroidery.

Lace is used in this way in wild profusion on flowered foulards, having the ground in some pale tender shade of absinthe or reed green, pink, blue (very light, as if shot with white), ivory, beige, grey, and straw colour. The lace is employed in flounces, berthas, bretelles, collarettes, robings, etc. The sleeves are, of course, trimmed with black or écru lace, to correspond with the skirt and corsage.

Lace jackets, with sleeves of silk, are worn with dresses made of silk, foulard, etc. Some are short, ending at the waist, and open over a puffed front, others have the usual deep basques, and these are in some cases so long that they are almost mantelet ends. When the fashion is adopted for outdoor wear this is almost invariably the case, and the jacket, with its deep basques and mantelet ends, is of black lace, and the sleeves of black bengaline. For dresses the short jackets are prettiest and most appropriate.

Amongst other contradictory fashions are flat paniers and puffed basques, these last, lightly gathered and finished off with little bows, are very coquettish, especially in dresses made of taffetas and foulard combined together. As a matter of course, only light silks, such as taffetas can be employed for these pleated and gathered basques, while soft flowing draperies demand such materials as crêpe de Chine or crépon.

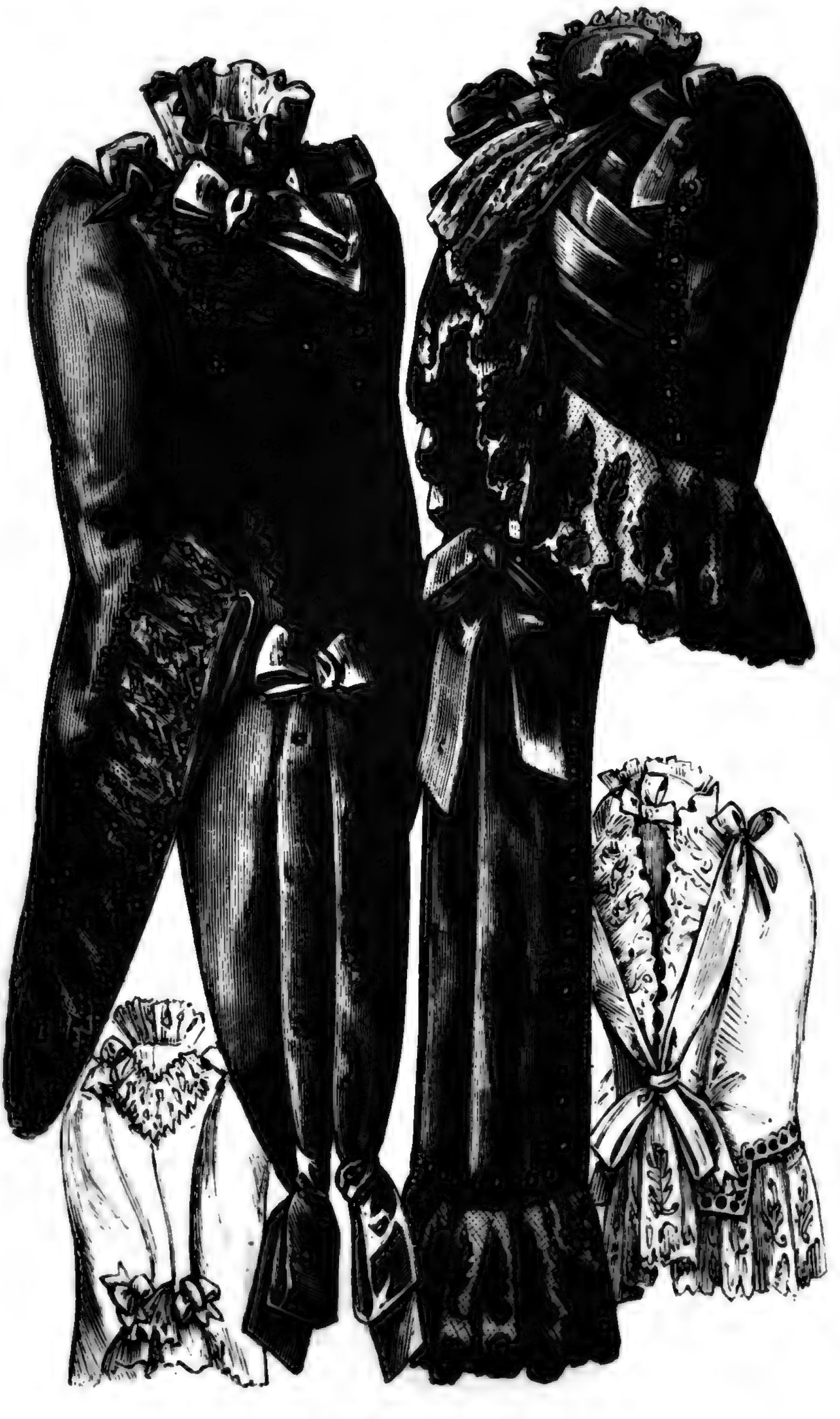
A few hints on millinery will be useful to young ladies who trim their own hats and bonnets. It is hardly necessary to say that black and white straw hats are equally fashionable, whether plain, fancy, embroidered, or partly plain and partly fancy, the fancy straw being used like lace insertion. Leghorn straw hats, with wide undulating brims, and trimmed with large bunches of flowers or plumes of feathers, are remarkably pretty and becoming, and suitable for special occasions, but for ordinary wear a less showy style of head-gear is decidedly preferable.

A great deal of yellow, other than gold, and mixed with gold, is likely to be worn; draperies of straw coloured crêpe de Chine, for instance, folded round the crown of a black hat and arranged in a puffed rosette on one side, are very pretty. Another fashionable, but rather startling combination, is to put in front of the hat a rosette of pink crêpe with a puffing of straw coloured crêpe round it, and an aigrette of curled black quill feathers; round the crown is a drapery of the yellow crêpe.

Flowers and feathers, alone or combined together, are the principal trimmings for hats; the flowers may be small or large, and used in bunches, wreaths, or sprays; falling sprays at the back are much liked with certain shapes of hats and styles of coiffure. Ruches of gauze and of tulle, studded with tiny sprays of flowers, placed on black lace and tulle hats, or mixed with black lace trimmings on straw hats, also make fashionable garnitures.

Even in the making of bows and the manner in which ends of ribbon are cut, fashion asserts itself. At present the ends are cut in a rounded point, and the ribbon is mounted in a fluted pleat that gives it a certain resemblance to the petal of a flower. A number of ends cut in this way are sometimes mounted together to make a flower-like rosette, and two or three of these rosettes form a complete garniture for a hat. Bows with straight loops are also very much used, especially to contrast with a drooping spray of flowers at the back.

The small straw hats, with the brim bent up flat against the side, and low-crowned sailor hats, are becoming more and more popular for every-day wear; they seem to be a kind of protest, in their extreme simplicity, against the decidedly over-trimmed hats that prevailed early in the season.



SUMMER MANTLES.

Fig. 1. Jacket bodice with mantilla ends and long open sleeves joined to the back like visite sleeves. Pleated lace basque at the back and lace collar. Trimming of passementerie and bows of ribbon. Quantity of material required—peau de soie 6 yards.

Fig. 2. Visite back, with pèlerine sleeves ending in front in bias folds that cover the upper part of the mantle with long mantelet ends. Hood at the back simulated by lace and ribbon, lace basque, and lace down the fronts and round the sleeves and on the mantelet ends. Trimming of jet galon and bows of ribbon. Lace collar. Quantity of material required—5½ yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

Myra's * Answers * to * Correspondents.

GENERAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

1. *Letters asking questions should be written on one side of the paper only, and one question only asked on the same page.*

2. *Letters requiring answers in next month's* JOURNAL *should reach* MYRA *by the 4th of the month. Letters received after this date can only be answered in the following Number.*

3. *Letters will be answered in the* JOURNAL *in the order in which they arrive.*

4. *In cases where immediate advice is necessary upon any particular Toilette or Dress, on Furniture and Furnishing, on Needlework, Household Management, Etiquette, Employments for Women, upon Health and Personal Attention, or other subjects,* MYRA *will reply to inquiries by post. In order to meet the expenses attending inquiries and correspondence, with letters requiring such answers by post,* 12 *postage stamps should be enclosed.*

All letters to be addressed to MYRA, 204, *Regent Street, London, W.*

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON DRESS AND FASHION.

SPECIAL RULES FOR CORRESPONDENTS.

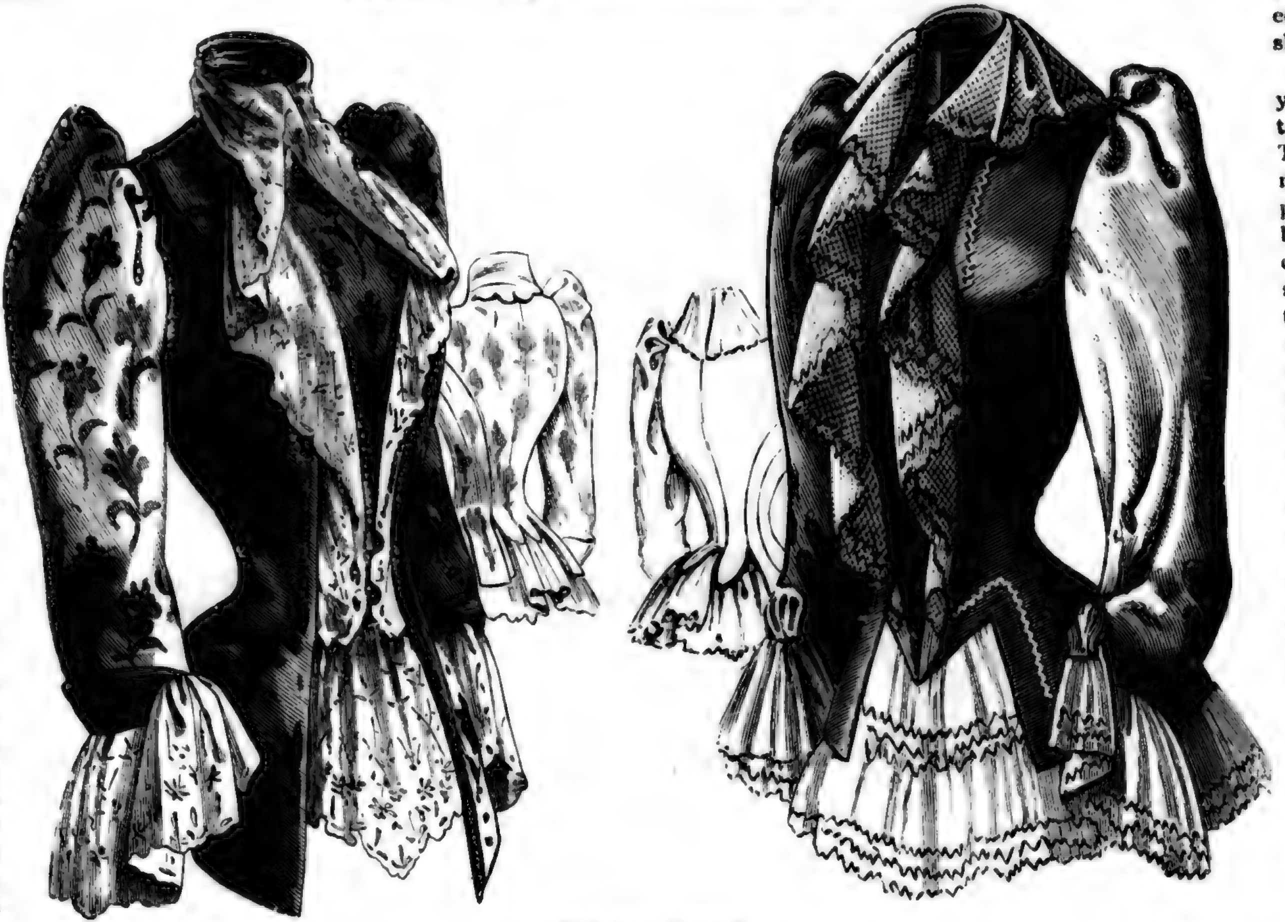
1. *Letters regarding the purchase, making-up, and alteration of dresses, &c., should describe height, figure, complexion, and shade of hair, in order that each case may be artistically considered.*

2. *Photographs are useful and may be sent. These will be returned to the owners, but should always be accompanied by a stamped envelope.*

DRESDEN CHINA.—Foundation skirts are sometimes made as narrow as 2 ft. 6 in.; if this does not give you room enough, make your skirt 2¼ yards round. The front breadth is 24 inches wide at the foot, and sloped off at the sides towards the top; the side gores are 13 or 14 inches wide at the foot, the back part of this breadth is sloped all the way up, the front part at the top only; both the front and side breadths are also fitted by pleats, one on each side of the front, and one in the centre of each side breadth. The back breadth is plain, and from 28 to 32 inches wide; this must be tied back by two sets of strings joined to the seam between the side gore and back breadth, and the top of the skirt must be made to fit the figure exactly and finished off with a tape hem, not a band, as this increases the bulk too much. The best material for strong, useful foundation skirts is Richardson's Linen Dress Foundations, which you can buy at any good drapers at about 7½d. or 8d. per yard.

BRUXELLOISE.—The only plan we can suggest is to fasten them together with invisible hooks and eyes, or to make button holes in the band of the skirt and sew very flat linen buttons to correspond on the bodices. A button at the back and one on each side ought to be sufficient.

BEAUTIFUL FIGURE CORSETS.—Every Lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world.



NEW TEA JACKETS.

Fig. 1. Jacket of shot silk with broché design, the fronts long and open, the back short, showing the lace basque. Flat plastron of broché, and trimming of lace on the fronts and sleeves. Revers of broché, cuffs of velvet.

Fig. 2. Jacket of straw coloured surah, with silk embroidery round the edges. Collar with coquillés down the fronts, deep basque, and flounces on the sleeves of ivory white embroidered net; two flounces form the basque in front.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of DESCRIPTIONS.

M. M.—Have the brim of the black chip hat remoulded with a slight peak in the front. Line it with pale blue crape, cover the outside of the brim with a pleating of black lace, and put a plume of pale blue feathers at the back. Bow of narrow black velvet in front.

LILY.—Leave the bodice of your surah dress as it is; trim the skirt with a flounce of black lace, pleated up at intervals under little knots of gold gauze ribbon. Trim the fronts and the centre of the back of the bodice with gold passementerie, and add bretelles of black lace, very full at the shoulders and diminishing to a point at the point of the bodice; lace basque added to the bodice, and full lace sleeves over the surah sleeves. If you prefer silver or steel ornaments they will do equally well.

MRS. H.—1. Your jet embroidered gauze would do admirably for the front and back of a mantle with deep pelerine sleeves of lace and trimming of jet fringe. You give no particulars as to the quantity of gauze you have, so that it is impossble to suggest a style. 2. Join on the new lace down the fronts from the shoulder to the point, and bring it under the arms in the place of the old lace, which you must cut away, and cover the joins with bretelles of ribbon or jet, ending at the point in a bow or tasselled ornament. You must also put similar trimming at the back. Add a deep lace basque to the bodice and make new sleeves, raised and full at the shoulders but plain below.

IDALIA.—The surah is, perhaps, a little bright, but blue is a fashionable colour, and you can easily tone it down a little by trimming the dress with black lace and jet. Take fig. 3, on page 4, as your model, but instead of the two flounces on the skirt put one flounce only, and carry it up on each side of the front in a coquillé to the hips. Trim the bodice, as in the illustration, and sew jet cabochons on the sleeves. You might stud the plastron in the same way with jet cabochons if you object to the plain blue. The palest blush roses or tea roses would look well in the black lace bonnet. Send to London for patterns of the new laces; they are quite different from those you send.

COUNTRY VICARAGE.—1. Nothing would look so well for the front of your tea gown as a handsome ivory or magnolia white brocade. If you send to Messrs. S. Lewis & Co., Holborn, for patterns, you will probably find that they will be able to supply you with a suitable material at a reasonable price. It is quite worth while to have a good material. 2. Yes, for the lace; it will do admirably. The collar must be wired. 3. Not unless you have it of very good quality, handsomely trimmed and well drawn in at the waist, so as to fit the back well. Some of the three-quarter length capes made in this way are very stylish and ladylike, but a short cape would be quite unsuitable and unbecoming.

FORGET-ME-NOT.—As the greater part of the bodice and the sleeves are still in good condition it seems a pity not to make use of them. If you had a corselet of dark réséda velvet, like that of fig. 4, page 4, it would conceal all the worn parts of the bodice, and would not add to the warmth of the dress, as the arms and shoulders would be no more covered than they are at present. You could also cut the skirt in deep tabs piped with velvet, and turn the embroidered panel into a band under the tabs edging the foundation skirt.

MONDAINE.—1. For the yellow brocade dress take the Reception Toilette, page 3, as your model, and trim it with pleatings of white or of black crêpe lisse, or crêpe de Chine. The skirt must, of course, be trained, and the pleating need not be carried round the train, it can end under the coquillé. Low bodice with pleated crêpe berthe and basque; yellow sleeves to the wrist in plain coat shape, over-sleeves of crêpe full at the top and raised at the shoulder, but fitting the arm closely from elbow to wrist. A jewelled girdle at the waist. 2. The coloured fashion plate would give you a good idea for the pink broché dress; join the side breadths to the bodice, and conceal the seam in the draperies; make the pleatings and under-sleeves of blue crêpe, as in the illustration. The plastron may be of lace or of blue crêpe, and some of your old lace will come in well for the coquillé revers. 3. The black Spanish lace shawl will make a lovely train for a tea gown, put on in Watteau pleats at the edge of a square yoke of passementerie or embroidery, or of lace over silk. Vieux rose or pale green would either of them be a good colour.

MISS ELLEN T.—1. You could wear the skirt with a full bodice of the spotted net striped in front with three bands of gold passementerie, and the full unlined sleeves striped in the same way. Collar and wristbands of the passementerie and band from the side seams. 2. For blouse bodices, see the Dressmaking Lesson in this Number. Fig. 3 would do nicely for the zephyr dress, fig. 1, of which we give the Cut-out Paper Pattern, for the printed foulards, with the sleeves, as well as the plastron and basque, of embroidery.

To Amateur Dressmakers.—The Patent Shapely Skirt Association, 85, Cromwell Road, S.W., opposite Gloucester Road Station, supplies Foundation Skirts, complete, well made in latest Parisian style. Lining, 5s. 6d. Linen, Sateen, or Black Alpaca, 6s. 6d. Col. Alpaca or Poplin Cord, 7s. 6d. Silk, from 18s. 6d. Extra muslin stiffening, 6d. Carriage to Country, 6d. Send front length and size of waist.

Economical.—If the full lace basque does not suit your figure you can arrange it in a different way. Pleat it at the back and sides only, and then continue it to the point in front as a flat drapery, something like the basque of fig. 3, page 4, but with even less fulness, and ending level with the long point. Edge the skirt with a lace flounce, pleated up in fan pleats at regular intervals, and flat between the pleats.

Devonshire.—Some of the newest tea gowns have the open fronts falling in easy coquillé folds from the neck to the edge. The fronts are turned back at the top on each side to form the first fold and are lined with lace, the lace showing in the alternate folds, the edge of the lace showing all through just beyond the edge of the tea gown.

Robin.—If you want a really "perfect" dress for Henley you should have one of Moody & Barker's new Ceylon flannels, in pale blue and white, or blue and the palest tinge of beige. One of these flannels in wide stripes would make you a stylish and thoroughly hygienic dress, and the material is so handsome that you may have the dress made as simply as you like, it is sure to be admired.

MYRA'S ANSWERS ON NEEDLEWORK.

Penelope.—In answer to your request, and that of several others of our readers, we give this month a complete alphabet in cross-stitch. The letters may be worked with red marking cotton, flax thread, Duncan's Washing Silks, or ingrain cotton. To work them on damask or fine linen, we should suggest your tacking a piece of étamine on the material and working over this, as you will find it difficult and trying to the eyes to count the threads. Of course the étamine must be drawn out afterwards, thread by thread, and you must be careful not to pass your needle through the threads of the étamine. The loose texture of this material makes it as easy to work over as fine canvas, and the stitches are perfectly regular and even.

Two Sisters.—The newest easy kind of fancy work is Ivory work, which is used for table centres, chair backs, nightdress cases, etc., etc. It is worked with soft, thick ivory white cotton, or wool, on étamine, in a variety of stitches of easy and rapid execution; sometimes a little colour is introduced for outlining the designs. Wakeford Brothers, King's Rd., Chelsea, will send you specimens of the work and materials for it.

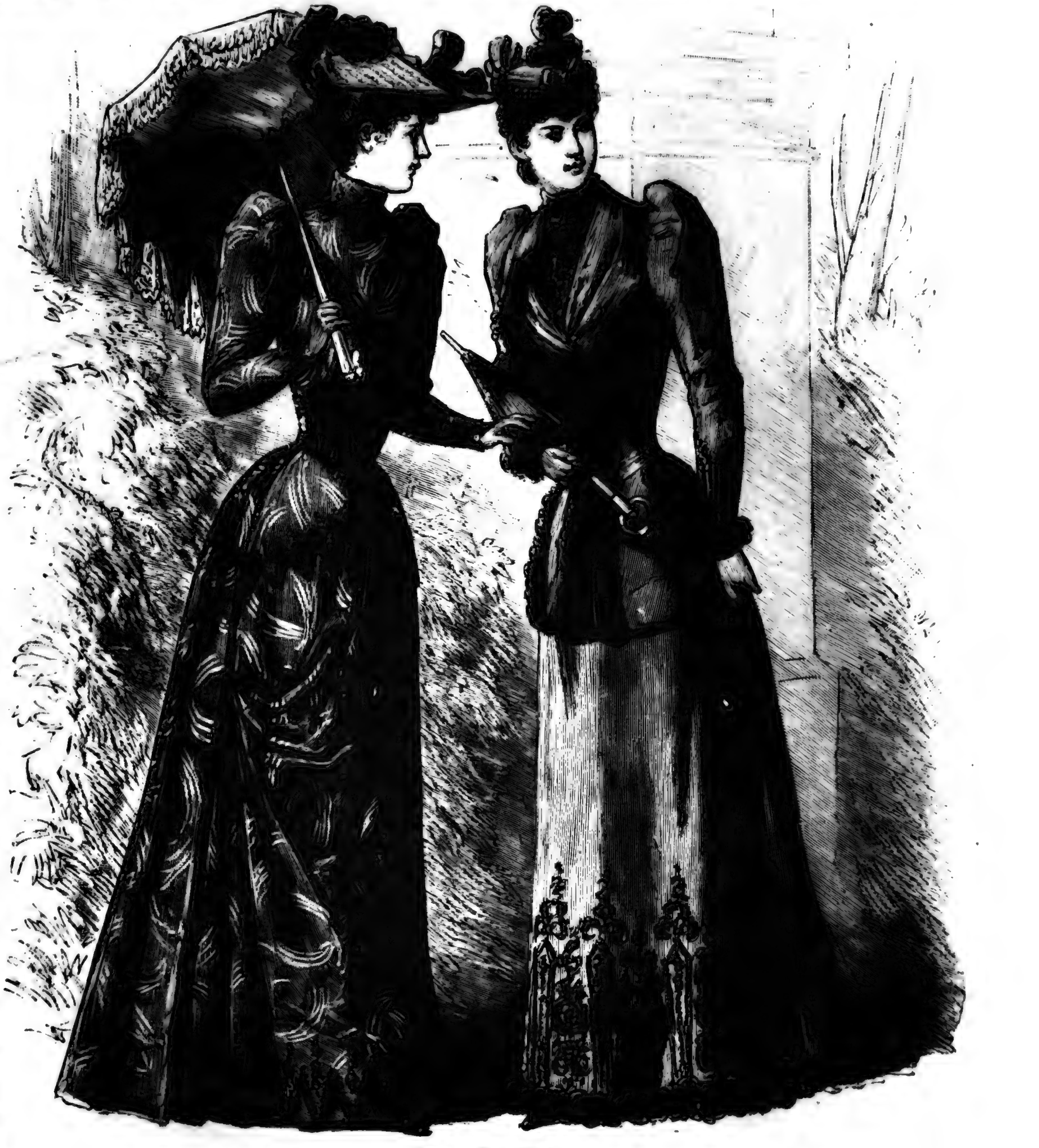
H. D.—1. The jewels or beads employed in gemmed embroideries are of all shapes, sizes and colours; they are extremely effective but should not be used too thickly, just wherever they seem most appropriate to the design. 2. Heavy white lace may be embroidered with gold or silver thread, with turquoise beads, or with jet in round, long, flat and raised beads and bugles. The black beads in different shapes are extremely effective on white lace.

MISCELLANEA.

A. B.—There are two weekly papers on hairdressing; one is the *Hairdressers' Chronicle*, published by R. Hovenden & Sons, 31 & 32, Berners Street, W., the other is the *Hairdressers' Weekly Journal*, published at 51, Frith Street, Soho, W. Buy a copy of each paper and see which will suit you best.

M. M. (York).—If your furs are of considerable value, it would be prudent to send them to a furrier to be taken care of for you until you want them again. If they are not of sufficient value for this, the simplest way of keeping them, as you object to pepper, camphor, and insect powders, is to shake and dust the furs well, and then fold them carefully and lay them in a box with strips of brown paper pasted over all the joins, so that neither air nor moths can penetrate into the box; of course there must be no holes. Paste strips of paper on the cover in the same way, lay a linen cloth over the furs, put the cover on the box, and then paste down the cover with wide strips of brown paper, taking care that the paper sticks to the box everywhere. Your furs will be perfectly safe packed in this way, and woollen articles may also be preserved from moth by the same simple means.

A New Subscriber.—The soap you are enquiring about is Lucas's Evictor Soap, which is specially intended for washing woollen articles without shrinking them. The way to use the soap is to make a lather of it in warm, not boiling, water, and to allow the clothes to soak in this for ten minutes. Then rinse them twice over in lukewarm water, wring carefully and dry quickly in the air or before the fire. A little good vinegar mixed with the second rinsing water will fix and brighten the colours.



Visiting Toilettes.

Fig. 1. Toilette of chocolate and white broché silk, the skirt edged with embroidered pointed scallops falling over an under-skirt to match; the right side of the front draped half way down. Pointed bodice with sheaf pleats front and back, the right front cut in a bias line over the plain left front. Added basques scalloped at the edge, and embroidery on the collar, sleeves, and right front. Hat of straw lace trimmed with velvet and feathers. Quantity of material required—16 yards.

Fig. 2. Dress of green woollen, the skirt trimmed with deep passementerie and black feather bordering. Corselet bodice with deep added basque cut in tabs. The corselet cut in points and trimmed with feather. Draped corsage open over a plastron and collar of passementerie; similar trimming on the sleeves. Black straw toque trimmed with jet, ribbon and feathers. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

Beautiful Figure Corsets.—Every Lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world.

PRIZE COMPETITION.

In awarding the prizes this month we find ourselves in an unusual difficulty; all the good specimens of work are sent in by recent prize winners, who should, according to our rules, be debarred from taking prizes again so soon, but unfortunately the remainder of the work is so very inferior, and so far below the average, that it would be unfair to the good workers to award the prizes to such indifferent performances, while it would at the same time lower the rather high standard of work which we endeavour to maintain in these competitions. We have decided therefore to put aside one of our rules for once, and to award the prizes according to the merit of the competitions, irrespective of the date when the last prize was taken. We must, however, warn the three prize winners that, having each of them already taken two prizes this year, they will not be entitled to take another before next January. At the same time we trust they will continue to send in competition work, as the more specimens we receive the better the competition and the greater the honour of carrying off the prizes to the successful competitors.

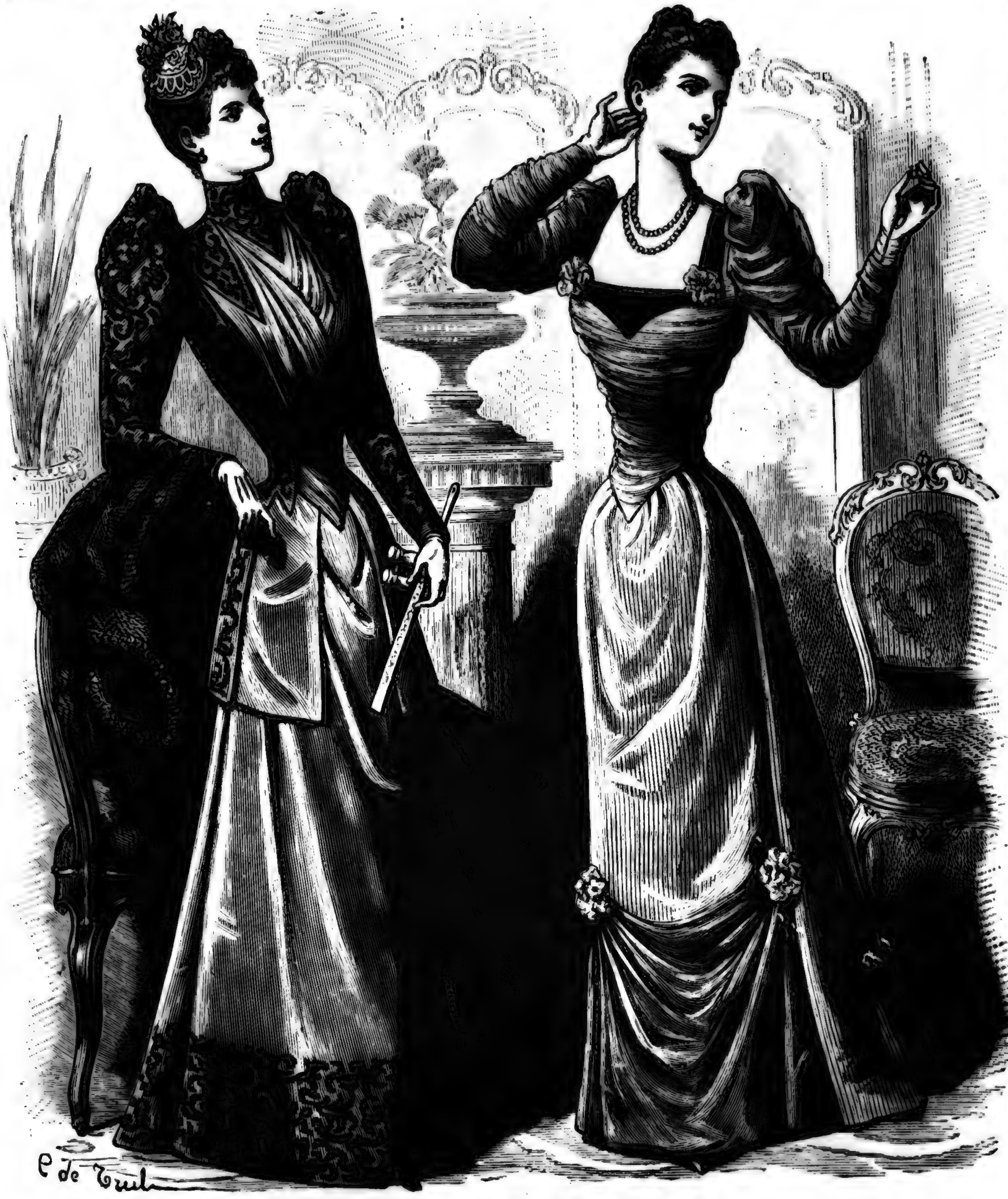
The winner of the first prize is Miss Attenbrow, of Reading, who has worked the footstool in shades of old blue silk outlined with silver on dark old blue cloth. The work is in high relief, and is beautifully executed in every respect; a few blue crystal beads and gems are introduced with excellent effect. Will Miss Attenbrow kindly send an addressed envelope for her prize, as we have failed to decipher the address.

Miss Dymond, 3, Forefield Place, Lyncombe Hill, Bath, takes the second prize; her work is extremely fine, and filled in with an immense variety of fancy stitches of wonderfully even and perfect execution. The material is green satin sheeting; the flower is worked in shades of grey blue silk; the foliage is outlined with shades of brown silk and gold thread, and filled in with fancy stitches in shades of brown and blue.

The third prize is awarded to Miss Ramsay, of Northbrook, Queen's Road, Richmond, Surrey, who has worked the design in shades of yellow wool outlined with dark brown on dark tan coloured canvas cloth. The flower is filled in entirely with knots.

The only other piece of work worth mentioning is that by Miss Sandbrook, of the Harrow Road, who has worked the flower in shades of violet silk and the foliage in light green silk on dark green cloth. The work is very much raised and is handsome and effective, although the execution is far from perfect.

A recent competitor and prize winner suggests that each piece of work sent in for competition should be accompanied by a full description of the work written by the worker, the description to be made use of in our reports of the competitions. We have already thanked our contributor for her very useful suggestion, and shall be very much pleased if other competitors will carry it out. The description should be full, and written on one side of the paper only.



Reception and Dinner Dresses.

Fig. 1. Skirt of silver grey satin, bordered with a deep band of appliqué embroidery, the front draped. Draped under-bodice of plain satin, with deep added basques; over-bodice of embroidered satin, cut in points, and also ending in deep basques. Embroidered sleeves, collar, and plastron; the whole of the back of bodice embroidered. Bonnet of gold and bead passementerie. Quantity of material required—16 yards.

Fig. 2. Toilette of Nile green striped mousseline de soie over bengaline to match. The skirt draped at the top and edged with a deep valance flounce, caught up with rosettes of mousseline. Pointed bodice of bengaline, draped with mousseline, and low square cut yoke of velvet with rosettes on each side. Long draped sleeves lined with bengaline. Quantity of material required—bengaline 12 yards, mousseline de soie 18 yards.

For Prices, etc., of Paper Models and Flat Patterns, see end of Descriptions.

OUR NEEDS.

There really is wanted a committee of abuses, bound to look after those minor sufferings we are called upon to endure, and worry till they get them remedied. We want, also, and attention has lately been drawn to the question, a nursery home for ladies, who would have to subscribe while in health, receiving a free home and medical attendance during sickness. At a provincial "Ladies' Residence" a good work is being done in employing girls from industrial schools, and thus training them for domestic service. In a nursing home this might be managed also, and expenses reduced. We are glad to hear that the Royal Infirmary of Edinburgh has made another step beyond prejudice, and completed arrangements for allowing clinical instruction in the wards to women students of medicine. Most hospitals—even those filled solely with female patients—are open only to male practitioners and students. At an Education Meeting in Shrewsbury, we may note, an interesting discussion took place as to the advisability of allowing women to teach classes of boys, or of boys and girls mixed. It was pointed out that the effect of this in America was undeniably good. There, however, the head of the school is always a man, and that is not a desirable feature to introduce here.

Myra's Answers on Health and Personal Attention.

Miss M. B.—Your complexion seems a little sallow and muddy. Try to get it whiter and clearer, by the persevering use of the Emulsine of Cucumber, prepared from the excellent formula of Dr. Anna Kingsford. You will find full particulars of it in Mr. Mason's advertisement at the end of this Journal. It is a most valuable cosmetic for this purpose, also for redness and roughness of the skin, produced by biting spring winds or glaring summer sun.

Robin.—Tincture or essence of benzoin is made from one part of the gum, with eight parts of strong spirit. It is much improved by the addition of one part of Panama bark. If desired fragrant Ess: Jockey Club should be used in place of spirit of wine.

Evelina.—With a skin so irritable and sensitive as yours appears to be, the safest soap to use is undoubtedly Vinolia; try this, and at the same time provide yourself with some Vinolia Cream, to be used whenever there is any soreness or special irritation.

Orie.—For checking falling off and for producing a vigorous growth, nothing surpasses Mason's Jaborandi Hair Tonic, which is admitted to be the most powerful restorer known. In addition to its valuable properties in promoting luxuriant growth, it undoubtedly retards approaching greyness. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, and he will send you a bottle by parcels post. One bottle will convince you of its value.

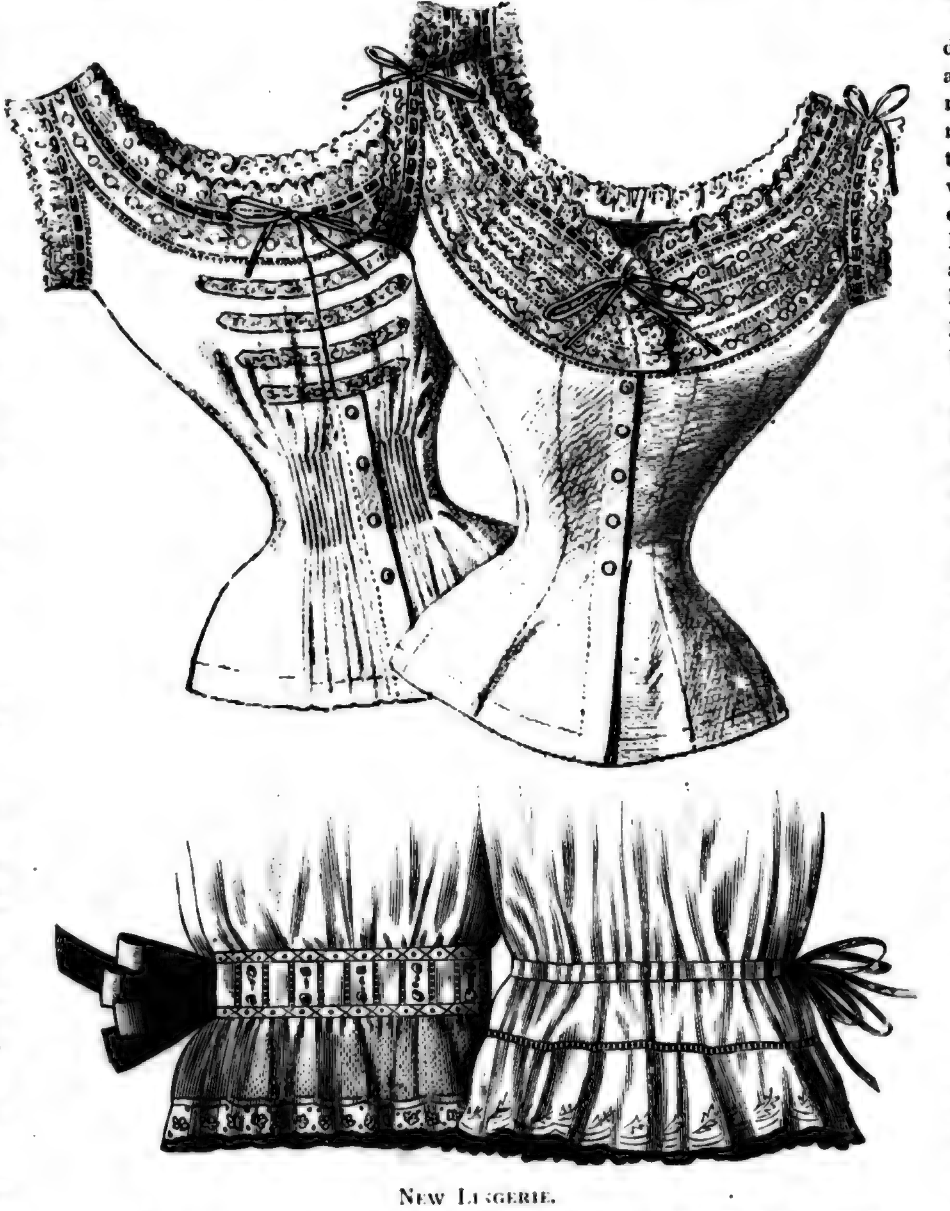
Mallow.—Make a thin paste of glycerine and powdered boracic acid, and rub this gently on the irritated surface night and morning. At the same time be careful that all pressure or friction from the boot is avoided for a time.

Mouse.—You keep your hair much too dry, and are starving it besides. You should use Rowland's Macassar Oil, at first every day, and then after a time about three times a week. Rub a little of the oil into the roots of the hair at night, and then brush it well.

Bruxelloise.—1. These little red veins in the skin are very difficult to get rid of, especially if of long standing. The free use of some good emollient is perhaps best. See the answer to "Miss M. B." 2. Never pull out the grey hairs; it is an utterly mistaken policy to do so, as it tends to multiply their number. Try a tonic to induce a more free secretion of the natural colouring pigment. See particulars of Jaborandi Hair Tonic in Mr. Mason's advertisement in this Journal. Your other question is answered elsewhere.

Sefton.—One part each of charcoal, orris root, areca nut, and white castile soap; four parts of prepared chalk. All to be in fine powder. Mix by passing thrice through a fine sieve.

Frances.—A course of sulphur would have a good effect in clearing your muddy complexion; take it in the usual form, or in that of tablets, which is in many ways to be preferred.



New Lingerie.

Fig. 1. Low petticoat bodice of cambric tucked at the waist. Trimming of lace.

Fig. 2. Low petticoat bodice, with yoke of lace or embroidery. The cut-out paper pattern is given with this number.

Figs. 3 and 4. New styles of trimming for drawers, in embroidery and ribbon.

Gleam.—Possibly a change of health has caused your bright hair to get dull, though it often does so without any apparent cause. You can safely get back the golden tints, and, indeed, give them to almost any hair by the use of Peroxide of Hydrogen. This fluid, if free from impurities and properly prepared, is quite safe for use to the hair, and, we believe, actually improves its health and condition if not used in excess. It gives, by simply oxidising the colouring matter of the hair, lighter, brighter, and more golden and bronzy shades to it. That supplied by Mr. Mason is the best and purest. You will find full particulars in his advertisement.

Chopstick.—Plenty of eggs, butter, and milk; as much fresh fruit of any kind in season as possible; puddings, porridge, and a farinaceous diet generally would be indicated in your case. Avoid much meat, pickles, condiments, and rich made dishes.

Marg. M.—1. Discontinue the use of the lotion and apply nothing but Vinolia Powder. 2. Try whether a glass of milk at night will not induce sleep; it has that effect sometimes, and at any rate it cannot injure you.

Louise.—We are glad you enclosed sample of hair, as it saves much trouble. As your hair is very nearly black, we advise you to use Mason's Garrison Hair Dye, which is the best with which we are acquainted. It is very cleanly and easy to apply, as it is in only one solution; above all, it is very permanent. For price see P. H. Mason's advertisement.

A New Reader.—Perhaps you would find more benefit from some other hair tonic than the one you are now using. A correspondent in Torquay speaks very highly of the benefit she has derived from the Torquay Spirit of Sweet Bay, distilled from the fresh leaves, and sold in bottles at 2s. 6d. each, by Messrs. Horton & Co., Torbay Pharmacy, Torquay. Our correspondent says: "My hair has been falling off, more or less, for years, but during a visit to Torquay I procured a bottle of the tonic, and quickly found that it was the best hair lotion I had ever tried. After using one bottle my hair entirely ceased falling." The lotion may have an equally good effect in your case, and is worth trying.

Iris.—In Mason's Cream of Stephanotis we have a delightful lotion for protecting the complexion from ill effects of exposure to sun and wind. We can strongly recommend it, as we know it to be compounded with perfectly pure and carefully selected ingredients. It is beautifully perfumed, and its use is most refreshing. Send postal order for 3s. 6d. to P. H. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, and you will receive by parcels post a bottle which will last you a long time, as only a very small quantity should be applied.

Daisy.—1. Redness of the nose may arise from tight lacing, from indigestion, or from other causes. It really seems as if in your case the tea were at the root of the evil, and the common sense treatment would be to give up tea for a time and drink milk instead. 2. As a local remedy, bathe the nose with warm water in which you have put a few drops of eau de Cologne, and then apply Rowland's Kalydor, which will have a cooling and soothing effect. Powder may also be used.

Mrs. B. R.—No, the broad busk is a mistake for stout figures, although that is not the general idea. Try a good corset with narrow busk; you will find it a decided improvement.

Mrs. S. G.—Remember that a slight down on the upper lip is often less apparent to others than the owner of it may think. If the superfluous hairs are not very noticeable, let them alone. If they are a disfigurement, they should, without delay, be removed by a good depilatory. That made by Mr. Mason, Bank Plain, Norwich, is the best we know, as it always does its work, is quite harmless, and very economical. He will send you a supply free by post on receipt of postal order for 2s.

Patricia.—It is only when children are quite young that the growth of the eyelashes is affected by clipping them. We do not advise you to try the experiment with your own eyebrows and eyelashes.

Mrs. V.—You will find a capital lotion for the hair in the Extrait Capillaire des Bénédictins du Mont Majella, which you can obtain, post free, for 6 fr. 85 c. from M. Senet, 35, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. It strengthens the hair and promotes its growth, and will prevent it from falling and also from turning grey.

Mavis.—Freckles are often very obstinate, and difficult to get rid of entirely. The best preparation which we know of for the purpose is the New Freckle Cure, which is a combination of a favourite prescription of Sir Erasmus Wilson's, with the actual fatty substance of the skin and hair, which has been recently isolated in a state of absolute purity from sheep's wool. This enables the remedy to penetrate much more thoroughly into the skin, in the centre layer of which the freckles lie. The Cure is in two preparations, a cream to be applied at night and a lotion in the morning. It is prepared by Mr. Mason, Pharmaceutical Chemist, Norwich, who sends it post free, to any address, for 4s. 6d.

H. R.—A little Peruvian bark added to the dentifrice you use would modify the foul breath. You could make an excellent tooth paste for your own use as follows:—Finest Vanilla, 1 drachm; cloves, $\frac{1}{2}$ drachm; lump sugar and cuttle fish bone, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. of each; white marble dust, 1 oz.; Peruvian bark, $1\frac{1}{2}$ drachms, in very fine powder; mix these all together, and then beat them into a paste with 2 ozs. of syrup of saffron. This will keep your teeth white and deodorize the breath.

Cynisca.—For chestnut hair you should use Mason's Extract of Walnut and Nutgalls, which will stain the grey hairs to just that shade.

No Toilet Preparation is more subject to fraudulent imitation than the Veritable Eau de Ninon, of the Parfumerie Ninon, 31, Rue du Quatre Septembre, Paris. This exquisite Lotion, which effaces wrinkles and restores whiteness to the skin and bloom to the complexion, is sent post-free on receipt of a Post Office Order for 6 francs, or 10 francs, according to the size of the bottle, and 50 centimes extra for postage.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ENGRAVINGS,

Giving Details of the Latest Styles, Colours, and Materials.

Reception Toilette. Page 3.

Dress of dull blue bengaline, the skirt bordered with a pleated flounce of black crêpe. On the right side a double coquillé of pleated crêpe forming a panel. Pleated basque of crêpe joined to the corsage under a Sarah Bernhardt band of jet cabochons; invisible fastening on the left side. Folded collar of crêpe fastened with a rosette of black ribbon and pleated collarette. Very long draped sleeves. Quantity of material required—bengaline 14 yards, crêpe 14 yards.

Promenade Costumes. Page 12.

Fig. 1. Costume of mercury grey woollen trimmed with steel galon; cuffs of black velvet. Silk foundation skirt; the woollen skirt plain at the back but mounted in wide box-pleats in front and at the sides, and trimmed with three rows of steel braid. Bodice with coat basques cut with the back and side pieces of back. The front cut in a single piece, draped at the waist and on the shoulders and fastened under the left arm. Three rows of braid cross the bodice diagonally and simulate the top of a corselet. The lining is fastened in the centre, and fitted by pleats. Medici collar lined with velvet. Long sleeve raised and draped at the shoulder and trimmed with steel galon above the velvet cuff. Leghorn straw hat trimmed with grey velvet and violets. Quantity of material required—8 yards.

Fig. 2. Toilette of sand coloured bengaline ornamented with embroidery in ostrich coloured silk representing Louis XVI. bows. The skirt slightly trained and embroidered on the tablier and round the edge in front. Jacket bodice, the basques cut with the bodice at the back. The fronts open and pointed and finished off with a deep added basque. Pointed waistcoat of ostrich coloured velvet joined to the jacket at the shoulder and under arm seams on one side, and fastened under the jacket front on the other side; the lining fastened in the centre; velvet collar joined to the waistcoat; turned-down collar of bengaline ending in revers. Gigot sleeves raised at the shoulder; embroidery on the sleeves and on the jacket fronts. Black chip hat trimmed with roses. Quantity of material required—bengaline 16 yards.

New Hats and Bonnets. Page 13.

Fig. 1. Toque of black tulle, with electric frosting; in front, a butterfly covered with electric blue spangles; strings of black ribbon velvet.

Fig. 2. Capeline of fine grey straw, the brim turned up round the back, and ornamented with jet cabochons. A plume of black feathers in front, and a bow of yellow ribbon velvet and cream and yellow bird at the back.

Fig. 3. Toque formed of two bands with an open space between; the bands are covered with twisted strings of gold beads, and veiled with gold spangled black tulle; in front, a puff of the tulle, with gold beads massed in the centre. A spray of black and yellow flowers at the back.

Fig. 4. Capote of gold embroidery and jewels, with brim and Tom-Thumb crown of black ostrich feather. A pleating of black lace rising from the back and forming an open brim in front, at the back a maize-coloured aigrette, spangled with gold.

Fig. 5. Wide brimmed hat of black chip, the brim waved all round. Trimming of black feathers and aigrette to match. White roses on the crown.

Fig. 6. Crown of fancy straw mixed with gold. The brim of spangled tulle, with sprays of black and yellow mimosa, and a black fancy aigrette in front. Strings of black ribbon velvet starting from under a bow at the back.

Summer Walking Dresses. Page 16.

Fig. 1. Skirt and plastron of broché silk. Princess polonaise of bengaline, the right front crossing to the left hip, the skirt draped under a passementerie ornament on the right hip and falling in a shawl point in front. The princess back of bengaline. Trimming of chenille fringe on the fronts and edging the tunic. Coat sleeves with cuffs of broché. Toque of crêpe de Chine with flowers in front and feathers at the back. Quantity of material required—bengaline 16 yards.

Towle's Pennyroyal and Steel Pills for Females quickly correct all irregularities, remove all obstructions, and relieve the distressing symptoms so prevalent with the sex. Boxes, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. of all chemists. Sent anywhere on receipt of 15 or 34 stamps by the Maker, E. T. Towle, Chemist, Nottingham.

TO INVENTORS.—If you have an idea for a Patent, write to the Patent Editor, Patent Department, 38, Chancery Lane, London, who will supply full particulars and advice free.

Fig. 2. Lace hat with full crown and pleated brim. Pleated bow of lace in front and white feathers at the back. Twist of green velvet round the crown and narrow strings to match.

Fig. 3. Dress of grey bengaline, the front trimmed with a series of pointed bands of steel and jet galon edged with bead fringe to match. Corsage of bengaline with deep basque, the right front crossed over to the left, draped at the waist and fastened with a large steel buckle. Trimming of galon on the collar, plastron, and sleeves. Straw hat lined with velvet and trimmed with ribbon and flowers. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fig. 4. Capote of écru lace, trimmed with brown velvet and pink roses.

Fig. 5. Draped tunic of mastic woollen, caught up on the left side with a passementerie ornament. Panel of similar cloth, with blue velvet appliqué and gold embroidery. The back of dark blue cloth. Corsage of blue cloth, open over an embroidered waistcoat; the basques divided, the sides longer than the front. Embroidered sleeves. Small plastron with revers, collar and fringed epaulets of blue velvet. Pale beige straw hat, trimmed with lace and roses. Parasol of chiffon. Quantity of material required—mastic 3 yds., blue 6 yds.

Fig. 6. Pleated skirt of pale heliotrope cloth with a narrow panel of darker velvet down the centre of front, and fan pleats of velvet let in between the pleats of the skirt. Bodice of woollen with pointed waistcoat and added basques of velvet; buttons on each side of the open fronts. Woollen sleeves with small cuffs and draped epaulets of velvet. Black lace capote trimmed with flowers and velvet. Quantity of material required—woollen 6 yards, velvet 4½ yards.

Dinner and Evening Dresses. Page 25.

Fig. 1. Skirt of Ophelia silk, narrow draped tablier bordered with deep silk and silver fringe. Pleats of silk dividing the tablier from side panels of violet velvet embroidered with silver. The sides of silk, the centre of the train of velvet. Pointed corsage with small draped paniers ending under the train. Revers of velvet edged with embroidery and gathered on the shoulders. Plastron of silk embroidered with silver. Elbow sleeves with sabots of embroidered velvet. Quantity of material required—silk 16 yards, velvet 9 yards.

Fig. 2. Tea jacket of pleated silk, the edge of the basque turned up and draped at the back. Full plastron and puffed sleeves of chiffon. Ribbon ornaments.

Fig. 3. Tea gown of grey bengaline fastened on the chest with a few small pleats. Plain sleeves of bengaline trimmed with jewelled galon. Pleated front of pale rose pink chiffon and draped over-sleeves of the same. Lace Medici collar. Jewelled girdle, and clasps on the chest and fastening the draped sleeves on the shoulder. Quantity of material required—bengaline 16 yards.

Fig. 4. Young lady's evening toilette of Nile green crépon, the corsage of silk with gold passementerie corselet; draped berthe and sleeves of crépon.

Fig. 5. Evening dress of white silk, embroidered with silver and white crystal beads; the edge of the skirt in front embroidered in a larger pattern and edged with silver fringe. The low corsage draped with white mousseline de soie; pleated epaulets of the same in place of sleeves. Quantity of material required—18 yards.

Fashionable Capotes. Page 40.

Fig. 1. Capote of black chip with fluted fan-shaped brim; a wreath of lilac under the brim resting on the hair. Bows and strings of green velvet, and sprays of lilac fastened in at the back.

Fig. 2. Toque of shaded Parma violets mixed with light foliage. Bow of dark violet velvet at the back.

DESCRIPTIONS OF THE NEEDLEWORK DESIGNS.

No. 1. Alphabet in Cross-stitch.—For marking table, bed, or house linen with ingrain or marking cotton, or coloured washing silks.

No. 2. Square in Guipure d'Art.—Suitable for d'oyleys, pincushion tops, or other purposes. The stitches employed are linen-stitch, darning-stitch, and point d'esprit.

Beautiful Figure Corsets.—Every Lady should see illustrations of "IDEAL" and "SYLPH," on last page, next cover; most wonderful Corsets in the world.

No. 3. Border and Corner in Guipure d'Art.—The border is in the form of an insertion, and is worked in linen-stitch, darning-stitch, and point d'esprit.

No. 4. Design for Candle-shade. The figure is worked on white gauze with coloured silks in natural colours. Point lancé is the only stitch used.

No. 5. Design for Lamp-shade. The flowers are worked in point lancé with silks in the natural colours; the butterfly is in grey, red, and gold colour. The scalloped edge is worked in button hole-stitch with silk. For the method of mounting and finishing the shades see the article on "Lamp and Candle-shades."

DESCRIPTION OF THE COLOURED FASHION PLATE.

Princess dinner dress of broché silk; the corsage open over a low plastron of lace drawn in with ribbon; the side panels draped in paniers at the top, and open in front and at the side over pleatings of pink crêpe de Chine. Trained princess back. Elbow sleeves of broché open over pleated under-sleeves of pink crêpe. Lace trimming round the V at the back, ending in coquillés that meet at the waist under a clasp.

DESCRIPTION OF THE CUT-OUT PAPER PATTERNS.

No. 1. Bodice for Washing Dress.

The bodice is illustrated at fig. 1 in the Lesson in Dressmaking, the Diagram of the Paper Pattern at fig. 5 on the same page. The pattern consists of seven pieces; Nos. 2, 3, and 4 of the diagram form the lining of the bodice, with slight points back and front and a single side piece. The pricked line in the patterns, Nos. 2 and 4, show how far the embroidery must extend under the draped bodice. No. 1 is the full front, No. 5 the full back. Both of these are cut without a seam in the centre, gathered at the waist, and gathered at the dotted line at the shoulder, leaving a ruched heading of the folded material. The fastening is down the left side; the dotted line in the collar shows the centre of the front, the collar fastening like the bodice on the left side. The full back covers the lining of the back and side piece, as indicated by the corresponding letters. The sleeve is raised a little at the shoulder. The basque is a flounce of embroidery, plain in front and mounted with gathers at the back.

No. 2. Low Petticoat Bodice.

The pattern consists of three pieces—the front with two breast pleats, the side piece, and the back. The front is cut at the top in a prettily curved line, and is trimmed as far as the pricked line with bands of lace or embroidery insertion following the line of the curve at the top; the upper band forms the shoulder, and is continued round the back. The lower bands end at the armhole. There are no sleeves; the neck and armholes are finished off with lace or embroidery edging. The bodice is illustrated at fig. 2 on page 32.

DESCRIPTION OF OUR ARTIST'S SKETCHES.

Fig. 1. Watteau toilette of shot copper and blue silk, veiled with black lace. Watteau train of black lace hung from the shoulders. The sleeves, of silk and lace like the dress, are trimmed with flounces of lace. Lace capote studded with jewels, trimmed with ruby velvet.

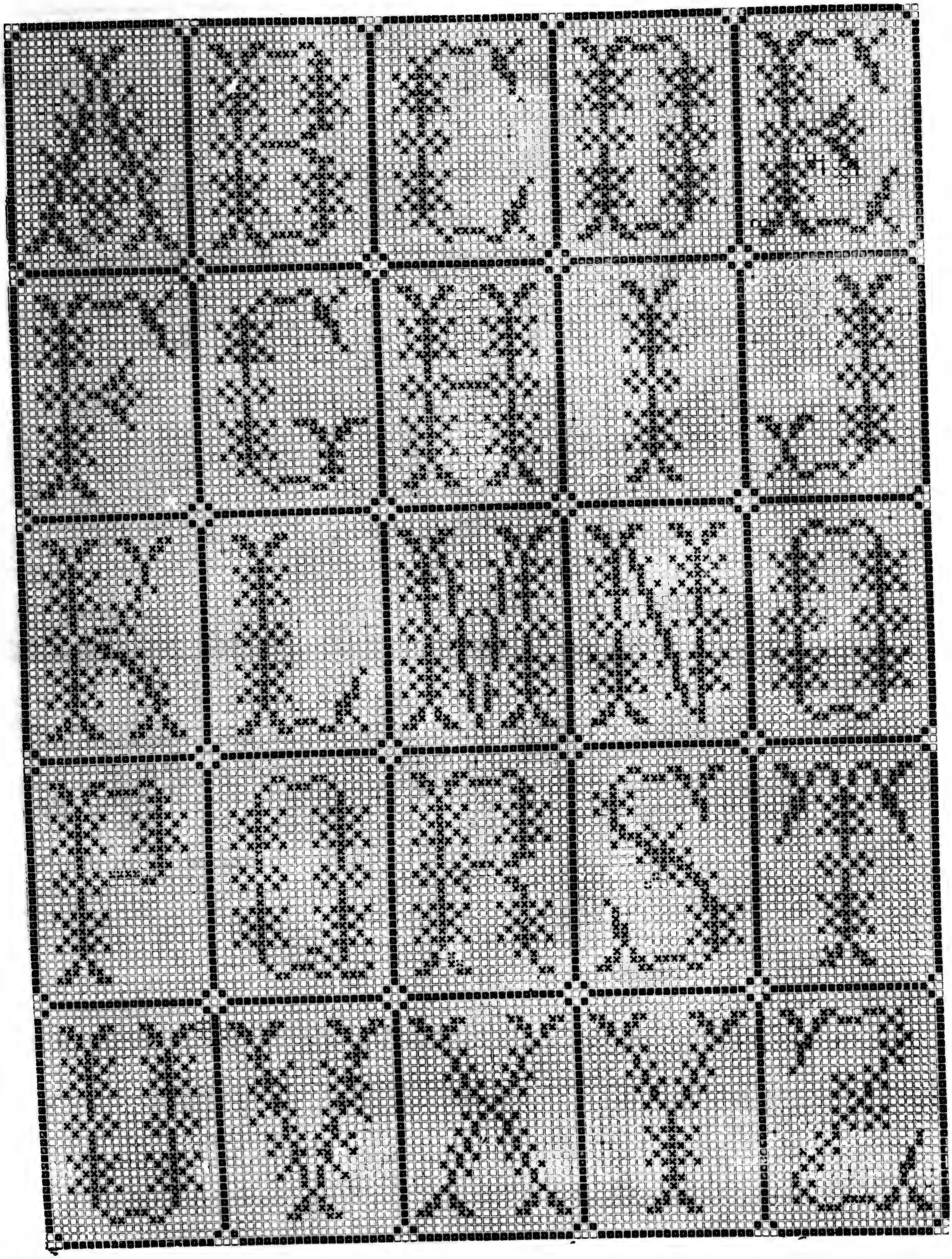
Fig. 2. Bride's mother. Skirt of leather silk, trimmed with Chantilly lace, which falls down the front and festoons the edge. The silk is embroidered with silk and jewels. Corsage with added basques, crossed fichu and sleeves of lace. The sleeves are lined with silk. The silk of the corsage is handsomely embroidered. Capote with jewelled diadem, trimmed with a bird of paradise. Strings of bronze velvet.

Fig. 3. Bridal dress of white satin embroidered in garlands with white silk. The train is plain. The skirt is embroidered and edged with a ruche of chiffon. The front is of princess cut. Fichu of chiffon edged with lace. Tulle veil.

Fig. 4. Toilette of shot iris and green silk, trimmed with black velvet, embroidered with silver and jewels.

To the Fair Sex.—Ladies' Hair Combings forwarded by post, thoroughly disentangled by New Process, made up and returned in three days, for 2s. per oz. Tails of Pure Long Hair, 10s. 6d., suitable for New Style.—T. S. Brown, Ladies' Hair Merchant, 3, Leece Street, Liverpool.

NOVELTIES + IN + NEEDLEWORK.



No. 1. Alphabet in Cross stitch.

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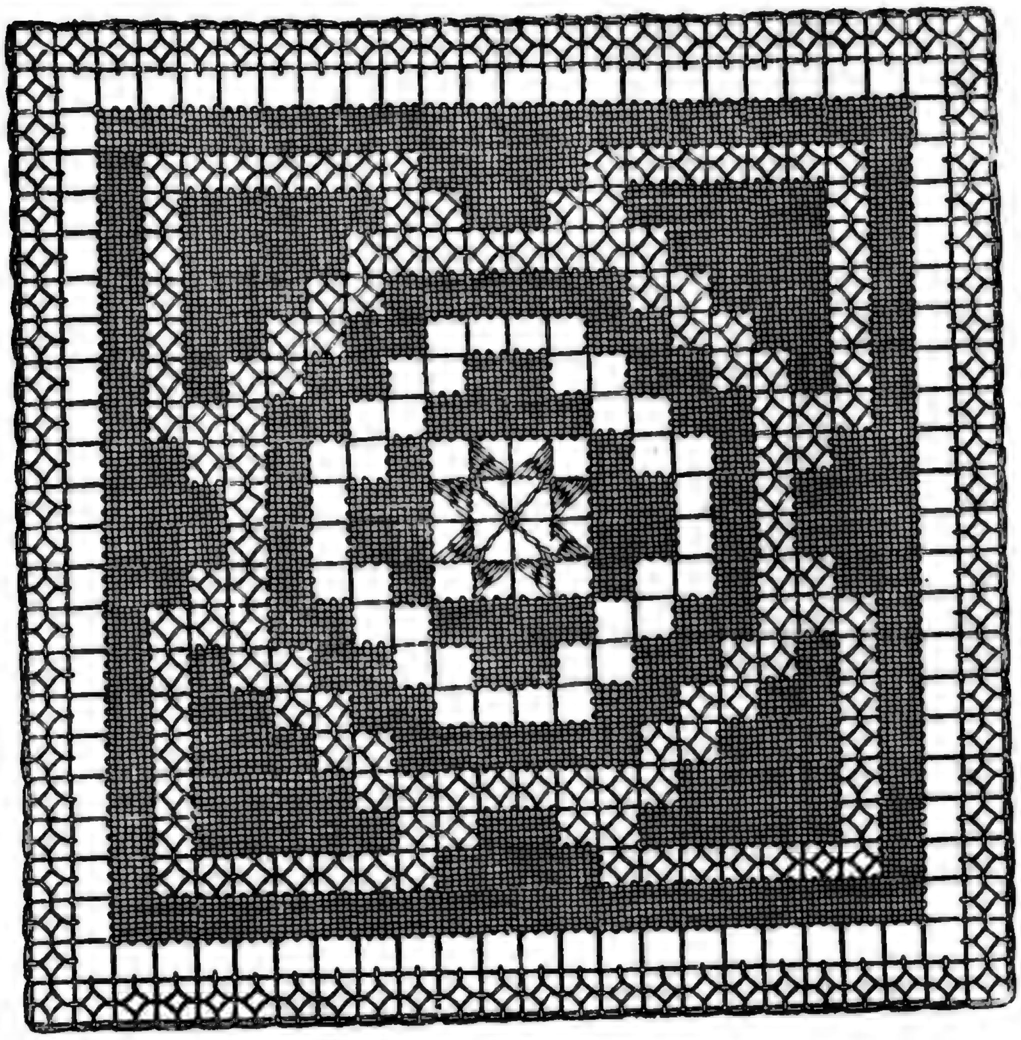
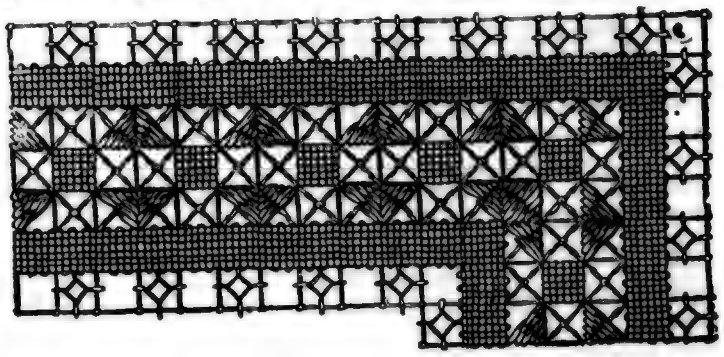
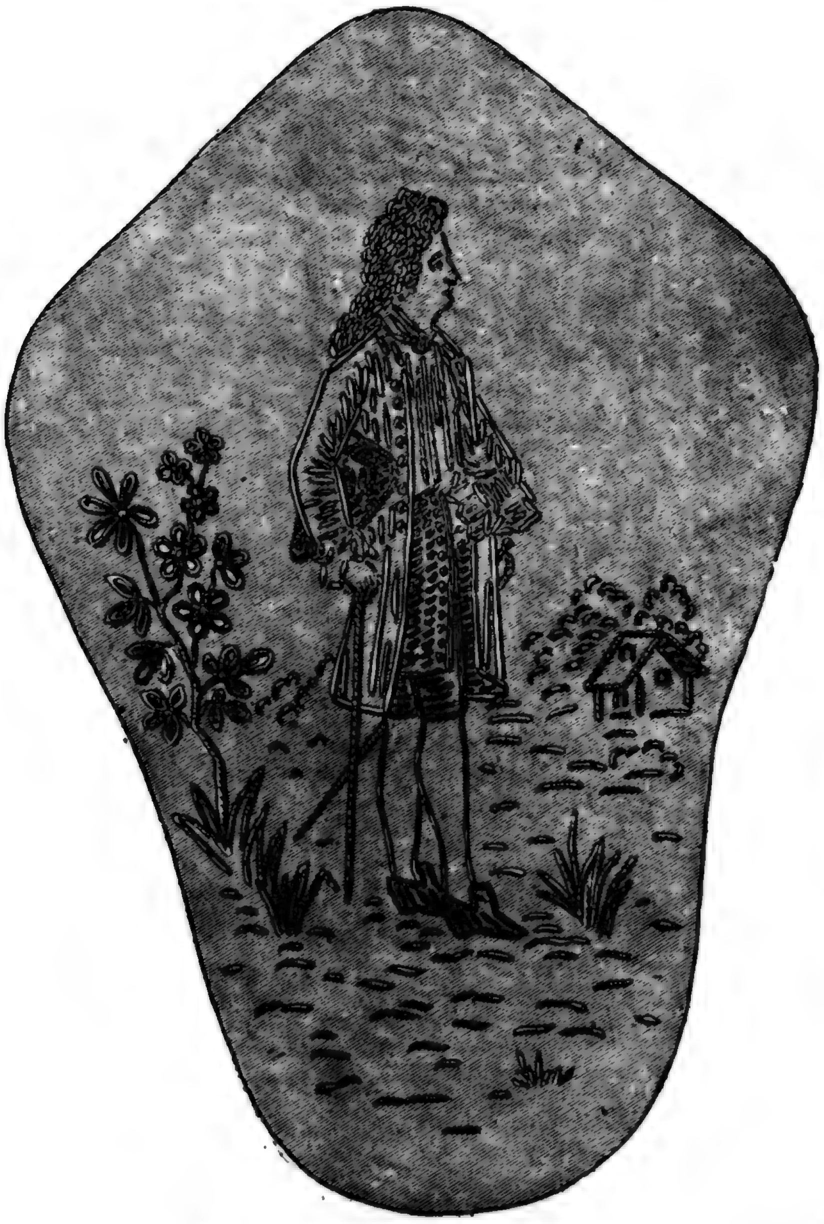


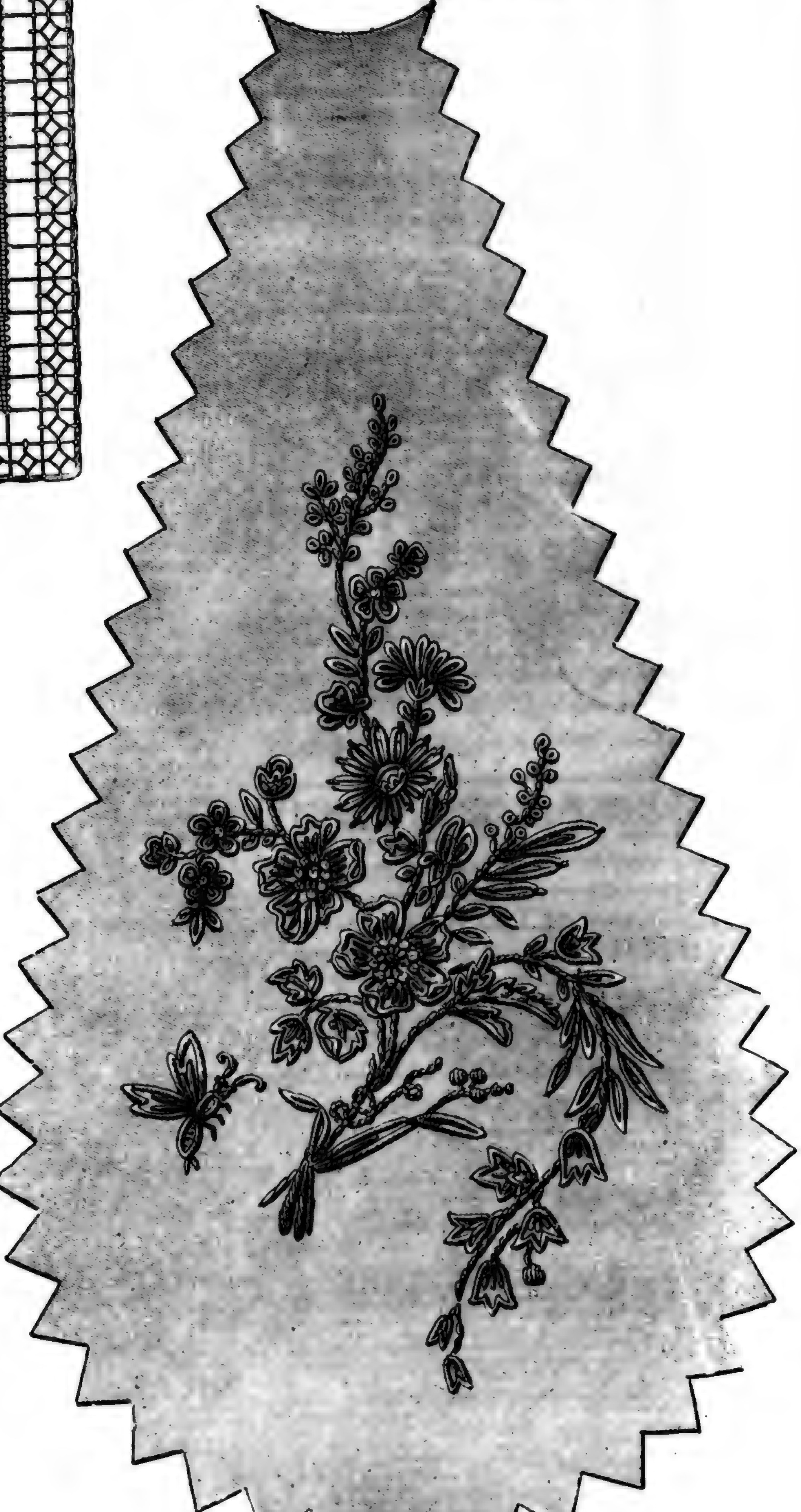
No. 2. Square in Guipure d'Art.



No. 3. Border in Guipure d'Art.



No. 4. Design for Candle-shade.



No. 5. Design for Lamp-shade.

kind of Crochet and Knitting Cotton, Embroidery and Maltese Thread.

The skirt is edged with a wide velvet band embroidered at the edge. Princess polonaise with open draped fronts. Waistcoat of silk with velvet belt. Embroidered collar to the polonaise; velvet collar to the waistcoat. Toque of crépon with velvet brim.

Fig. 5. Skirt, slightly draped on the hips, and underbodice of "young shoot" green bengaline. Redingote of maize cloth richly embroidered all over with black passementerie. Hat of black lace, trimmed with green ribbon and roses.

Fig. 6. The Marie-Amélie dress for a girl of six, a bridesmaid. It is a long full skirt of pale pink bengaline trimmed with black lace. Short waisted bodice of bengaline with black velvet belt and rosette. Collar of white guipure. Full sleeve with velvet parement. Bonnet of pink faille.

Fig. 7. Skirt of gold silk, embroidered in black, the edge festooned with black crêpe lace. The train is veiled with black tulle embroidered with lovers' knots in black velvet. The silk corsage is veiled with the embroidered tulle. Paniers of the tulle. Silk plastron embroidered in black. Medici collar of embroidered tulle. Capote of ivory crape, with gauze butterfly and wreath of flowers.

Fig. 8. Draped skirt of French blue bengaline, the edge trimmed with black velvet. Velvet jacket opening diagonally over a blue plastron in one with the skirt. Blue sleeves and collar. Capote without crown of blue velvet, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 9. Girl of eight. Full skirt of buff cashmere trimmed with black velvet bands. Full corsage, the yoke striped with velvet. Buff silk belt. Full sleeves puffed by velvet bands. Large hat of black lace.

Fig. 10. Elegant princess dress, buttoning diagonally and on the left, made of vert-de-gris silk. Paniers of white faille. Sleeves of white faille embroidered with Louis XVI. bows in green velvet. Buttoned green silk collar. Toque of black horse-hair with floral coronet.

Fig. 11. Princess dress of blue bengaline. The front shows a draped skirt and jacket fronts in shot wool and blue silk. Revers of blue bengaline. Silver buttons. Skirt and collar of white muslin. Black horse-hair toque, trimmed with flowers and feathers.

Fig. 12. Skirt of peau de soie, edged with bands of gold braid. Long casaque with pleat in front embroidered all round with gold braid. Rich yoke back and front of gold and jewelled passementerie. Embroidered parements and collar. Hat of white lace straw, trimmed with feathers and ruby velvet.

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MEASUREMENTS REQUIRED.

.........Size of Waist.
.........Bust under Arms.
.........Size round Shoulders.
........Size across Chest.
........Size across Back.
........Length of Back.
........Length of Neck to Waist.
.........Length of Shoulder.
.........Length of Arm, Shoulderto Elbow.
.........Elbow to Wrist.
.........Length inside Arm.
.........Size of Neck.
.........Size round Hips.
.........Length under Arm.

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Place the Paper Pattern on the lining, and then run the Wheel along the edge of the Pattern you wish to transfer. The teeth of the Wheel prick through into the lining and form a perfect tracing. Turning must be allowed for according to the character of the material beyond the tracing; Silks, Velvets, Cottons and Firm Cloths requiring about half an inch; and Serges, Woollens, and loosely woven materials, about an inch.

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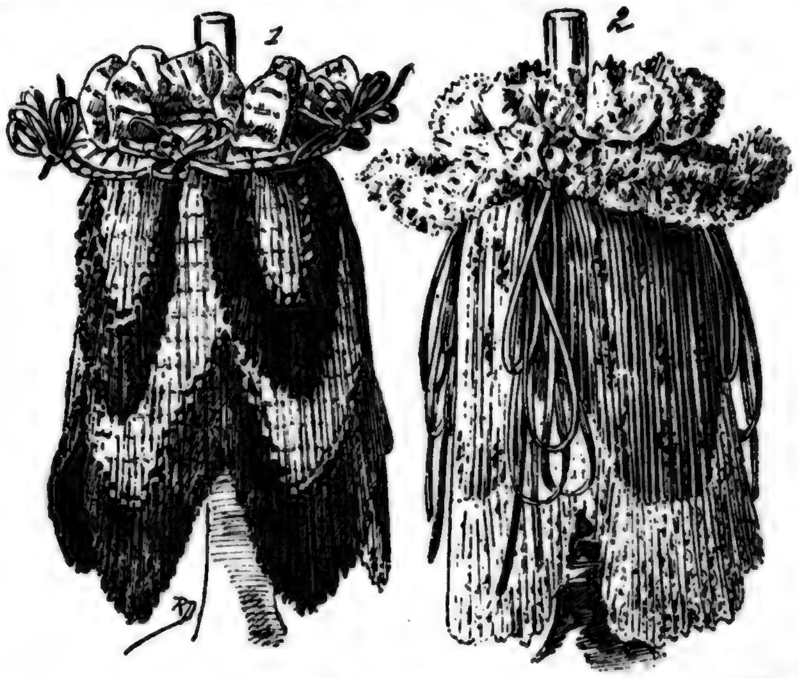
MUSIC REVIEWS.

Music received from Charles Woolhouse, 81, Regent Street, W.: *Cupid's Mission*, song (words and music) by Nilmah. There is nothing original or specially melodious in this simple little ballad, but it is pretty, and offers no difficulty to either singer or accompanyist. *The Garden of Roses*, by Alex. S. Beaumont. This pleasing, melodious ballad for a tenor voice obtained great success when Mr. Sims Reeves sang it at his farewell concert at Birmingham. It gives opportunities to a singer of taste. The compass is not difficult if the high notes be replaced by the lower substitutes provided for more moderate voices. Everybody is not a Sims Reeves; every tenor cannot reach a pure A in his chest-register. The high A at the end is most effective when it can be taken well. *Dreams of Spring*, by Gustav Ernst, the words (after the German) by Charles Karlyle. The words are graceful, and the music fits the words well; the smooth and flowing accompaniment contributes to the graceful, dreamy nature of the song. The compass is for a mezzo-soprano voice. *Prayer*—a lyrical legend, by J. E. D'Aulby, with *ad lib.* organ obligato. The song is entirely ecclesiastical in character, and is, therefore, benefited by the organ obligato. There is nothing special about the song, which is like many of its class; it recalls Sullivan's *Lost Chord* in many places. *Serenade*, verses by Longfellow, set to music by Harwood Vaughan. That well-known serenade of the poet's, *She Sleeps! My Lady Sleeps!* has been very attractively set by Mr. Vaughan, and the result is a very effective and graceful song; the compass is easy, and is eminently suited to a baritone voice. "*Afternoon in February*," words by Longfellow, music by J. Jacques Haakman. This song is declamatory in character, and partakes of the nature of recitative. It is novel and striking, and has been written with considerable skill as to effect with slight means. *To Meacra; If thou art Sleeping, Maiden; Good Night, Beloved; All are Sleeping, Weary Heart; I Fear thy Kisses, Gentle Maiden*, are five songs, by W. Noel Johnson. The four last are published together. The composer starts with the merit of selecting beautiful words from the best poets, Longfellow, Shelley, and George Buchanan (not the living Buchanan, but an old poet of the sixteenth century). The music is worthy of the themes, being far above the usual ballad style of composition. The songs show the educated musician. The shorter ones are very tasteful and high-class bits of writing. *Serenade*, for violoncello and pianoforte, by W. Noel Johnson, is a short but effective piece. The accompaniment to the piano is very simple, but the 'cello part is more elaborate; it is by no means difficult, but it is showy and makes its effect. By the same composer is a delicate and graceful *Nocturne*, for violoncello and pianoforte; also a bright and effective *Caprice* (which demands clear and good execution) for the same two instruments. *Pensée* is an étude for the pianoforte, by Herbert F. Sharpe. This is a study which is by no means easy to play; it demands (and assists in acquiring) considerable technical ability in the matter of sixths and broken chords. *Gigue*, for the pianoforte, by Julius Arscott, is a well written and effective piece.

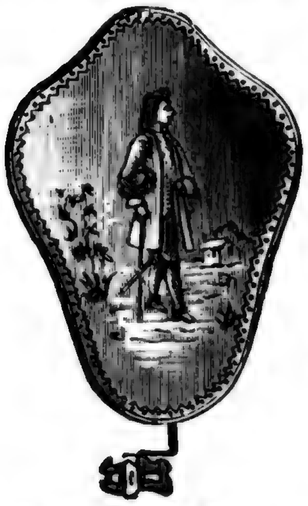
⇝ Lamp ✳ and ✳ Candle ✳ Shades. ⇜

THERE are almost as many fashions and coquetries in lamp and candle shades as there are in women's dress; any dainty fabric employed for the one is immediately discovered to be equally serviceable for the other, until some of the prettiest shades remind one of a ball toilette, or a new shade may even give an idea for trimming an evening dress.



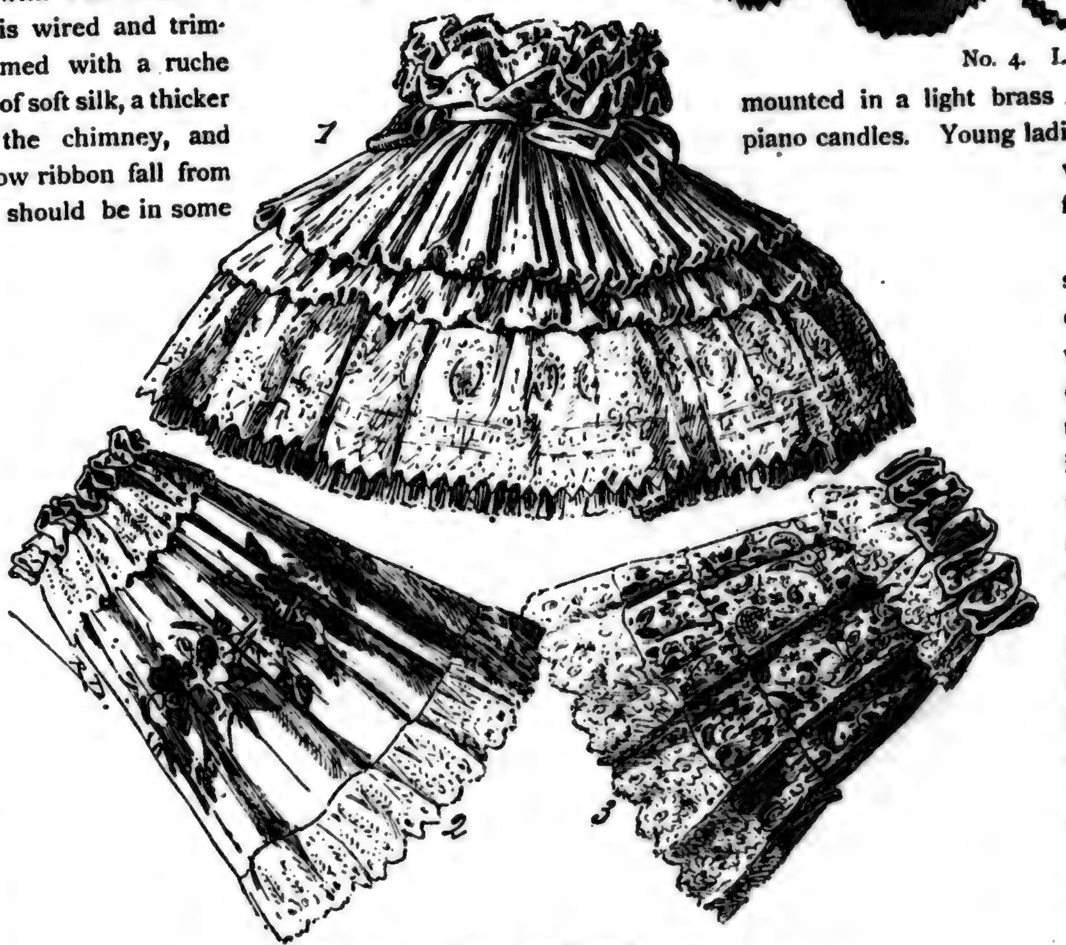
No. 1. Shades for Globes.

The large flower shades are still very popular, and the huge flat blossoms may be had in every possible shade to suit lamps and candlesticks of all shapes and dimensions. They are extremely pretty, but impossible for the amateur to make at home, and it is our purpose in this article to illustrate and describe only such shades as may easily be made out of odds and ends of silk, lace, ribbon, chiffon, etc., left over from dresses, pieces that abound in every household, and for which one is thankful to find a use.



No. 2. Candle Shade.

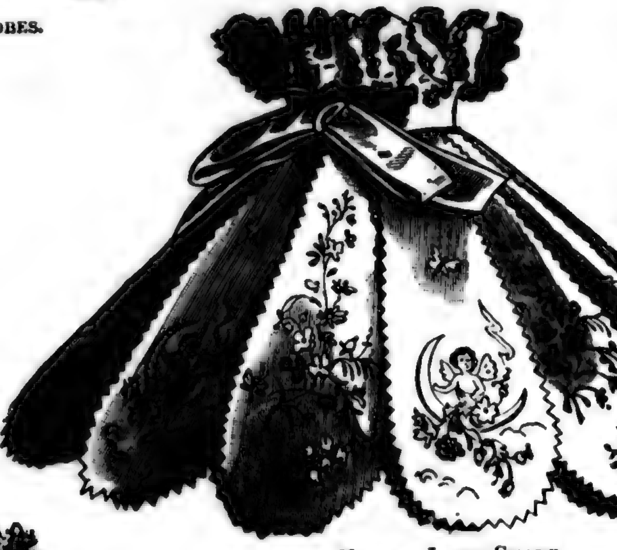
No. 1 illustrates a couple of shades for lamps with globes; the first is made of straw coloured silk gauze with satin stripes forming a small check pattern; the edge is cut in deep scallops and bordered with very light black lace, a second row of the lace simulating an upper series of scallops. At the top is a wired circle covered with gauze and trimmed with narrow ribbon and a doubled ruche of the gauze. Fig. 2 is made of printed mousseline de soie, finely pleated and edged with white lace. The curiously bent top is wired and trimmed with a ruche of soft silk, a thicker ruche is placed close round the chimney, and four sets of long loops of narrow ribbon fall from the top; the ribbon and ruches should be in some colour that harmonises with the pattern on the mousseline de soie.



No. 3. Group of Lamp Shades.

Fig. 1 of No. 3 is a shade for a large lamp, and is made of plain China silk or muslin, in shrimp pink, straw colour, or other colour. It is very full, and closely gathered round the top, the shade is then arranged in a long puff, with a short one beneath it, and a fine pleating covered with a lace flounce. The top is a full triple ruche tied in with ribbon. Fig. 2 is made of thin white satin with a wreath of wild roses painted all round the centre of the shade, a lace flounce at the edge, and another at the top headed by a narrow double ruched heading. Fig. 3 is of printed China silk in an Indian design; it is bordered with a gathered flounce edged with lace, and the top is finished off with lace and a wide ruche. In nearly all these shades the material for the ruche at the top is doubled and then gathered or pleated up, the material having either a right and wrong side, or being otherwise unsuitable for such treatment as that of the ruches on the second lamp of No. 1; these ruches being made of silk, which is alike on both sides, they are pinked out on one or both edges and pleated up in close triple box-pleats.

The shades at No. 1 do not require a wire support, the globe providing all that is required in the way of support, but the three shades at No. 3 are all intended for placing over light wire frames; fig. 1 is thus distended, figs. 2 and 3 are represented without the wire frame.



No. 4. Lamp Shade.

No. 2 is a candle shade in embroidered white gauze; the full sized design for the embroidery is given at No. 4 of the needlework designs; it is mounted in a light brass frame, and is intended for piano candles. Young ladies who are clever at drawing will design a female figure for the fellow shade.

The lamp shade No. 4 consists of a series of eight pieces of gauze or silk, embroidered with silk and cut out in vandyke points round the edge, the points being worked over in button hole-stitch. The full size of the piece of gauze is given at No. 5 of the needlework designs, with the pattern to be embroidered on it. All the pieces are joined at the top and finished off with a thick ruche of lace or silk fastened on under a band of ribbon.

The same shade may be made in a single piece for a lamp with globe. A square of gauze or silk, measuring 24 inches each way, is cut out round the edge in eight scallops, and these are divided up to within a little more than an inch of the round hole cut in the centre to pass over the chimney. The scalloped edges are worked round with button hole-stitch.

Our * Lesson * in * Dressmaking: * No. * 58.

BODICES OF WASHING DRESSES.

PLAIN washing dresses—those, at least, that are intended simply for morning wear and are made of cambric or zephyr—differ very little in style from those of last year. The skirt is plain and, as a rule, untrimmed, although in some cases a gathered flounce is added.

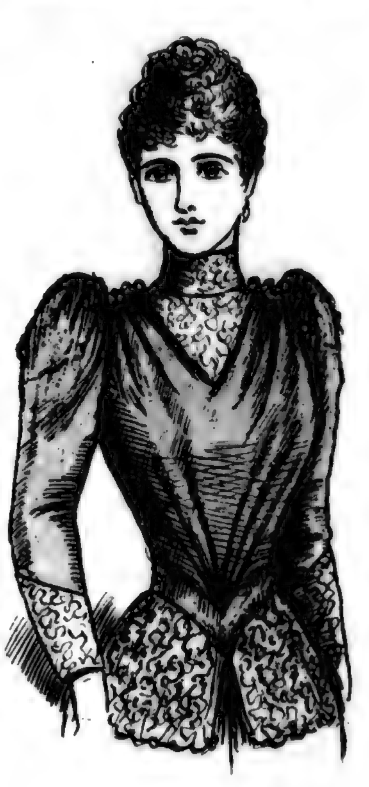


Fig. 1.

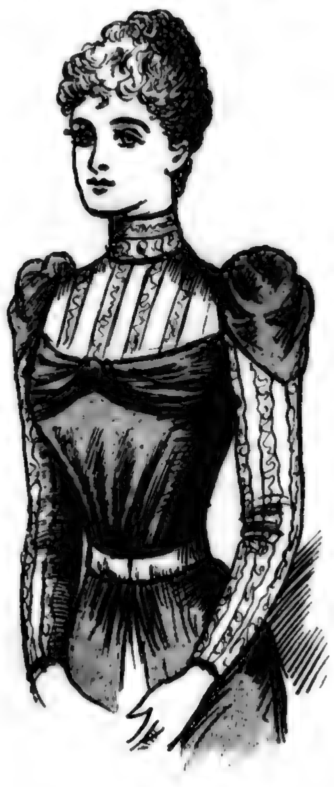


Fig. 2.

The bodice is almost invariably some form of blouse, and this is, as a rule, more or less trimmed with, or partly composed of, embroidery; the basques are much deeper this season, to carry out the general fashion of deep basques, and the majority are either mounted on an embroidery yoke, or open over a plastron of embroidery. The simplest form is a full blouse mounted front and back on a yoke of embroidery, which may be either square, pointed, or rounded; the bodice is mounted with two or three rows of gathers and a narrow heading, or else it is arranged in a series of Greek folds, as illustrated at fig. 7, with the fulness drawn into a sheaf or point at the waist. The full sleeve is finished off with a very deep cuff of embroidery.

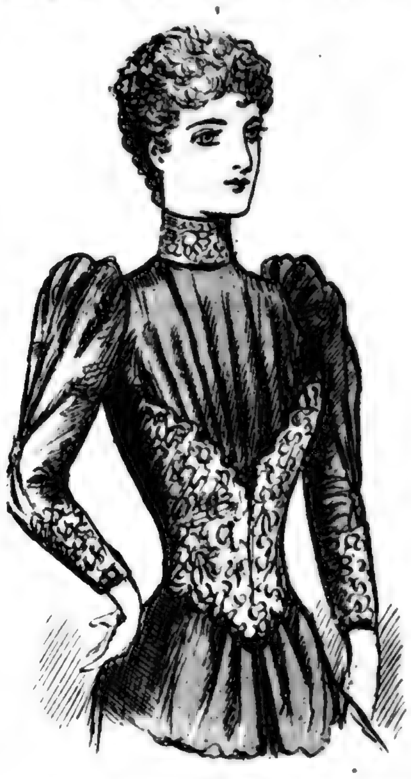


Fig. 3.

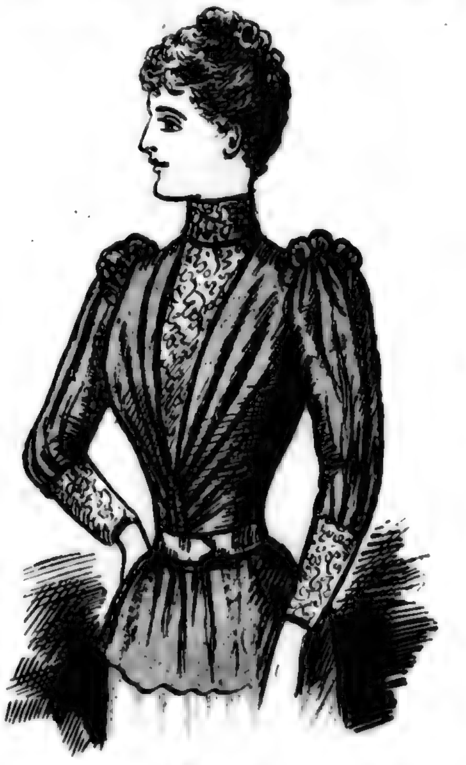


Fig. 4.

Another and newer style has the front and back cut in points over an under-bodice of embroidery, and the fulness of the front and back gathered up with a heading on the shoulders. This style is shown at fig. 1, and the Cut-out Paper Pattern of the bodice is given with this Number. Fig. 5 gives the diagram of the bodice, which is finished off with a deep, plain basque of embroidery, and cuffs of embroidery on the sleeves.

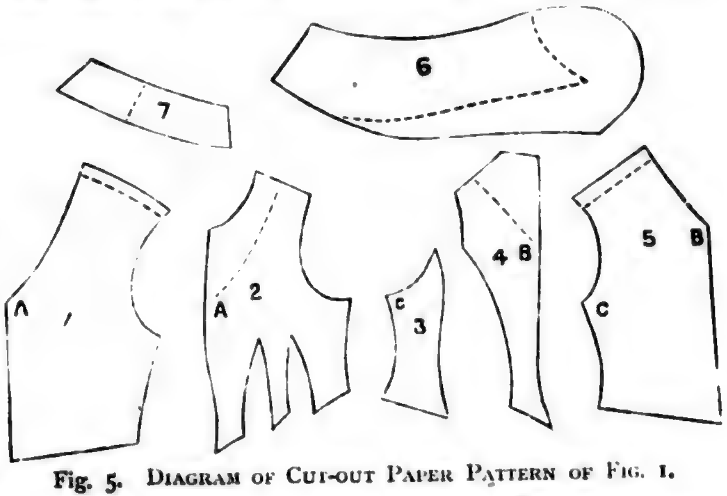


Fig. 5. Diagram of Cut-out Paper Pattern of Fig. 1.

Fig 2 is a low bodice with deep basque, full at the waist but plain on the chest, where it is mounted on a deep yoke of embroidery, under a bertha drapery of the dress material, which is drawn up in the centre under a narrow cross piece. The sleeves are of embroidery with draped epaulets of the dress material.

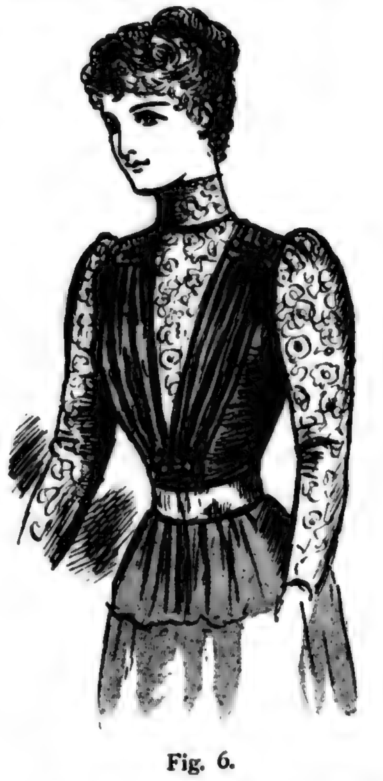


Fig. 6.

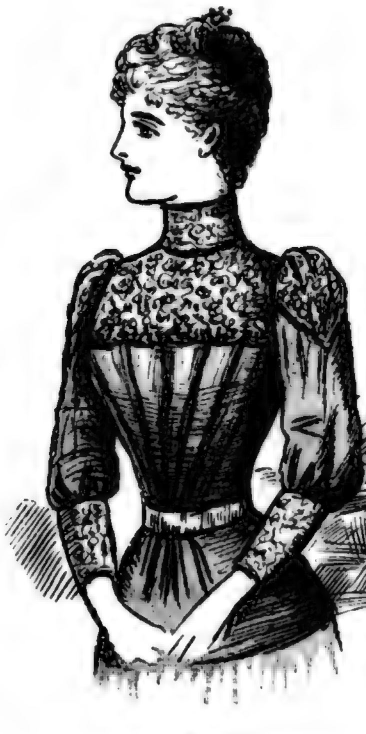


Fig. 7.

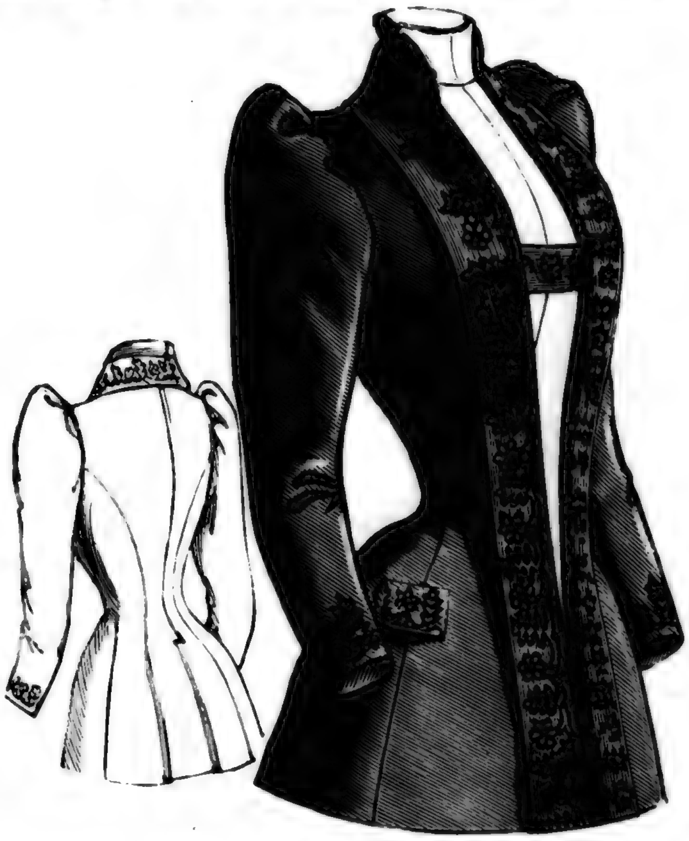
In fig. 3 the embroidery is employed for a corselet bodice, collar, and deep cuffs; the bodice is a plain full blouse, the sleeves are full at the back, but drawn in with pleats just above the elbow. Fig. 4 is also a blouse, with deep basque and full fronts open over a pointed plastron of embroidery, and with the fulness gathered up lengthways at the waist.

Fig. 6 is also a full blouse opening over an embroidery plastron, but the fronts have the fulness differently arranged, and gauged at the shoulders and waist. In this model the sleeves are entirely of embroidery, and this style is fashionable for many of the better kinds of washing dresses.

In many of these blouses, especially figs. 2, 4 and 5, a plain deep basque of embroidery may also be substituted for the full basque of the dress material (in No. 3 the basque may be omitted altogether), and the bodices will then be quite suitable for costumes of the fine silk warp zephyrs, sateens, and other materials that are in vogue this season, and that require a more dressy style of corsage than the ordinary blouse. In all cases, if a good fit be desired, the corsage should be made up on a lining, cut like that of the diagram, the front fitted by breast pleats.

Notes on News.

The exhibition of British-made silks and brocades, recently opened at Chesham House, Regent Street, is a still further proof that all that was needed to make these fabrics equal to the very best of their kind was genuine taste in design and colouring; now that good designs and artistic colouring are no longer so apparently impossible of attainment as they formerly were, British silks cannot be excelled, and Englishwomen will be only too pleased to buy for their own wear, and the decoration of their houses, these superb products of English, Scottish, and Irish looms. The majority of the dress fabrics come from Spitalfields and Macclesfield, and include some exquisite brocades in single colours, or in a variety of tints so softly harmonised and blended together that the whole effect is one of mellowed, subdued colouring that is particularly grateful to the eye. Plain satins from Macclesfield, damasks, and lovely silk crapes, in plain colours or in stripes, are dress materials that are as tempting for their beauty as they are for their moderate prices, for, as a rule, the prices are by no means high, and in many cases, that of the crapes especially, they are decidedly moderate.



The Bognor Jacket.

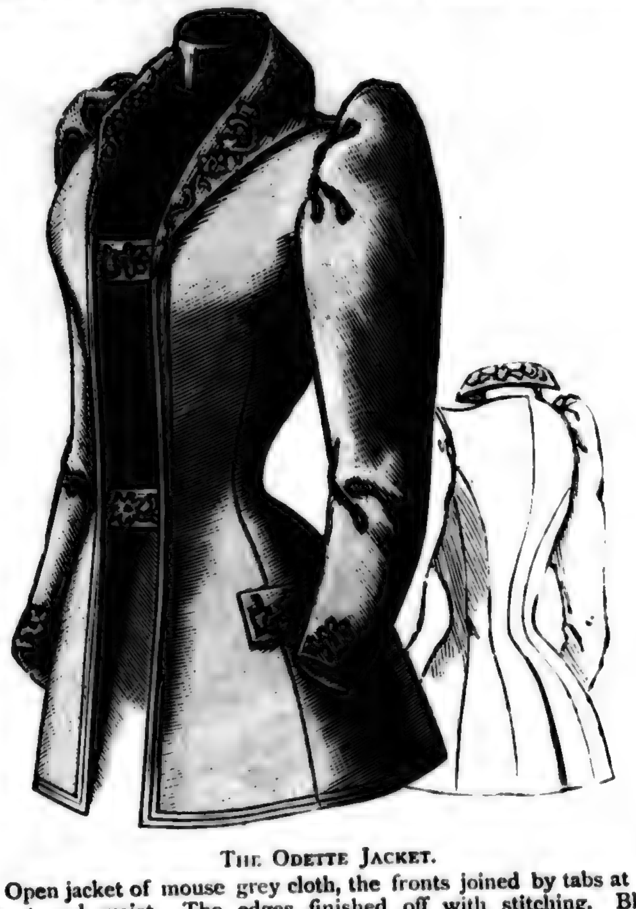
Tight-fitting jacket of green cloth, with open fronts and deep basque. Plain Medici collar at the back. The revers, pocket flaps, strap joining the fronts on the chest, and the sleeves, braided with black silk cord.

A quaint and remarkably supple damask, 54 inches wide, is, like many others of these fabrics, equally well adapted for furniture or dress purposes; many of the furnishing brocades would, in fact, make very handsome tea-gowns. There is no hard and fast line between the two classes of fabrics, amongst those that are made of silk only, but the case alters when it comes to the silk and wool tapestries, which are woven in Scotland. These are very handsome, and will apparently wear for ever; the colouring is rich and subdued, and the designs large and effective. A very beautiful and interesting material for hangings is a chenille tapestry, with a rich pattern woven in chenille on the silk ground. The fabric is reversible, and nothing finer could be desired for portières. Altogether, this exhibition at Messrs. Liberty's is one of great interest, and shows that nothing of the old skill of the weavers has been lost, and that if only ladies, who are the chief purchasers of silken fabrics, will make up their minds to wear those of British manufacture, a flagging industry may be revived, and the products of our own looms may long continue to vie with those of France.

The third Annual Exhibition of decorative art work, executed by Amateurs only, will be held at 1, Berkeley Gardens, Campden Hill, under the auspices of the Artists' Guild, early in November. The exhibition is under the patronage of Princess Christian, who offers a prize of £5 for the best piece of embroidery. Besides the usual exhibits of painting embroidery, burnt wood engraving, carving, etc., arrangements will be made for an exhibition of amateur photography, a branch of art in which many ladies have done some very good work. Decorative needlework of all descriptions, including lace, is admissible. As before, Myra's Journal offers two prizes, this time for the best designs for an embroidered quilt; the first prize is one guinea, the second half a guinea. All work must be sent in before the 27th October, and full particulars will be sent by the Secretary on receipt of a stamped and addressed envelope.

People who use Sunlight Soap, and who does not? should procure a copy of a little booklet, lately brought out by Messrs. Lever Brothers, the proprietors of the soap, which contains an account of the works where the soap is made, at Port Sunlight, near Liverpool, written by George Augustus Sala, and supplemented by numerous illustrations. A description of a large industry is always interesting, but this is especially so, and the booklet contains, in addition, a short story, entitled, "Mab's Fortune," and another in verse, "The Washerwoman's Story," besides practical advice as to the best way of using Sunlight Soap in cleaning and washing articles of the most heterogeneous character. The soap itself is now too well known to need further recommendation.

The time spent in taking a journey to Wimbledon is well repaid by an inspection of the pretty novelties in decorative furniture shown by Miss Clifford, at the Art Depôt, 44, Hill Road, Wimbledon. These novelties comprise all kinds of white wood furniture, such as tables, stools, shelves, brackets, screens, etc., etc., all requisites for decorative art work, including the invaluable Foo-Chow Enamels, Lincrusta Walton, Leather Cloth, glass frames, and oil and water colours, and besides these a variety of articles of furniture of different descriptions, which are Miss Clifford's own designs. Amongst these is a small furnishing suite, entitled "Our Girls' Set," comprising a tastefully designed corner dressing table, with shelves and cupboard, a corner washstand with cupboard, and a pretty little writing table. Miss Clifford's designs combine the twin qualities of the useful and agreeable in a manner that should make them popular, and the prices are very moderate.



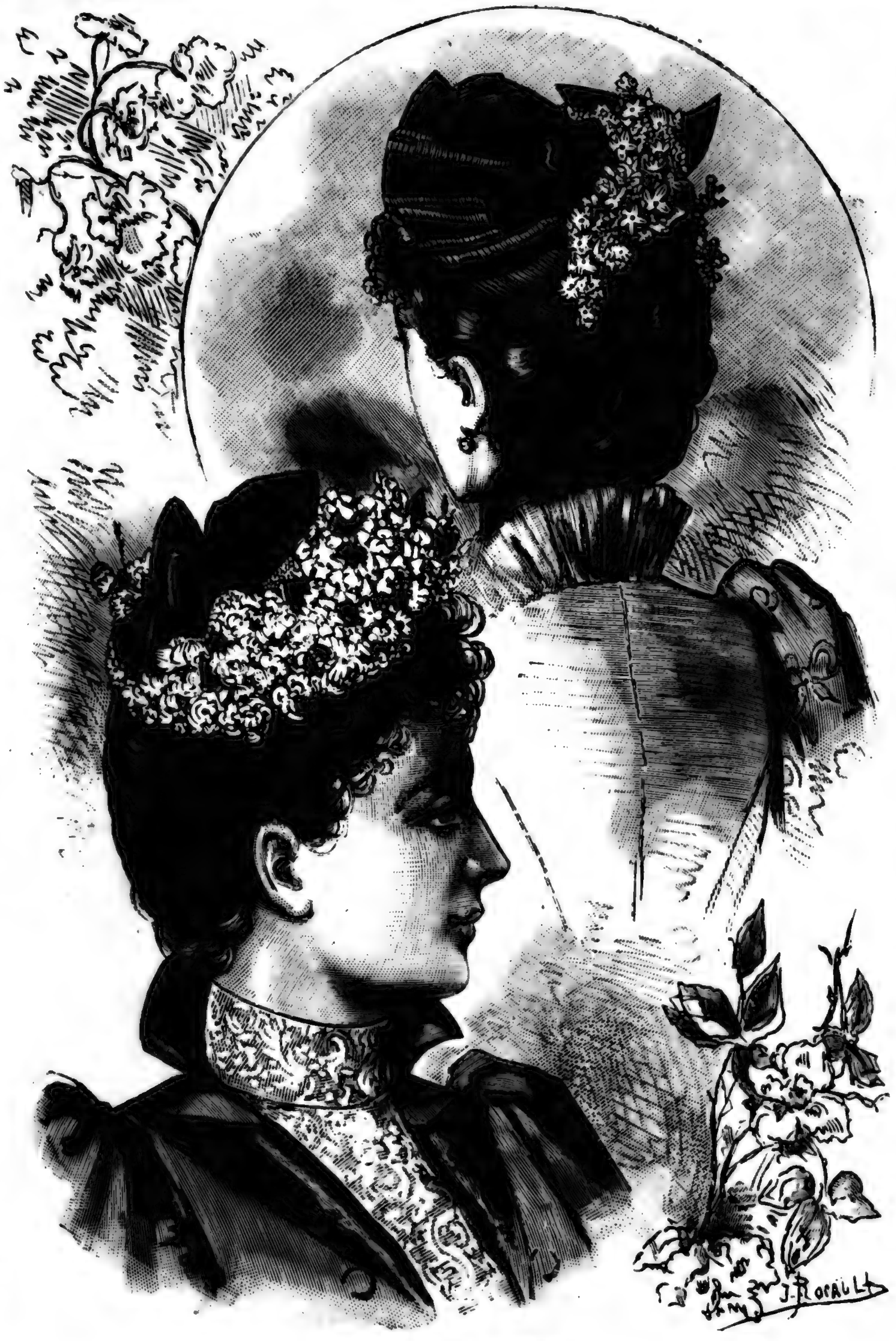
The Odette Jacket.

Open jacket of mouse grey cloth, the fronts joined by tabs at the chest and waist. The edges finished off with stitching. Black braiding ornamenting the collar, tabs, pocket flaps, and sleeves.

Current Fashions in London.

THE tea-gown is now so thoroughly acclimatised in Paris that the leading couturières give some of their best efforts to the preparation of these elegant and convenient dresses, and the result is that the London houses are provided with charming models that proclaim their French origin by the novelty of the materials, and the unexpected ways in which they are employed. Transparent woollen crêpes are favourite materials for tea-gowns; one lovely dress is in grey crêpe over coral pink silk and trimmed with pleatings of the pink silk round the neck, down the open fronts, and on the sleeves. A tea-gown in mauve crêpe over mauve silk is trimmed with fine white lace; the open fronts are turned back with revers of lace; a lace scarf is folded round the figure below the waist and loosely knotted on one side, and a full lace cravat and lace epaulets and ruffles on the sleeves complete a very graceful model.

Empire styles are considerably in vogue for tea-gowns, the full fronts of white, straw coloured, or light coloured crêpe or silk, being confined by the crossed ribbon straps that meet on the chest and are carried round the figure high up under the arms; gold and silver ribbons are much used for this purpose. Another style adopted is that of the draped princess dress fastened diagonally across the front to the left hip; a charming example is in ripe corn coloured striped crêpon with full collar and revers of black lace, epaulets and sleeve ruffles of the lace and a coquillé flounce down the left side, marking the fastening of the skirt, which is draped in soft folds. Straps, bows and loops and ends of black ribbon velvet are mingled with the lace. A new variety of Watteau pleat has been imagined for tea-gowns; a model in white crépon over pale green has the pleat emerging from between the shoulders and flowing out from under the seam down the centre of the back. It differs again from the ordinary Watteau pleat in that it is not separate from the bodice, but forms part of it; the long graceful pleat forms the centre of the train.



FASHIONABLE CAPOTES.

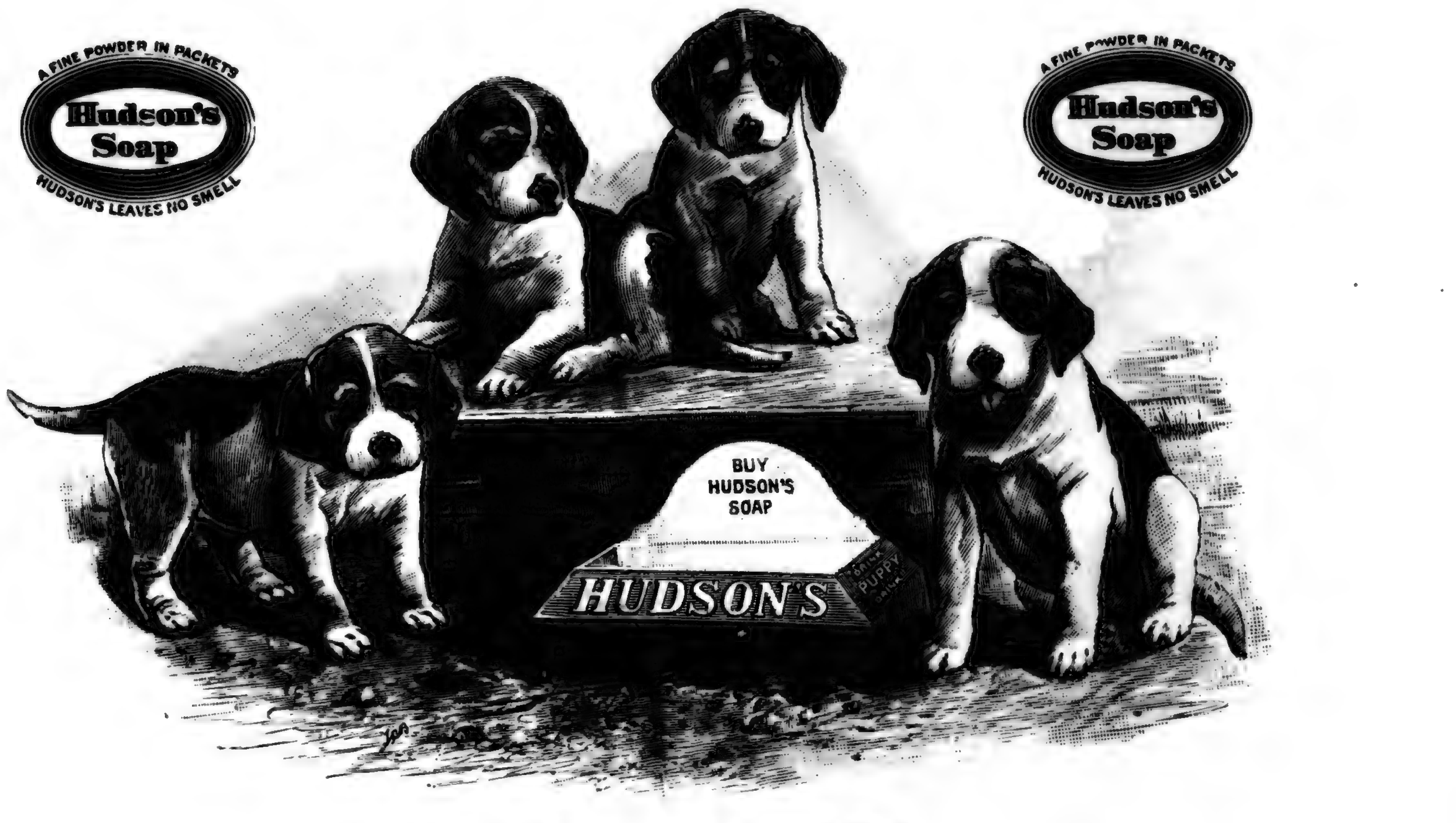
A style that is becoming more general for dinner dresses is the Louis XV. casaque or jacket, with long basques cut with the bodice. The jackets are open in front over a waistcoat of the same or another material, and in order to make them harmonise with English customs the jackets are cut either open in front or half low and draped with lace and crêpe de Chine. A lovely model in pale green broché satin is cut in a low square in front and draped across the top with white point lace and pink crêpe de Chine. The sleeves, forming one loose puff to the elbow are slashed and filled in with bouillonnés of pink crêpe de Chine, and finished off with point lace ruffles.

Waved lines, following each other or intersecting each other, ribbons tied in bows, light scattered sprays of foliage or small flowers, are the leading patterns amongst silk and satin brocades in one colour only; these are very beautiful in pale green and a new shade of mauve brought out for evening wear.

White hats, or straw hats trimmed with white, bid fair to be very fashionable this season, and they are undoubtedly very pretty. The lightest are those which have the wide brim of one or two fluted rows of lace, and the low puffed crown of soft white silk; rather more serviceable than these are the fancy straw hats with lace covering the brim and trimming of white feathers, and those which are of fine plain white straw with white feather and ribbon trimmings. Sometimes a little bow of yellow velvet is added amongst the white trimmings with excellent effect; gold pins and gold spangled ornaments are used in the same way with less good results.

Beige and pink is one of the prettiest combinations of colours to be seen in hats and bonnets; the beige straw foundation varies in shade from the palest ficelle to a rich bright fawn, in some models the trimming consists entirely of beige feathers and only the brim is lined with pink crêpe, but endless combinations of beige, white, pink, and brown are possible, and are almost certain to be successful.

MYRA.



"DRINK, PUPPY, DRINK!"

A Study from Life. The water Trough represented is one of those supplied by the Proprietors of Hudson's Soap to Shopkeepers, with a request that it may be placed on the Pavement during the Summer Months for Thirsty Dogs.

"The Luxury of Pure Sweet Linen." The Family Wash of a large or small Household can be quickly done with ease and economy by using HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP. Hudson's makes clothes white as snow; sweet as roses; fresh as sea Breezes. HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is a perfect hard-water soap, a cold-water soap, a soft-water soap, a hot-water soap. Dirt cannot exist where HUDSON'S SOAP is used for all Domestic Washing, Cleaning, and Scouring. Home, Sweet Home! The Sweetest, Healthiest Homes are those where HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is in daily use. Sold in ¼-lb. packets, in dozens and half-dozens, for family use.

KEEP PACE WITH DIRT.

Sanitary Reform.

As the world's knowledge of sanitary needs is augmented, the necessity of absolute cleanliness enforces itself with increased power, and gains wider acceptance. Still, marked as our advance has been in this direction of late years, there yet remains a great deal for the sanitary reformer to do before the virtue of cleanliness is adequately recognized.

If it could only be thoroughly realized by all, as it ought to be, that cleanliness is the chief promoter of health, and that health is the leading element of happiness, many of the discomforts and evils of existence would disappear.

The sine qua non of a happy life.

The President of a recent Sanitary Congress, addressing an assembly of Doctors and *savants*, insisted upon "the cultivation of cleanliness as the *sine quâ non* of a happy life here and hereafter;" and he declared that "if by some magic spell England could wake to-morrow physically clean, she would wake pure also in spirit and godly in comprehension of goodness."

This spiritual ideal is perhaps beyond the hope of perfect completion, but as to the physical aspect of the question there should be neither doubt nor delay in bringing about its attainment. It is within the power of everyone to compass this, both as regards one's individual self and one's home surroundings. A pure body is the natural accompaniment of a pure mind, and a pure home is a home made sweet and beautiful, into which disease finds it difficult to enter.

Mankind's deadliest enemy.

Dirt is the deadliest enemy with which mankind has to contend. It yearly slaughters more people than all the other causes of death put together. It murders; it does not slay in open battle.

How then are we to get rid of this evil of evils? What power can we call up that will dislodge this monster? Water, and plenty of it, is the first requisite, but unless some potent cleansing force is allied with it, the work of abolishing dirt is made arduous and difficult. With such an absolutely effective agent as HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP, however, dirt disappears as if by magic from whatever position it has taken up, and sweetness and purity reign in its stead.

The first of all household requisites, therefore, is HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP, which is a Dry Soap, readily soluble in all waters, and possessing cleansing properties that dirt, grease, and impurity cannot resist; and, in addition to cleansing, it imparts a delicious freshness to everything to which it is applied.

Another important fact in connection with HUDSON'S SOAP is this:—While really of sterling value, it is so cheap as to be within the means of everybody, being sold in packets from a penny upwards.

The uses and application of HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP are not limited to laundry and household cleansing simply; there are more delicate uses to which it can be put with perfect safety and success, such as the cleaning of silver-ware, statuary, objects of art, antiquity and vertu, choice china, &c., from which it will remove all dirt without rubbing or friction, thus greatly reducing the risk of breakage.

Domestic Sanitation.

As a promoter of Domestic Sanitation it is of the highest value. For cleaning chamber utensils, bedroom carpets, floors and woodwork, nothing can equal it, while it can be successfully used as a disinfectant and purifying agent in removing the cause of the deadly effluvia arising from drains, traps, sinks, cesspools, water-closets, soil pipes, and other sources of blood poisoning, sore throat and fever, existing in so many households The germs of disease are effectually allayed by it.

Dirt and the Doctor.

If heads of households were more alive to the absolute daily necessity of dealing with and effectually preventing the encroachnents of dirt and impurity, the doctor would be a much less frequent visitor in their homes than at present. The greater portion of the diseases from which mankind suffers is dieectly traceable to insanitary causes, and the wonder is that when these conditions of things can be so easily and cheaply altered, such neglect should prevail. Motives of economy alone ought to impel people to adopt such ready precautionary measures as would be afforded by the regular use of a wholesome purifying powder like HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP, for one doctor's bill will often represent a much larger outlay than would be meant by a supply of HUDSON'S EXTRACT for a lifetime.

* * * * * * *

Altered conditions of Existence.

In times gone by, when life was more reposeful than now, and there was more breathing room for people, dirt did not find such plentiful harbourage as it does to-day. Our dwelling places stood less thick, the populations of our cities and towns were not so crowded, and the air was purer. But the great industrial awakening of the nineteenth century, while yielding untold wealth to the country, has brought about altered conditions of existence—conditions which are hurtful to the physical health of the people, despite the increase of material prosperity that has been experienced. While England enjoyed more of the pastoral order of existence, and agriculture was a chief persuit, dust and dirt lay comparatively dormant; but with the new era inaugurated by the introduction of steam power into every avenue of industry, the ancient quietude entirely disappeared, and on every side the prospect was darkened more or less by clouds of dirt. These clouds go on increasing year by year with the expansion of the nation's fortunes, and the great difficulty is how to keep pace with it. In thousands of homes it has already been realized that HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP is the most active and effectual disperser of this distroying and polluting element in existence, and the more its power is acknowledged and utilised the greater will be the happiness and enjoyment of the world.

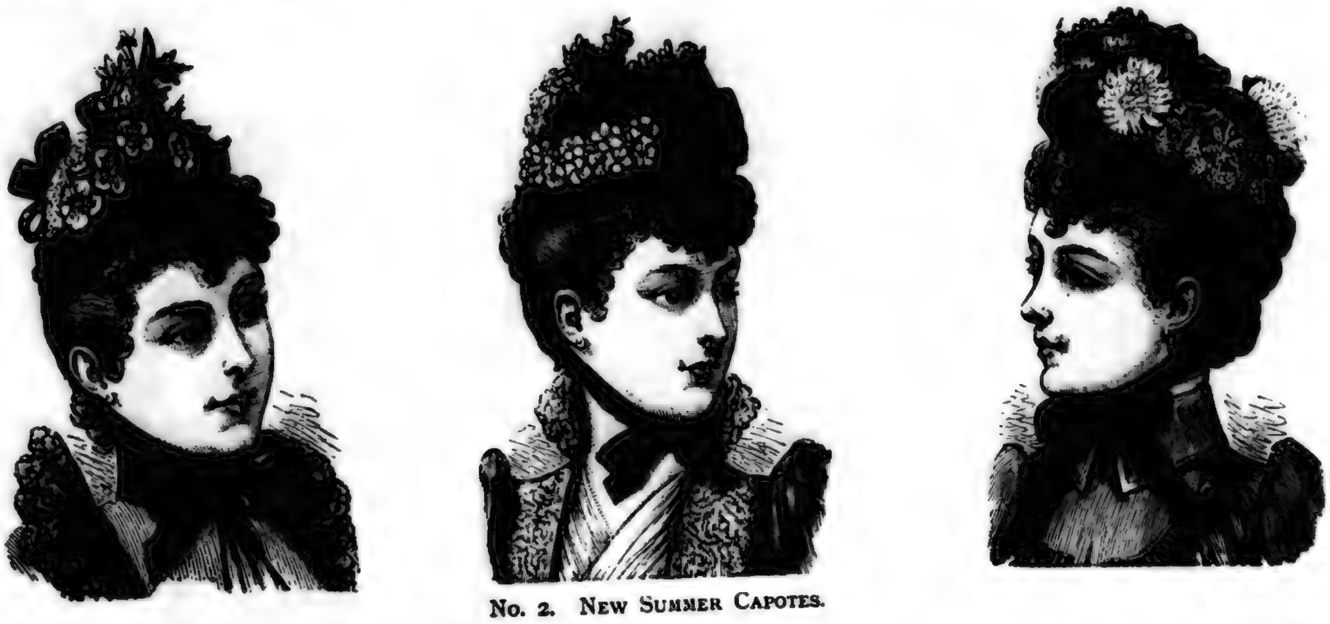
An all-powerful Purifier.

The great advantage of this famous Extract is its almost universal applicability. Being free from anything of an injurious character, it can be used with safety in cleansing and purifying not only clothes, but nearly every article that can be mentioned. As a washing soap it can be used as well for the daintiest laces as for the heaviest blankets. Where dirt exists it will rapidly dislodge it, and where it does not exist it will sweeten and make fresh. In hot water or cold, hard water or soft, it is equally soluble, and by its searching yet gentle action, obviates the necessity for rubbing, brushing, or scrubbing. The saving of time, money, and labour that is thus effected is marvellous.

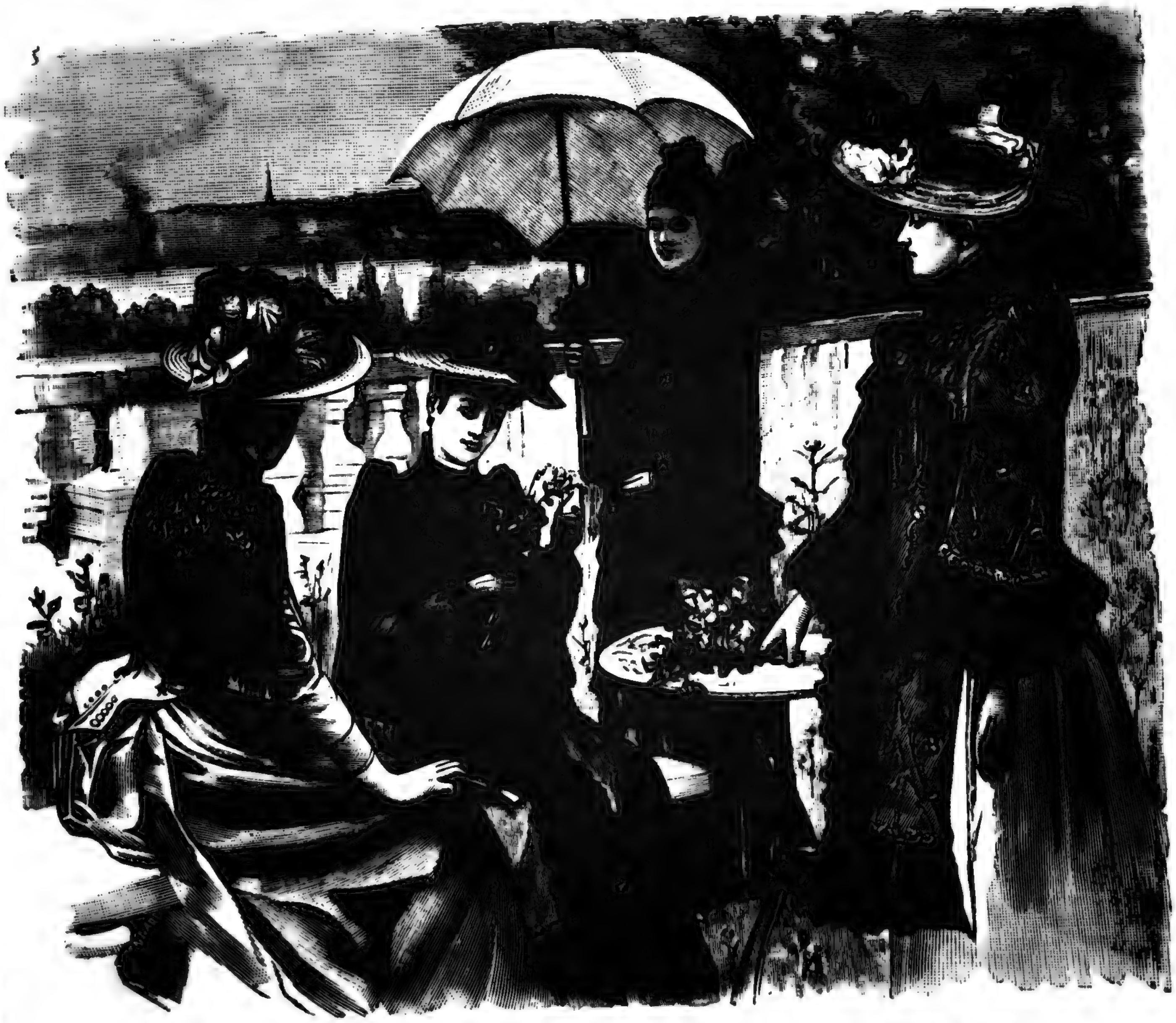
With such an aid to sweetness, purity, cleanliness, and good health as HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP always at hand there need be no fear of any unwholesome smell or taint manifesting itself. When once the benefit of its sweetening influence has been felt it is not likely to be discontinued. In some houses where old-fashioned ways still prevail, the servants are kept scrubbing, rubbing, and swilling from morn till night, and even then the point of perfect cleanliness does not seem to be reached; but in houses made beautiful and sweet with HUDSON'S EXTRACT OF SOAP no such commotion exists, all cleansing operations being performed with ease and cheerfulness. The ancient laborious methods will never be resumed where once this Extract has established itself.

Fancy straw, lace, and net are the materials of which the shapes of summer capotes are made, flowers, beads, lace, and passementerie forming the principal trimmings. Charming and stylish as many of these models are, the prices asked for them at Les Grands Magasins du Louvre are in harmony with their size, being remarkably small. Illustrations of three of these cheap but pretty little bonnets are given, and the prices, low as they are, include every cost of packing, carriage, etc.

Fig. 1 of No. 2 is a capote with crown of fancy straw in a pretty shade of beige, with the brim and strings of brown velvet, and trimming of flowers in front. The price of this, in any shade, is 14s. The bonnet next to this is of black lace with strings of beads on the brim, bows and strings of black velvet, and trimming consisting of a wreath of flowers; the price is 18s. 6d. In fig. 3 the crown is of black tulle, and the brim and strings of black velvet; the trimming consists of gold passementerie, a coquillé of black lace, and sprays of chrysanthemums; the price is very low, 12s. only, and the flowers in these two models can be had in any colour.



No. 2. New Summer Capotes.

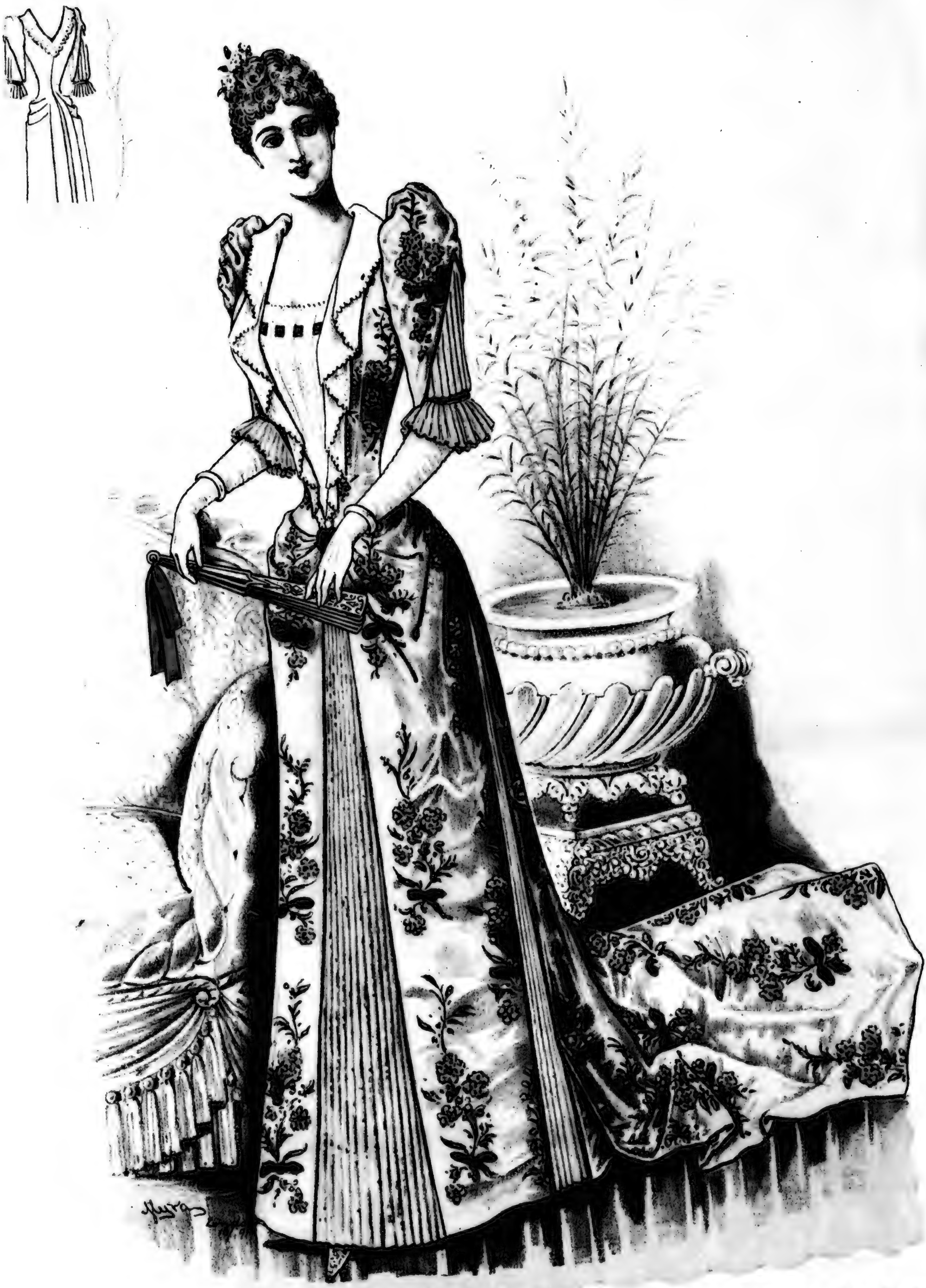


No. 3. Mantles and Visites: Models from Les Grands Magasins du Louvre, Paris.

One might almost imagine that the cape is the only vêtement that can possibly be worn this season; but, happily, matters are not quite come to this pass yet, and some few other shapes may still be met with. Illustration No. 3 gives some pretty models of small, summer mantelets, beginning with a pèlerine which is made of bengaline lined with silk, covered with jet embroidery and edged with jet fringe; the price varies with the quality, from 10s. 6d. to 25s. 6d.

The first of the three mantelets following this is in bengaline or veloutine lined with silk and trimmed with lace and jet passementerie. It is a convenient mantle, and one which may be worn by ladies of all ages; the prices vary with the quality of the materials employed, from £1 17s. 6d. to £3 18s. 6d. The second mantelet, fig. 3 of the illustration, is of granité lined with silk; the shape is quite different from the last, the sleeves being in square pèlerine shape; the trimming is of lace with jetted yoke and passementerie; the prices are from £1 14s. 6d. to £2 18s. 6d. Fig. 4 is a very elegant and inexpensive model in bengaline, embroidered with jet, and trimmed with lace and a border of the fashionable jet cabochons; it may be had as low as 25s. 6d., and the highest price, in broché bengaline, is only £2 10s. 6d., or in plain bengaline of better quality, with jet embroidery, £2 7s. 6d. The mantles are made in so many sizes that it is only quite exceptional figures that cannot be fitted at once.

In the department set apart for morning dresses are many models of extreme elegance made of silk and of the finest woollens trimmed with delicate laces and embroideries; but side by side with these are plainer gowns made of useful fabrics and in the simple styles that are most appreciated by the energetic ménagères who like to convince themselves that all household matters are properly seen to by supervising and sometimes taking an active share in them. Morning and breakfast gowns are made in light, figured and striped woollens, and also in a variety of new washing materials.



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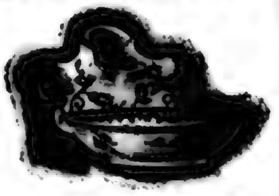

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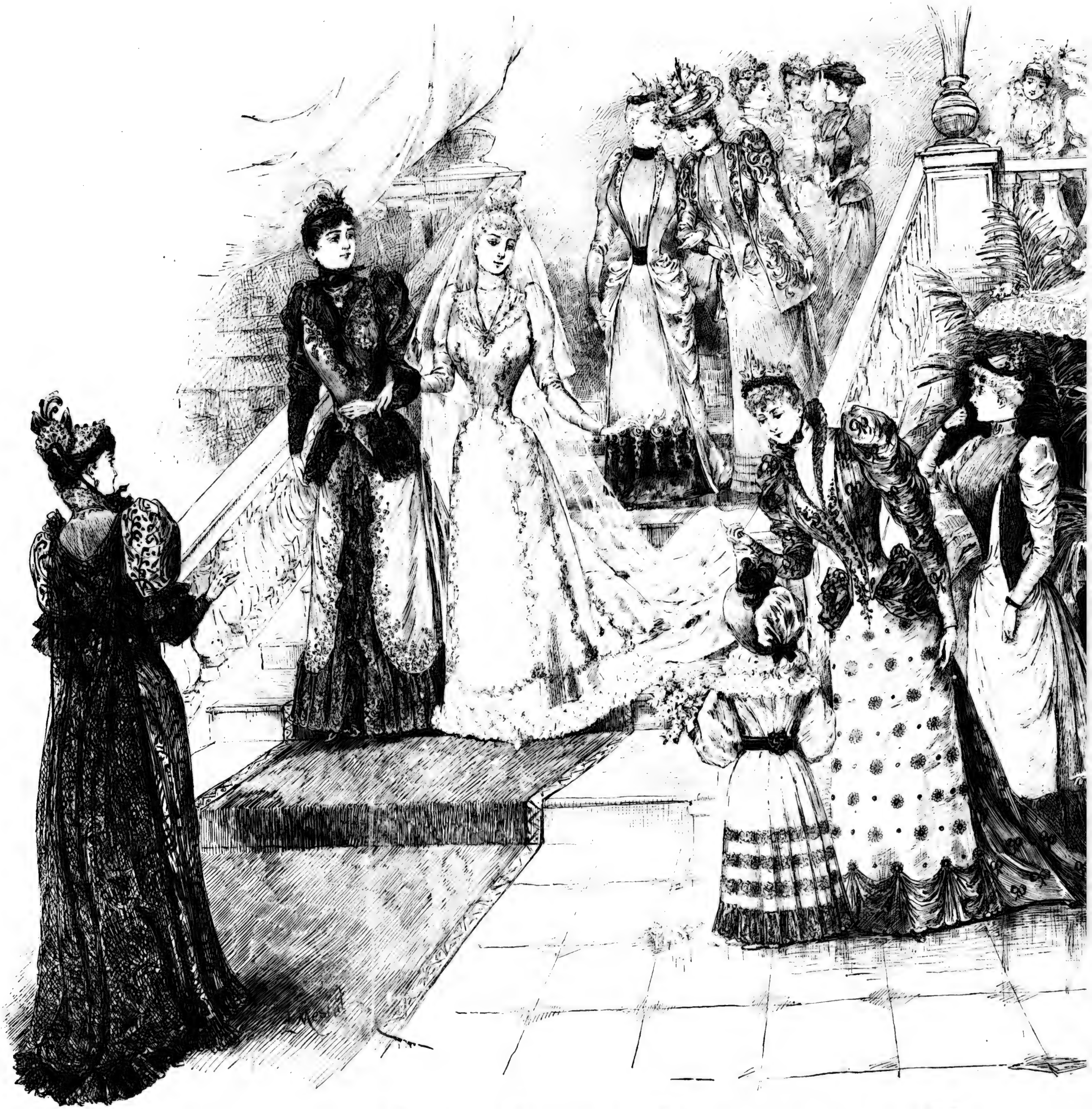
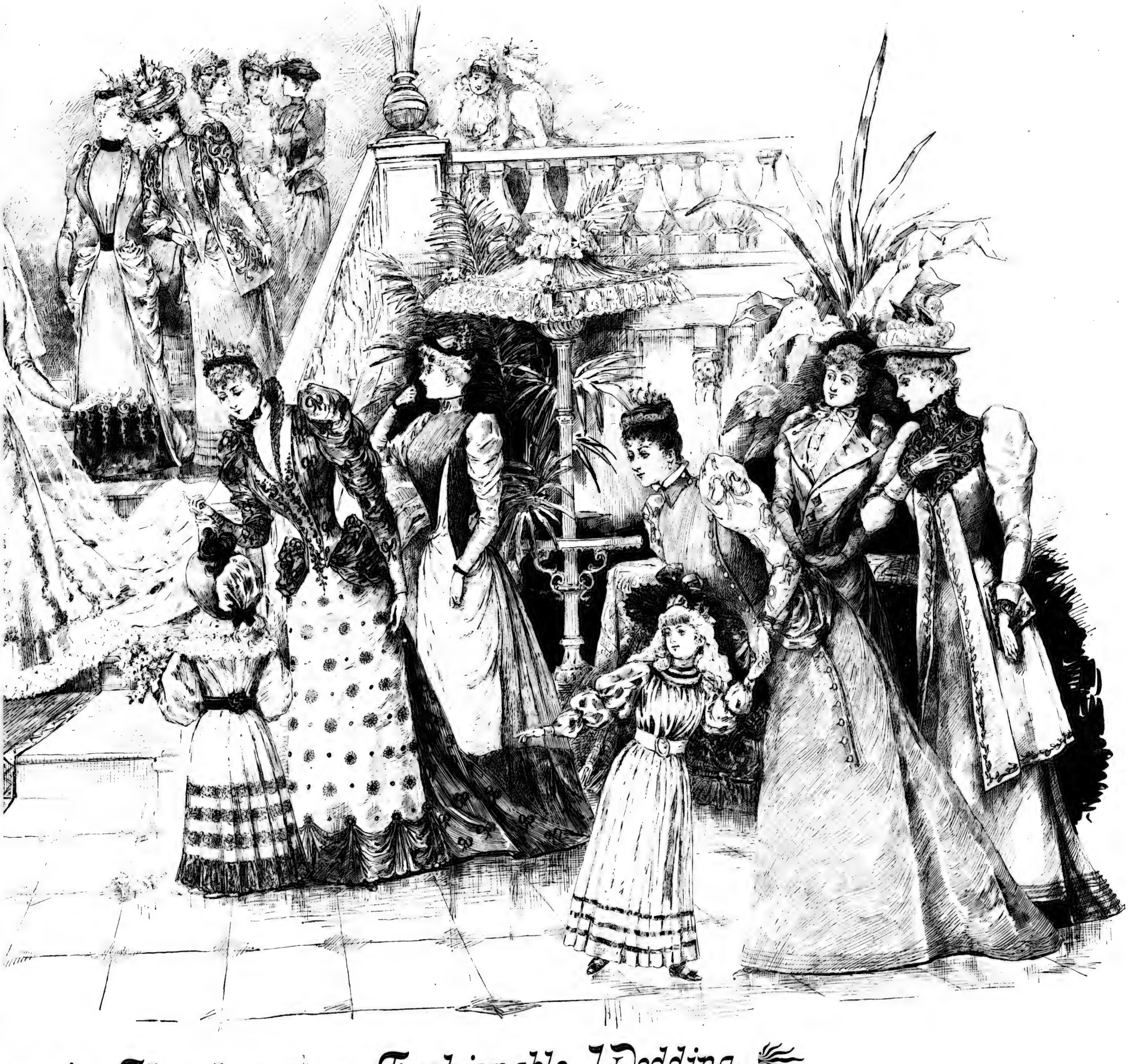


Our Artist's Sketches at a Fashiona

SUPPLEMENT TO "MYRA'S JOURNAL," JUNE 1, 1891.



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PARIS 1889.

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" Lord Ronald's

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Night.—Much
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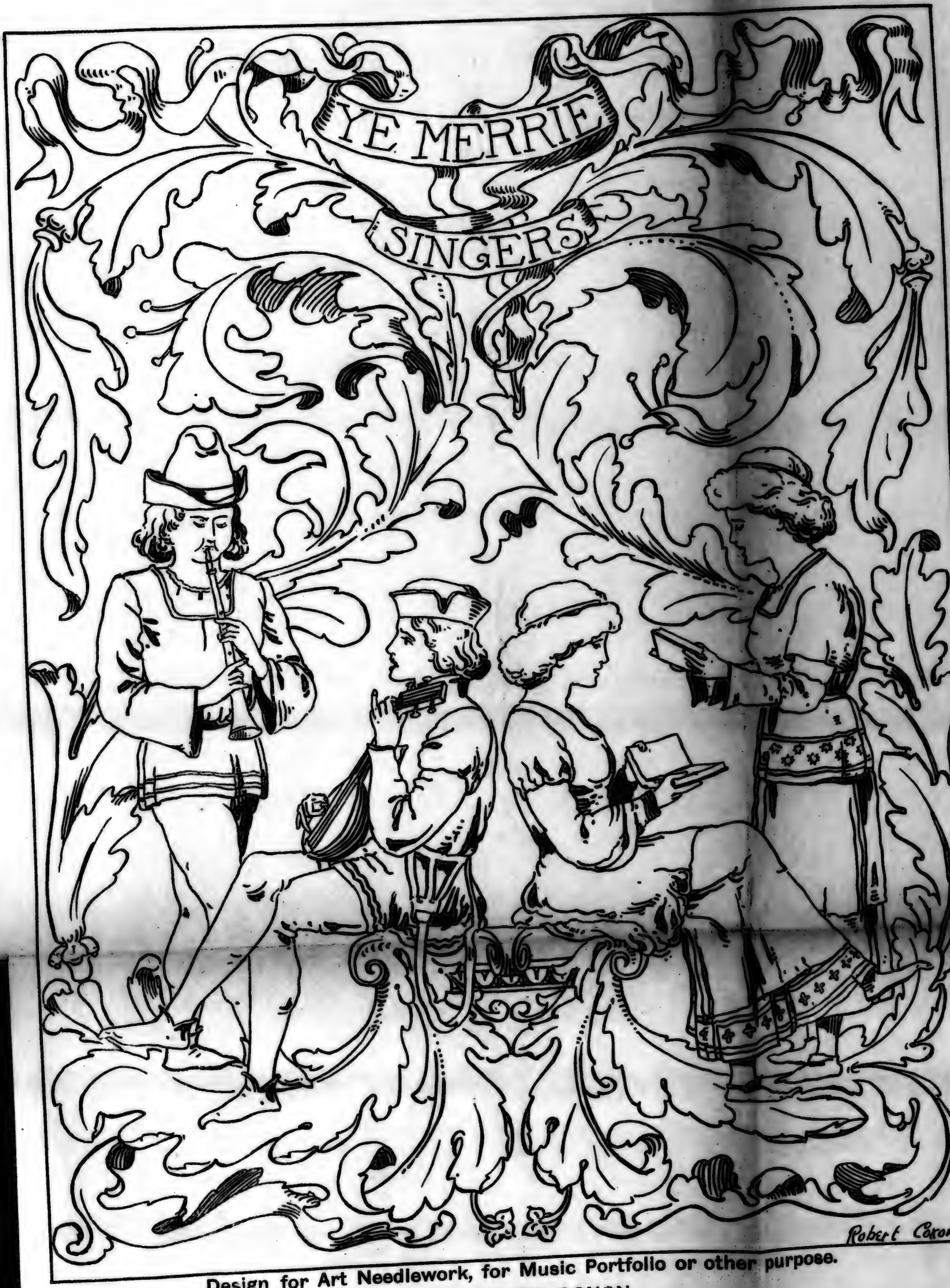
THE SUBJECT OF OUR PRIZE COMPETITION.



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By ROBERT COXON.

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London, Paris, Boston, Philadelphia, Santiago,
Melbourne, Sydney, Adelaide, Edinburgh, &c.

Pears' Soap.

FOR
TOILET and
NURSERY.

Specially prepared for the delicate skin of Ladies and Children, and others sensitive to weather, winter or summer. REDNESS, ROUGHNESS and CHAPPING prevented

FAIR WHITE HANDS,
BRIGHT CLEAR COMPLEXION,
SOFT HEALTHFUL SKIN.

ADELINA PATTI writes:

"I have found it matchless for the hands and complexion."
(Signed) ADELINA PATTI.

MRS. LANGTRY writes:

"I have much pleasure in stating that I have used your Soap for some time, and prefer it to any other."
(Signed) LILLIE LANGTRY.

PEARS' SOAP **IS SOLD EVERYWHERE,** in Tablets at **1s.** each. Larger sizes **1s. 6d.** and **2s. 6d.** The 2s. 6d. Tablet is perfumed with Otto of Roses. A smaller Tablet (unscented) is sold at **6d.** but **INSIST** on having **PEARS'**, as vilely injurious imitations are often substituted for extra gain.

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BLACK GOODS and
GENERAL MOURNING
WAREHOUSE,
256 to 262, REGENT STREET, LONDON.
ESTIMATES AND PATTERNS FREE.

FUNERALS FURNISHED.

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On receipt of letter or telegram, experienced Assistants are always in readiness to take a full assortment of Mourning Goods to any address in TOWN or COUNTRY, at the same reasonable prices as if purchased in the Warehouse, and travelling expenses are not charged, whatever the distance

Ladies who wear from choice black or neutral colors, will find at this Establishment a full Assortment of the
LATEST CONTINENTAL NOVELTIES IN
MANTLES AND GOWNS.

Telegraphic Address, "Peter Robinson, London." Telephone No. 3557.

GRAHAM & BIDDLE.
Now on View, Furnished Dining-room and Table Fitted with
ELECTRIC LIGHTS (PATENTED), AND COMPLETELY LAID OUT FOR DESSERT, UP TO DATE,
ADMISSION BY VISITING CARDS.

"RAMSEY" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/-
"WOODCOTE" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/3

"KIMBERLEY" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/6
"CHILWORTH" Cretonne.
32 inches wide 1/9

"MARLBOROUGH" Tapestry.
50 inches wide 2/6
"INDIAN" Tapestry.
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GOLD MEDAL for "Fine Cabinet Work" at the Paris Exhibition.

FORMERLY PARTNERS IN THE FIRM OF } JACKSON & GRAHAM.

GRAHAM HOUSE, 463, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.

GOLD MEDAL—
PARIS EXHIBITION, 1889.
DIPLOMA OF HONOR
(Highest possible Award)
EDINBURGH EXHIBITION, 1890.

MACHINES FOR EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SEWING.

Ten per cent. discount for Cash,
or ON HIRE,
AT
EASY WEEKLY PAYMENTS,
WITH OPTION OF PURCHASE

INSTRUCTION FREE.

SINGER'S
SEWING
MACHINES

ANNUAL SALE—
700,000 MACHINES!

CAUTION.—To avoid deception, buy no Machine unless the Company's Trade Name "SINGER" is printed upon the Arm.

THE
Singer Manufacturing Co.,
Management for United Kingdom—
39, FOSTER LANE,
CHEAPSIDE,
LONDON, E.C.
City Show Rooms—
147, CHEAPSIDE, E.C.

SCHWEITZER'S
COCOATINA.
GUARANTEED PURE SOLUBLE COCOA.

This Old-established Article retains its position as "the finest Cocoa in the market." It is unequalled in purity and flavour, and is very economical. It bears the strictest Chemical test, and keeps in all climates.

The "Lancet" says this is "GENUINE COCOA, contains no SUGAR, STARCH, or OTHER ADULTERATION, IS VERY SOLUBLE. AN EXCELLENT ARTICLE."

MOST NUTRITIOUS AND INVIGORATING.

THE BEST AND PUREST COCOA. SOLD BY GROCERS, CHEMISTS, &c.

500 SEALSKIN JACKETS AND GENTLEMEN'S FUR-LINED COATS, £5 TO £10.

SAVE 50 PER CENT.
BY GOING TO
PHILLIPS & CO.,
52 & 53, NEWGATE ST., E.C.

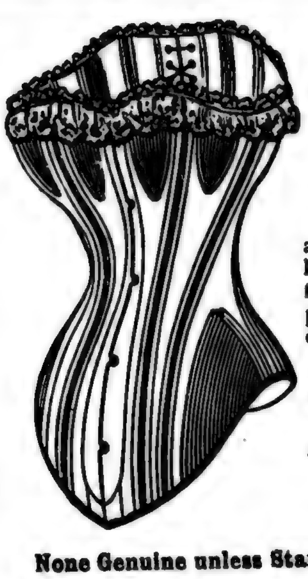
£10,000 worth Sealskin Garments and Ladies' Furs at Half-price.
Cock Feather and Ostrich Boas, 25s. to 35s. each.
Bear Boas and Victorias, from 15s.

Everything One-half West-end Prices.

Dining-room Skin Rugs, Half-price.
500 Fur Carriage Rugs, 25s. each.

CAUTION.—" The only Address." Other people are trading upon our Name.

PHILLIPS & CO., 52 & 53, Newgate St., City.



THE CELEBRATED DOBLENO

This Corset is scientifically cut from an exquisite model and specially adapted for the present fashion Although long-waisted it gives to the figure a perfect and graceful freedom. The bones and busks are securely and neatly protected. It is beautifully made from the best and most durable materials.

Made in Black, White, Cardinal, Cream, Salmon, Drab and Fawn. **5/11** *each.*

Also in Special Quality Black with Best Greenland Whalebone; **12/6** *each.*

To be obtained of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

None Genuine unless Stamped with the Registered Trade Mark "Dobleno."

HARTMANN'S
HYGIENIC WOOD WOOL. **DIAPERS.**

By Royal Letters Patent,
INVALUABLE AT HOME and
INDISPENSABLE to LADIES' TRAVELLING.

1/- and 2/- per Dozen, which is the Actual Cost of Washing.

CAN BY OBTAINED FROM ALL LADIES' OUTFITTING ESTABLISHMENTS, DRAPERS, AND CHEMISTS.

Sample Packets of one dozen at 1/3 and 2/3, or 6 dozen at 6/6 and 12 6., Post Free, with descriptive circular containing testimonials from all the principal Hospitals and Leading Members of the Medical Profession.

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☛ See that you get HARTMANN'S DIAPERS. ☚

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May increase their incomes and secure NEW CUSTOMERS without any extra outlay of capital or risk of bad stock by selling the

E. & S. Dress Fabrics

Messrs. EWEN & SON hold one of the largest and best assorted Stocks of Fashionable Dress Materials and Linings in the Kingdom, and will supply, **to the Trade only,** single dress lengths at *bonâ fide* WHOLESALE PRICES. Dressmakers and Drapers may thus offer their customers a constant succession of the latest novelties from the large Pattern Books supplied.

☛ *Full particulars sent on receipt of Trade Card or billhead address,*

EWEN & SON, Warehousemen, **MANCHESTER.**

BRECKNELL'S SKIN SOAP, (*Prize Medal.*

THE ORIGINAL UNSOPHISTICATED SOAP FOR TOILET USE.

A SUPERIOR AND BENEFICIAL SOAP FOR CLEANSING THE SKIN WITHOUT IRRITATING IT.

It is made of the best materials only, and in effect leaves the skin sweet and fresh, without the use of perfume.

RECOMMENDATIONS.

It improves by keeping and gains a natural perfume from age alone.
Has been recommended by eminent medical men.
It is not only absolutely pure, but it refreshes and softens the skin as well as effectually cleansing it.
When long kept is a luxury to use, and increases in value.
Is altogether the sweetest and most wholesome unscented soap in existence.
The moderate price at which it is sold brings it within the reach of all classes.
To be obtained of all Chemists and Grocers.

BRECKNELL, TURNER & SONS,
Purveyors to Her Majesty, H.R.H.. the Prince of Wales, &c., &c.,
"THE BEE HIVE," 31 & 32, HAYMARKET, LONDON, S.W.
ESTABLISHED 1782.

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Novelty Catalogue Price List Now Ready, "Free" on application to any part of the World.

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Traced or Depressed—Commenced or Uncommenced.
New Designs—"HEARTSEASE," "BUTTERFLY," "PINES," "AUTUMN LEAF," and "CELESTIAL," all of our latest introductions.
In Mantel Borders, Table Covers, Table Centres, Sideboards, Antimacassars, Scarf Antimacassars, Curtain Loops, Bands, &c., &c.

NOVELTIES IN WIDE-HEMMED OR FRILLED PONGEE SILK EMBROIDERY.

In Table Covers, Toilet Covers, Table Runners, Toilet Sets, Table Centres, Cot Covers, Sideboards, Bed Spreads, Nightdress Sachets, Pillow Shams, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Duchess Sets, Brush Bags, Splash Screens.

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Or with Wide Hems. Traced Mont Mellick, and many other new designs upon Fine, Medium, or Heavy Linen, and Soft Sateen Materials, in Bed Spreads, Toilet Sets, D'Oyleys, Pillow Cases, Duchess Covers, Antimacassars, Pillow Shams, Table Covers, Sideboards Covers, Toilet Covers, Tray Cloths, Table Runners, Nightdress Sachets, Serviettes, Tea Cosies, Comb Bags, Carving Cloths, Splash Screens.

Novelties in White Cotton Embroidery. Novelties in Felt and Art Serge Embroidery. Novelties in Satin de Luxe Embroidery.

Endless Novelties for Bazaars and Sales of Work,

IN SEVERAL HUNDRED TOTALLY DISTINCT & USEFUL ARTICLES, ALL MADE UP SO AS TO BE QUICKLY FINISHED.

All the Newest Designs in BED SPREADS, PILLOW CASES, and PILLOW SHAMS.

WOOLS AND KNITTING YARN AT THE REDUCED PRICES.

Every Requisite in Silks, Cords, Metal Threads, Spangles, Beads, &c., &c., for Art Work.

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ART NEEDLEWORK, WOOL AND KNITTING YARN EMPORIUM,
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The Finest Collection in the Kingdom is now being shown at the

Midland Drapery Stores,

59 & 60, High Street, Birmingham,

KENNETH WILSON & Co., PROPRIETORS.

Ladies before purchasing their Dresses for the coming Season should write to the above address for Patterns, when they will receive by return post the finest collection in the Kingdom to select from.

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Patterns of all kinds of Drapery, Gent's Suitings, Tweeds, Serges, Shirtings, &c., sent Post Free to any address.

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SENT POST FREE TO ANY PART OF THE GLOBE.

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Every Lady should send for one of the following Lots, and test their extraordinary value.

Lot C. 1.—Special Surah Silk Dress, 36s. 6d., contains 15 yards of beautiful Black Surah Silk, twilled both sides; 1 Lady's fine White Longcloth Skirt, beautifully trimmed with Swiss Needlework, and ½ dozen Ladies' Pure White Irish Linen Handkerchiefs, the whole contents sent carriage paid for £1 16s. 6d. Marvellous value.

Lot C. 2.—A very Special Trial Parcel, containing 2 Dresses for 7s. 11d., 12 yards beautiful Cheviot Flake Costume Suiting, and 12 yards of superfine extra quality Stripe Costume Suiting. Both these lovely dresses can be had in all the newest colorings for Spring and Summer wear. The two dresses, sent for 7s. 11d., cannot be purchased at any other establishment under 5s. 6d. each dress.

Lot C. 5.—The Stores Special Household Parcel, 25s. 6d., contains 1 choice Quality White Toilet Quilt, with the new satin finish, lovely raised pattern, full size; 1 pair White Wigan Twilled Sheets, large size; 1 lovely quality handsome pattern, pure white, Irish Linen Damask Table Cloth, 2 yards square; 1 dozen yards fine White Longcloth, for ladies' use; 2 large size White Turkish Towels; 2 White Honeycomb Toilet Covers, 1½ yards long; and 1 set of very pretty Toilet Mats. The whole contents of this marvellous parcel sent carriage free for £1 5s. 6d.

Lot C. 7.—Gent's Special Suiting Tweed Parcel, 14s. 11d., contains 7 yards splendid Scotch Tweed, in Greys, Fawns, Heathers, light or dark mixture; 3 Gents' White Irish Lawn Handkerchiefs, hemmed ready for use; 1 pair Gent's Wool, half-hose. The lot sent for 41s. 11d. Every gentleman sending for this parcel will be astonished at its value.

SPECIALITIES OF THE FAMOUS MARIE DU BOYER.

Miss Ada J. Ballin, *Lady's Pictorial*, says:—"Madame du Boyer is to be thoroughly trusted, and her preparation are genuine."

POMMADE.

The only certain remedy for removing the appearances of age and preserving the Skin.
Prices—5s. and 10s. 6d., post free United Kingdom.

Duchess of ——— wrote:—"I am very pleased with the results of the Pomade. Please forward a supply for three months"

CRÈME.

A charming application for the Skin. For removing Chaps, Redness, Roughness, it has no equal.
Price—2s. 9d. and 5s. 3d., post free United Kingdom.

The *Family Doctor* says:—As a skin tonic and emollient, it is the BEST WE EVER met with."

EAU VALENTINOIS.

For softening and whitening the hands, Eau Valentinois is acknowledged to be unrivalled.
Prices—2s. 9d., post free United Kingdom.

The Lady says:—"Eau Valentinois is exquisite."

GLORINE. The most perfect Golden Hair Wash. Price—3s. 6d., post free 3s. 9d. United Kingdom.

ALL PARCELS PACKED SECURE FROM OBSERVATION.

EVERY LADY should read Marie du Boyer's unique work on Preservation of the Skin, sent free upon receipt of address. To Ladies calling advice given gratuitously.

Madame du Boyer begs to impress upon her patrons that all her preparations are entirely free from injurious and poisonous ingredients, such as arsenic, bismuth, lead, &c., &c.

Address: MARIE DU BOYER, 41, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON.

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled" DRESS STANDS.

The Oldest Makers in the Trade. Established over Sixty Years.

GRABHAM'S "Unequalled"
PATENT and FOLDING
ADJUSTABLE DRESS STAND.

Is the Best Make, and the Cheapest.

Can be instantly adjusted to any size waist and hips.

Never gets out of order, and everyone is pleased with it.

No. 211.

Enclosed in Box.

3 inches wide, 33 inches long.

Sent per Parcels Post for 1s. extra on receipt of P.O. to—

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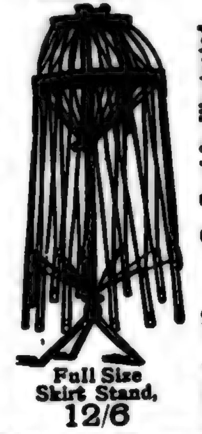

Full Size Skirt Stand, 12/6

Send for Illustrated Price List.

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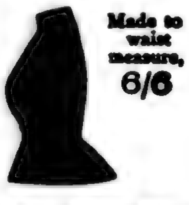

Made to waist measure, 6/6

Grabham's "Unequalled" Padded French Body.

Can be instantly fixed to our "Unequalled" Patent Folding Dress Stand.

If modelled exactly to own figure, covered in cloth for pinning and fitting dresses (send perfectly-fitting dress bodice per post), 15s.

Grabham's Dress Stand Compy., Limited,
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Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.

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Children's Bordered	1/3	PER DOZ.	HEM-STITCHED:		
Ladies'	2/2		Ladies'	2/11½	PER DOZ.
Gent's	3/3		Gent's	3/11	

Embroidered Handkerchiefs, in all the latest styles, from 1/- to 20/- each.

IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN.

Fish Napkins, 2/6 per dozen. Dinner Napkins, 4/6 per dozen. Table Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/9; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Strong Huckaback Towels, 4/4 per dozen. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/2½ each. Monograms, Crests, Coats of Arms, Initials, &c., woven and embroidered.

Samples and ILLUSTRATED PRICE LISTS of any of the above, Post Free to any part of the World.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER.

By Special Appointments to the Queen and the Empress Frederick of Germany,

BELFAST. *(Please name this publication).*

ROBINSON & CLEAVER'S

IRISH LINEN

COLLARS, CUFFS, AND MATCHLESS SHIRTS.

"Their Irish Linen Collars, Cuffs, Shirts, &c., have the merits of excellence and cheapness."—*Court Circular*

Collars.—Ladies' and Children's 3-fold, 3/6 per doz; Gent.'s 4-fold 4/11 to 5/11 per doz.

Cuffs for Ladies, Gentlemen and Children, from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts.—Best quality longcloth with 4-fold finest Linen Fronts, 35/6 per half dozen; to measure or pattern, 2/- extra.

Old Shirts made as good as new, with best materials in Neck-bands, Cuffs, and Fronts, for 14/- the half dozen.

Price Lists and Samples post free.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER,
BELFAST, IRELAND.

OLD BLEACH LINEN
OLD BLEACH WORKS
RANDALSTOWN Co. ANTRIM

HUCKABACK DIAPER & DAMASK TOWELS, FRINGED AND HEMSTITCHED TOWELS, HUCKABACK AND FANCY TOWELLINGS, BIRDS-EYE AND NURSERY DIAPER, GLASS AND TEA CLOTHS, EMBROIDERY LINENS, AND ART LINENS.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are renowned all over the World for superiority of manufacture, exquisite finish, beautiful appearance and honest oundness, holding the first rank among the highest class of pure Irish Linen Goods—a genuine revival of the excellent old-fashioned grass-bleached Linens of the past generation, which lasts a life-time.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are an exclusive manufacture, and stand alone—the whole process of production, weaving and bleaching, being carried on at the "OLD BLEACH" WORKS, situated near the village of Randalstown, in the North of Ireland, and on the banks of the River Main, the the softness, purity and abundance of whose waters are of much value in the attainment of that sound and lustrous bleach which distinguished them.

"An exceptionally strong Linen that will last for many years."—*The Queen.*

"Distinguished for purity of flax, style of production, and last and most important—honest soundness."—*Myra's Journal.*

"The 'Old Bleach' Linens are much sounder and stronger than Ordinary Linens."—*Young Ladies' Journal.*

"Surpassing anything we have hitherto examined."—*Warehousmen's and Drapers' Trade Journal.*

A yard of "OLD BLEACH'—whether Towels, Huckaback Towelling, Bird's-Eye Diaper, Nursery Diaper or Household Linen, gives more than double the wear of the best ordinary Linen Goods. All goods stamped with the "OLD BLEACH" Trade Mark are produced from flax yarns of equal quality, both warp and weft, thereby increasing the wearing qualities two-fold.

The "OLD BLEACH" LINENS are kept in stock by all first-class Drapers throughout Great Britain and the United States. Ask to see them and udge for yourself.

Observe that the Registered Trade Mark—"OLD BLEACH" is stamped on every Towel and on every yard of piece goods as a guarantee that they are the genuine manufacture of the "OLD BLEACH" Linen Company.

A CLEAR COMPLEXION!

PIMPLES, BLACK SPECKS, and Unsightly BLOTCHES on the Face, Neck, Arms and Hands can be INSTANTLY REMOVED by using Mrs. JAMES'S HERBAL OINTMENT, made from herbs only, and warranted free from anything injurious. It possesses a most delightful fragrance, and the lovely clearness it imparts to the skin is perfectly astonishing. Ladies at the seaside derive wonderful benefit from the use of this, as it entirely eradicates freckles, sunburn, and roughness occasioned by the winds, and prevents the approach of wrinkles. Mrs. James solicits a trial from those who have not used it, when she feels confident they will have nothing else. *Sold by all Chemists*, in boxes, 1s 1½d., 2s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. (bearing the Government Stamp), or it will be sent with directions for use, post free, and free from observation, to any address on receipt of 15, 35, or 57 stamps.

MRS C. JAMES, 268, CALEDONIAN ROAD, LONDON, N.

KEATING'S POWDER

DESTROYS BUGS FLEAS MOTHS BEETLES

Sold in Tins 6d 1/- & 2/6

MILWARDS' NEEDLES.

NEEDLES Annual Production, 300,000 000.

FISH HOOKS. Annual Production 300,000,000.

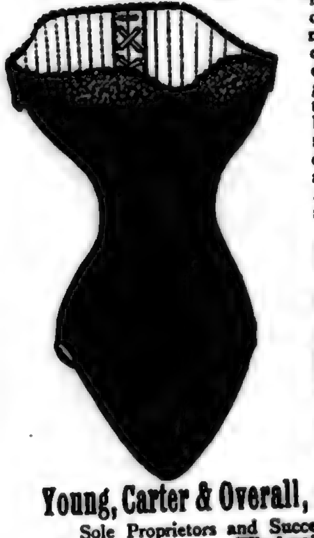
WASHFORD MILLS, REDDITCH.

DRESSMAKING WANTED at Home by a thoroughly experienced Dressmaker. Charges from 8/6.

N. H., 92, OXFORD STREET.

THE "DUCHESS" CORSET

(THOMAS'S PATENT.)



Is constructed on a graceful model for the present style of dress, the shape being permanently retained by a series of narrow whalebones placed diagonally across the front, gradually curving in and contracting the Corset at the bottom of the busk, whereby the size of the figure is reduced, the outline improved, a permanent support afforded, and a fashionable and elegant appearance secured.

The Corsets are made in Black, White, Cardinal and Grey.

Prices, 10s. 6d. and 14s. 6d Satin, 15s. 6d. and 21s.

The **Celebrated Taper Busk** used in these Corsets is **the most supple and comfortable of all Busks and absolutely unbreakable.**

On purchasing, it is necessary to see that the name "**W. THOMAS**" is stamped on the Corset.

Young, Carter & Overall, 117 & 118, Wood Street

Sole Proprietors and Successors to W. THOMAS.
Wholesale only.
May be purchased of all Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters.

CUCOLIA

PREPARED FROM CUCUMBERS

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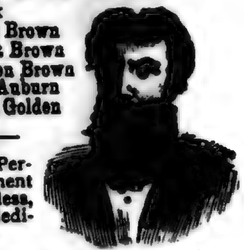

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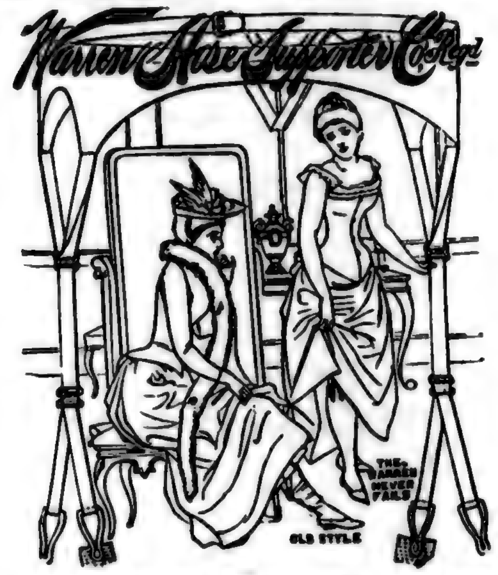

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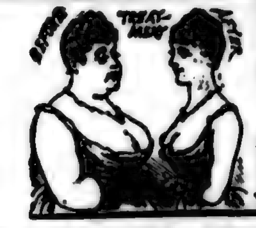

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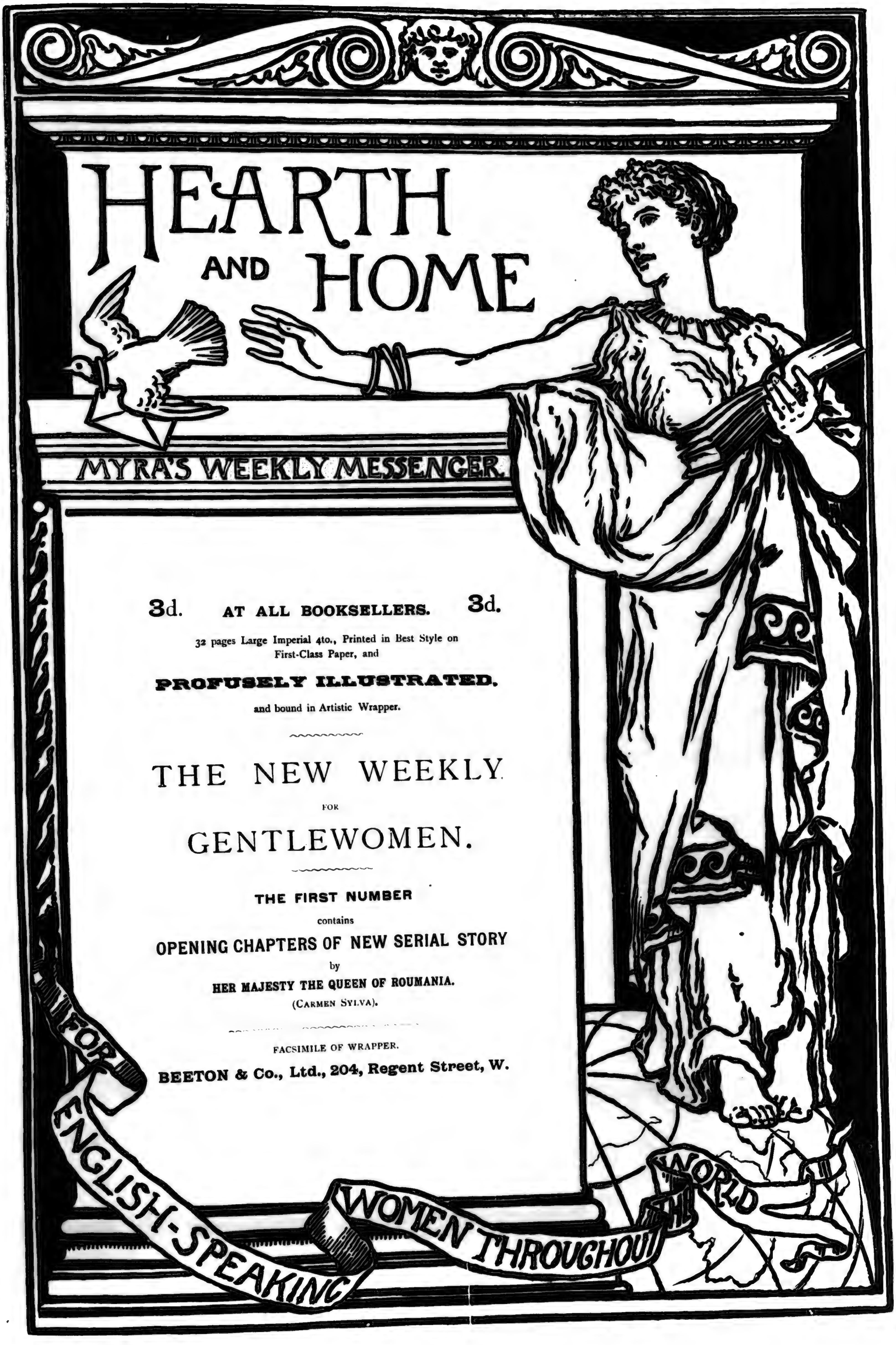
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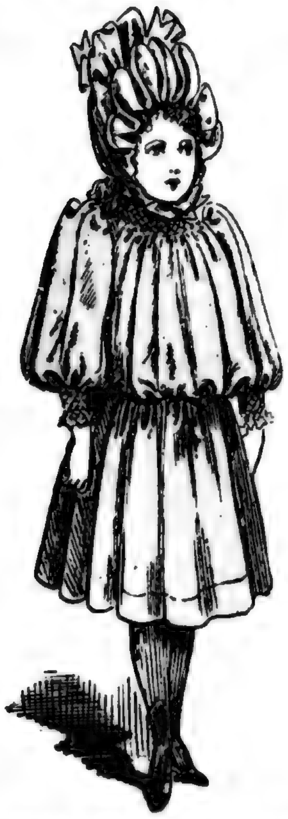

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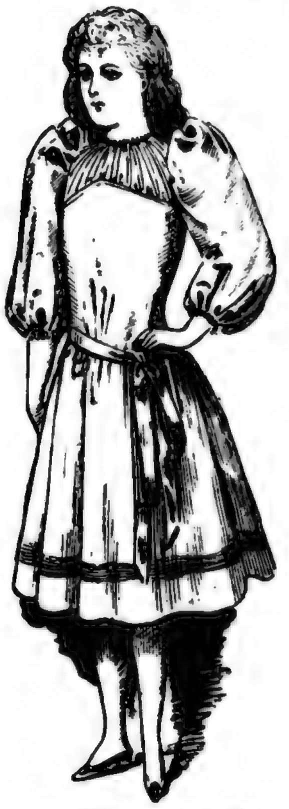
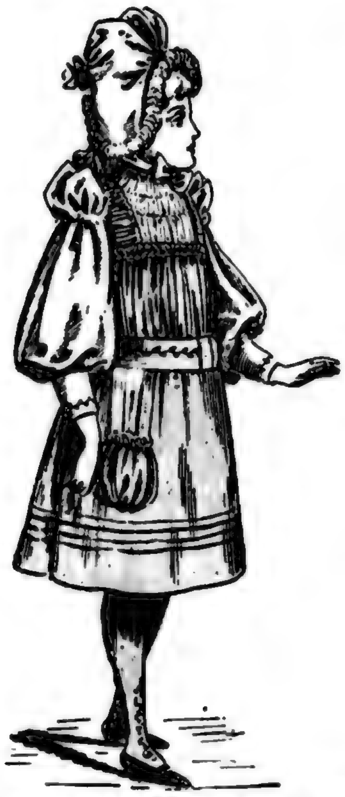


"The Lady's Pictorial" says of the above: "It is made of White Pongee Silk, sold at 16/9, and made with a plain front cut in a point in front, and arranged with gathered chemisette, and full sleeves drawn in closely at the wrist. Also in Cashmere."



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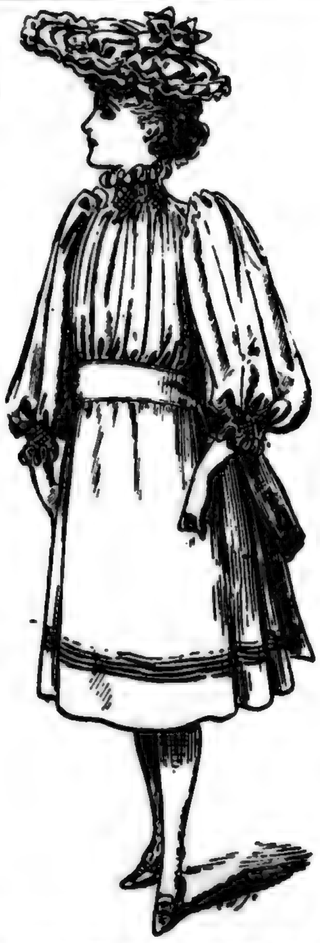

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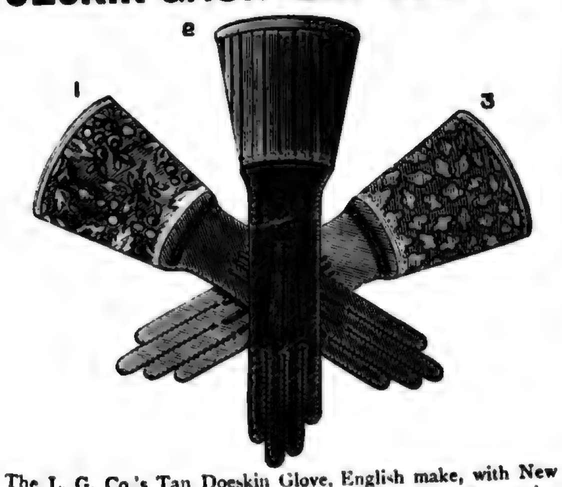

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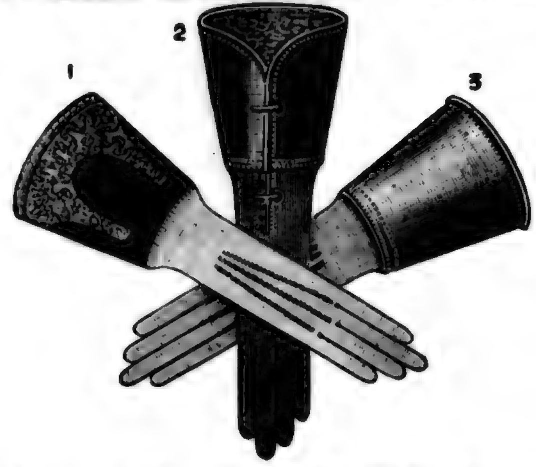

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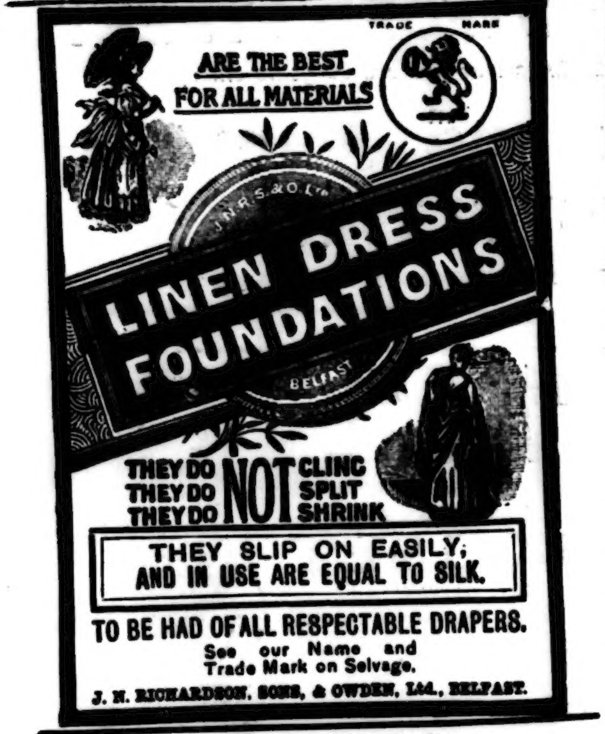

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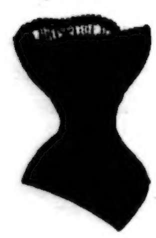

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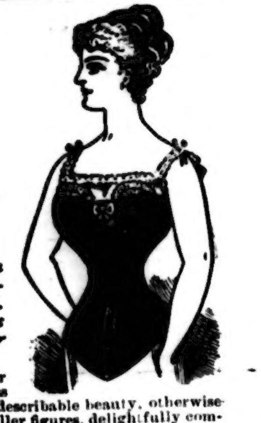

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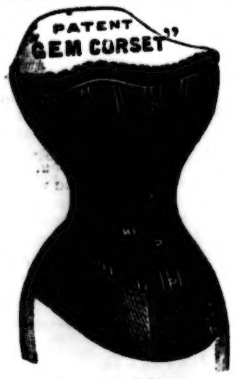

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